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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

April 15, 1939

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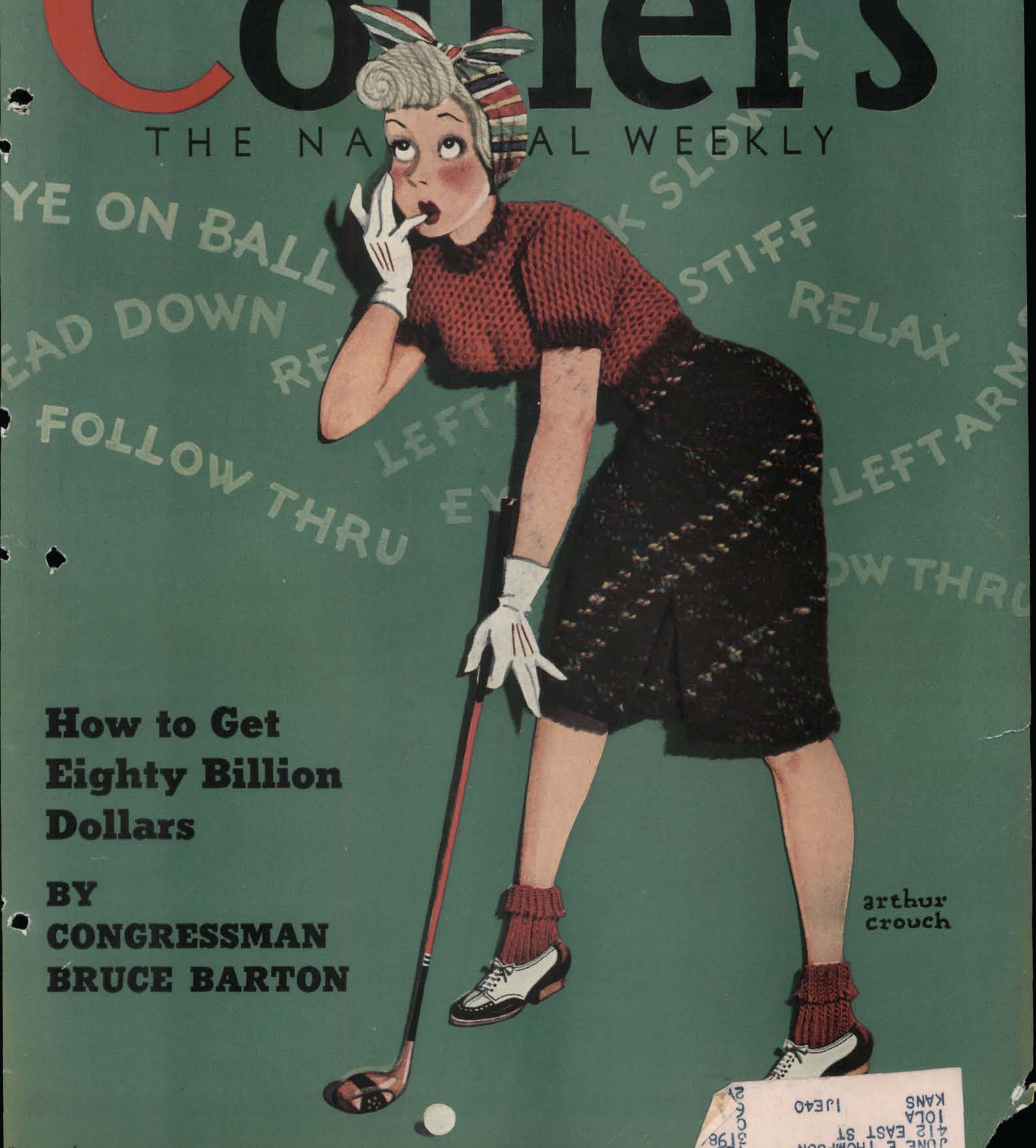
EYE ON BALL
HEAD DOWN
RE
FOLLOW THRU
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SLOWLY
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RELAX
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arthur crouch

How to Get Eighty Billion Dollars

BY CONGRESSMAN BRUCE BARTON

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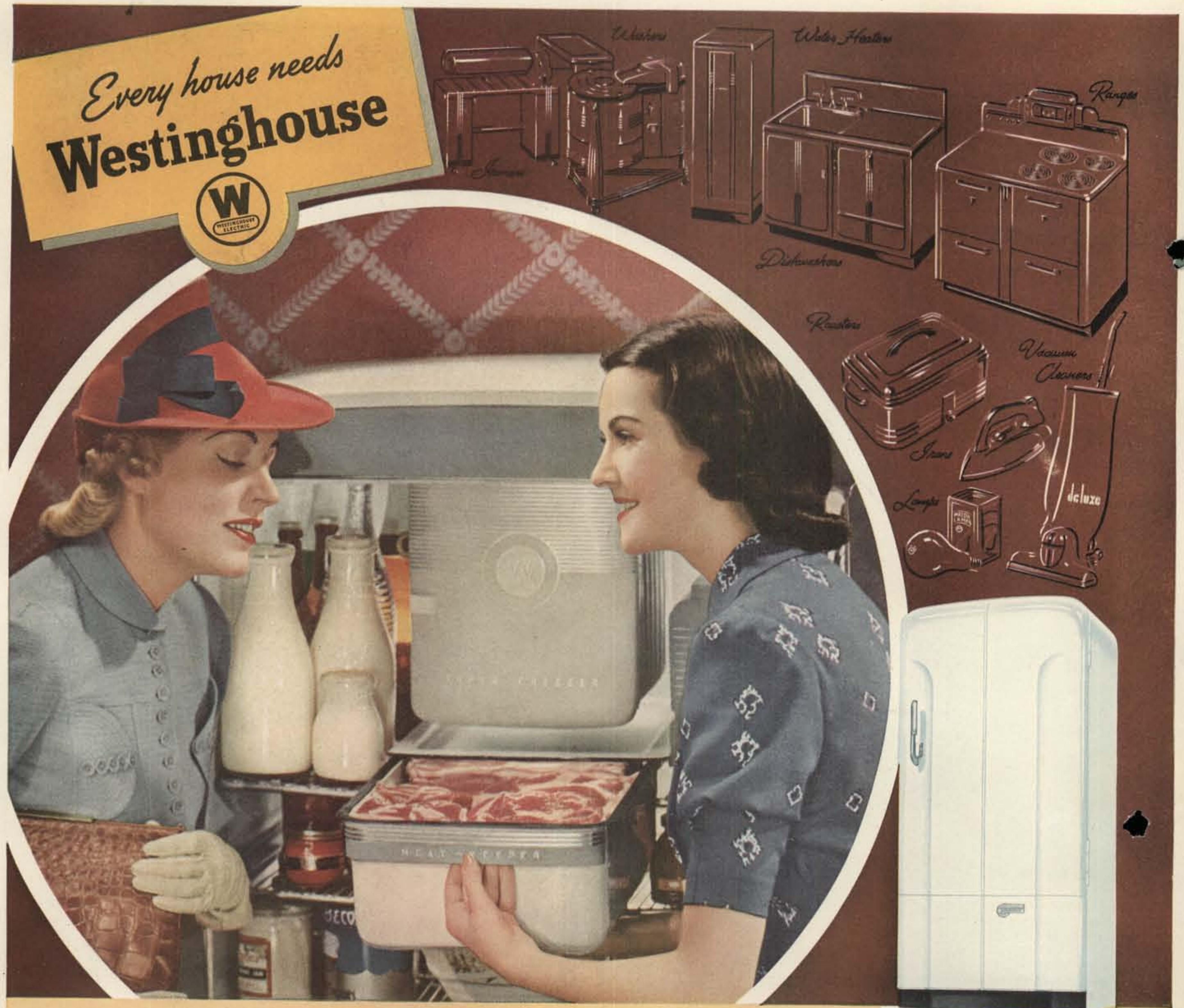
April, 15, 1939



"Here's my MEAT SUPPLY for a WEEK!"

Helen: *"Tut—tut, my dear! You can't spoof me! You'll tell me next that it doesn't spoil or dry out."*

Marie: *"You took the words right out of my mouth. It's surprising how much longer this keeps meat without spoiling or drying out."*

Thousands of women are using the Westinghouse Meat-Keeper. Westinghouse introduced it in the 1938 Westinghouse Refrigerator—an exclusive feature. "Biggest improvement in years" is a typical user opinion. The 1939 Meat-Keeper is an even bigger improvement. It holds 50% more meat. It is suspended under the froster so that it pulls out like a drawer—easy to load and unload. And along with it go such features as . . .

—True-Temp Cold Control—that holds refrigerator temperatures the way you set them, regardless of changes in room temperature.

—New Ezy-latch door opener—a touch to right, left or toward you swings the door open.

—Famous Economizer Sealed-in Mechanism—with Kitchen-proved record of low-cost operation. "10 hours out of 12 it uses no current at all."

See it at your nearest Westinghouse dealer's. You will find his name in your classified telephone directory under "Refrigerators, Electric."

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO., MANSFIELD, OHIO

Westinghouse Refrigerators

BETTER FOOD PROTECTION · KITCHEN-PROVED CONVENIENCE · LONG, LOW-COST OPERATION

ANOTHER PACEMAKING
KITCHEN-PROVED*
FEATURE

NEW!
Built-in MEAT-KEEPER keeps meat fresh for days

Slides in under Super Freezer—where it's extra cold. Holds 15 pounds. Has vents and raised rack for right humidity and air circulation. Keeps meat safe, fresh, and wholesome for days.

* Certified records of performance from more than 5,000 Westinghouse Proving Kitchens show what a Westinghouse Refrigerator can SAVE under actual home conditions.

You didn't believe DANDRUFF could be MASTERED?

Hear the People!

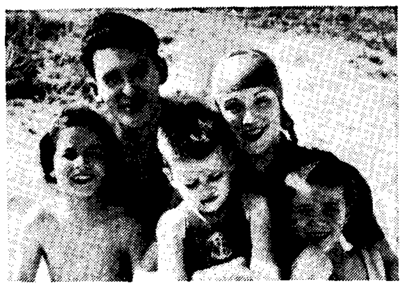
DAY after day they come . . . a steady stream of letters, from every part of the country . . . unsolicited corroboration of a *fact* demonstrated in laboratory and clinic—dandruff *can* be mastered with Listerine Antiseptic! Read them.

Sensational new disclosures definitely prove that dandruff is really a *germ disease!* . . . caused by the stubborn bacillus Pityrosporum ovale!

A wealth of scientific data, amassed in laboratory and clinic, now clearly points to *germicidal* treatment of dandruff. And clinics have proved that Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouthwash and gargle, *does* master dandruff . . . *does* kill the dandruff germ!

In one clinic, 76% of the patients who used Listerine Antiseptic twice a day showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

If you have any evidence of dandruff, start your own delightful Listerine Antiseptic treatments today. And look for results such as others got. Even after dandruff has disappeared it is a wise policy to take an occasional treatment to guard against reinfection. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*



"Last year my husband had a bad case of dandruff. Nothing he tried seemed to do any good for it. Finally I persuaded him to try Listerine Antiseptic. At the end of three weeks his dandruff had completely disappeared. A few months ago one of the children's hair showed signs of dandruff for the first time. Listerine Antiseptic cleared that case up within ten days! Now we all take a Listerine Antiseptic treatment once or twice a month 'just in case,' and we haven't had even a suggestion of dandruff since."

MRS. ERWIN CARLSTEDT
Box 507, Boynton, Fla.

"As a last resort I tried Listerine for my dandruff. After four days it was entirely gone. Now I have not the slightest trace of it."

RICHARD SCHNACKENBERG
New York, N.Y.

"Since using Listerine as a preventive for dandruff, I really feel safe as to my appearance in public."

HENRY W. SCHLETER
Oshkosh, Wis.

"After the first application the intense itching stopped."

MR. JOHN KEESER
Walden, N.Y.

"After the first treatment my hair stopped falling out, and dandruff was practically gone. Since that time I have used nothing except Listerine Antiseptic on my scalp."

MRS. PAUL NESBITT
Chama, New Mexico

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.*

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

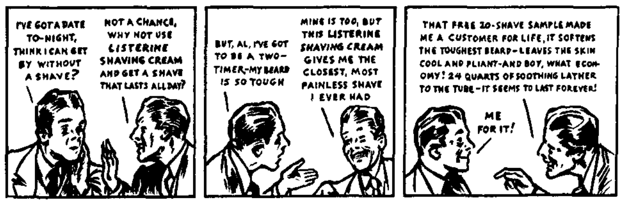
Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

LISTERINE THE *PROVED* TREATMENT FOR DANDRUFF

Tested and Approved 4602 by Good Housekeeping Bureau Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

WILL YOU TRY A FINER, GENTLER SHAVING CREAM AT OUR EXPENSE?


I'VE GOT A DATE TO-NIGHT, THINK I CAN GET BY WITHOUT A SHAVE?
NOT A CHANCE, WHY NOT USE LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM AND GET A SHAVE THAT LASTS ALL DAY?
BUT, AL, I'VE GOT TO BE A TWO-TIMER—MY BEARD IS SO TOUGH
MINE IS TOO, BUT THIS LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM GIVES ME THE CLOSEST, MOST PAINLESS SHAVE I EVER HAD
THAT FREE 20-SHAVE SAMPLE MADE ME A CUSTOMER FOR LIFE, IT SOFTENS THE TOUGHEST BEARD—LEAVES THE SKIN COOL AND PLIANT—AND BOY, WHAT ECONOMY! 24 QUARTS OF SOOTHING LATHER TO THE TUBE—IT SEEMS TO LAST FOREVER!
ME FOR IT!

Clip this coupon
20
SHAVES FREE

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. 9, St. Louis, Mo. Please send me free and post-paid your large sample tube of ☐ Listerine Shaving Cream: ☐ Listerine Brushless Cream. (Check whichever is desired.)

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Address________________________

City________________State________

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

April 15, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
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W. B. COURTNEY	Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
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DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

PACK up thirty-five pounds of luggage, you earth-bound old fogies. We're about to take off on an airplane jaunt with the nation's most distinguished and most enthusiastic airways passenger. Our gracious hostess is Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. She explains why she can't pilot the plane herself—(a Certain Someone put his foot down on that). But "Flying is Fun" even with someone else at the controls, Mrs. Roosevelt writes next week. And she has some rather pointed things to say about those who argue contrariwise.

TETUA was just seventeen. She had "warm luminous eyes and delectable curvings" and was so utterly desirable that no one blamed M. Duchet, the young government clerk, for what happened under the light of that too bright moon. But M. Duchet, being both Gallic and stubborn, wouldn't play the game according to rules, even though it meant that he became "The Man Who Lived Alone." His story, and the story of his dusky, impetuous sweetheart, are told by Will F. Jenkins. And right nicely, too.

IT'S an open secret that Japan wants an empire in Asia. As a springboard for a projected drive against Russia she has chosen Manchukuo. This country, bigger than Italy, France and Germany combined, has been quietly transformed into an industrial empire. The methods employed have been American, and the results have not been advertised. Into this secret base of operations went W. B. Courtney. He has brought back a "Blueprint for Empire."

MAYBE you don't know the reporter's agony on being scooped. But Eugene Warner does. He's been scooped by experts—namely, Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, two of the most feared and hated men in the District of Columbia. How these two young men became "The Terrors of Washington" is revealed by Mr. Warner with more good humor than you have any right to expect of a scoopee.

HANK GREENBERG, who slammed out fifty-eight of them last season, tells you "How to Hit a Home Run." "If a Man Answers, Hang Up" is the Short Short Story by Daniel Fuchs, and there are articles by Henry F. Pringle and Howard Tabuman, calculated to amuse, uplift and enlighten one and all. Sax Rohmer, Ernest Haycox, Mildred Cram, Lucia Alzamora and George F. Worts are in there, too, with first-rate fiction.

This Week

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●

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COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

Any Week

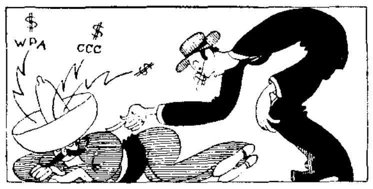
ONE of the nice things about this job is the advice we manage to pick up as we totter around. Generously we pass along the more valuable suggestions. For example, we got to talking to a German waiter in St. Paul, Minnesota. He suggested that we eat a nourishing and simple meal of steak and baked potatoes. So we did. Said he, approvingly: "Werry good for the stomach. As the stomach iss, so iss."

THUS conditioned, we are glad to set down a correction. In Drew Pearson's article, "Who Chooses Our Wars," the author writes that the Canadian Car and Foundry Company is a subsidiary of the American Car and Foundry Company. Mr. O. E. Hyde, advertising manager for the latter, tells us that this is not so. Says he: "The American Car and Foundry Company has no interest in Canadian Car and Foundry Company and has not had for a number of years."

WE HASTEN, too, to the aid of Dr. M. L. Mooney of Mountain Home, Arkansas. Recently we published a Reamer Keller cartoon showing a gentleman suffering hideously from a hangover. His wife is telling him: "No sense calling for Doctor Mooney. He's the one you were out with last night." Writes Doctor Mooney: "This cartoon would have been just as funny if it were Doctor ——. You have put me in a very tough spot with my wife. Everything was all right at our house until your magazine arrived with that cartoon. My wife said: 'So that's where you were the night I couldn't find you.' I know I was not the Mooney of that cartoon. You know I'm not the guy. Mr. Keller meant no offense. But women are funny about things like that, you know. Would you please set things straight."

AS A PROPHET we're not at our best, but we have a feeling that little or nothing will come of a project about to be mothered by Mrs. Nedda Fedderman of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Fedderman proposes to organize one million Americans, including every member of Congress, into a league which, every morning, will send the President one million telegrams reading: "Today is the day to be a great American."

IN SPITE of our efforts there still is something wrong with America. A friend of Mr. J. C. Rishaberger of Vinton, Texas, has discovered a hot symptom. "A housemaid was needed in his home," writes Mr. Rishaberger. "He went to look up Maria, who had worked for the family before. There was nobody home but Miguel, Maria's husband. And Miguel was asleep. Waking Miguel, my friend learned that Maria was sewing for WPA at $40 a month. Miguel's son was in the CCC getting $30. Miguel's daughter was working for WPA too, getting $38. Before Miguel went back to sleep, my friend asked him what he was doing. 'Me.' said Miguel, 'I am working for relief but they give me only twelve dollars a week and so it goes.' " And Mr. Rishaberger adds: "Miguel is thinking of becoming a citizen one of these days, so that he may vote against such niggardly treatment."



FOR a long time Mr. George W. Reignor of San Francisco, California, has been wondering what becomes of "the vast amount of misinformation that is printed daily in our newspapers." The persevering Mr. Reignor presently found the answer. "I find," says he, "that it is bought up by international spies and sold to Germany and Japan."

PERHAPS we'd better tell you in advance that Mr. Alex Ben Dunn of Trois Rivières, Quebec, Canada, is a naturalist. "Every time I see a woman wearing the fur of an animal I shake with rage," he reports. "There is no woman in the world as beautiful as a mink. There is no female form worthy to wear the pelt of a silver fox. The world's loveliest woman is no match for a chinchilla. Between Miss 1939 and a raccoon, give me the raccoon."

"I FREQUENTLY write letters to editors of magazines and newspapers," says Mrs. Blanche Bell Susch of Bloomington, Indiana. "During the past ten years I have had several answers. I am very much interested in what you print about medicine and treatments. I would have written to you before but I was not feeling well and went to a new doctor. He gave me a cold."

GIVE it back. W. D.

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FROM NOW ON--ROLL ON 2-WAY SAFETY!

Now! The New Goodrich Seal-o-matic 2-WAY LIFE-SAVER TUBE

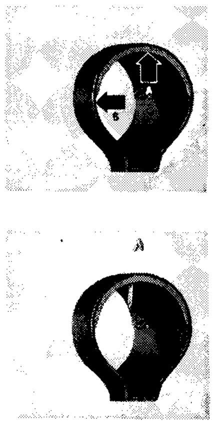
Goodrich – leader in tire safety, with Golden Ply Blow-out Protection and the road-drying non-skid Life-Saver Tread . . . now gives you the first 2-way Safety Inner Tube!

It's the new, perfected Seal-o-matic—the first 2-way Safety Tube . . . the amazing 60% stronger tube that seals itself. It infinitely reduces the risk of death, injury or delay from blow-out accidents, for it reduces even big cuts and bruises—which formerly meant bad blow-outs—to slow, safe leaks. It protects you against sudden flats from spikes, nails, screws, etc.—seals such punctures instantly *while your car rolls on.*

For that new car, insist that your dealer change over to Seal-o-matic Tubes. If you're not using Silvertowns, this new protection is vitally necessary. If you have Silvertowns—add Seal-o-matics for the most complete protection money can buy—the last word in safety on wheels.

Seal-o-matics cost no more than other "premium" tubes without this 2-way Safety—they outlast tires—owners report they make tires wear 25% longer. So on both counts—economy and safety—get in touch with your Goodrich Dealer or Silvertown Store today.

THE GREATEST SAFETY NEWS OF 1939



1. New Blow-out Protection! In the blow-out "danger zone" (**A**), Seal-o-matic's "Self-Healing" Lining instantly works in to fill rips, or tears . . . drastic high-speed tests prove that Seal-o-matic changes dangerous blow-outs to safe, slow leaks. Even at (**B**), clear out of the "danger zone," Seal-o-matic gives new protection—with 60% greater strength in its "Tuff-Rubber" walls — strength that is not stretched out or diminished in use because this tube is built up (not blown up!) to fill your tire.

2. New Protection Against Flat Tires . . . Punctures due to nails, glass, etc., are instantly filled and sealed by the new, exclusive Goodrich "Self-Healing" Lining — mended completely and permanently. See how this lining reaches beyond the shoulders—protecting the entire area where practically all punctures occur. In torture tests, tires stood up with spikes, nails, and screws, driven through the tube—spikes were driven in, spikes were pulled out . . . but not a flat tire in many thousand grueling tests.

SEAL-O-MATIC LEADS IN 9 WAYS

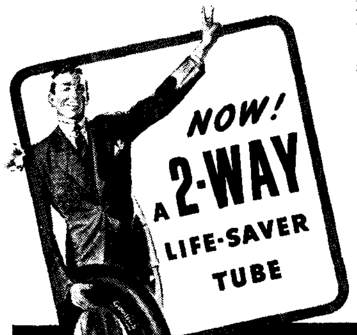
1 Reduces blow-out danger to a new minimum.
2 Serious cuts reduced to slow leaks instead of blow-outs.
3 Saves tire and tube destruction from blow-outs.
4 Protects you from punctures.
5 Avoids delays and dangers of road-side tire changes.
6 Saves costly accident bills and tire and tube repair expense.
7 Owners report tires wear 25% longer.
8 Seal-o-matic Tubes outlast tires.
9 Gives tires greater resistance to dangerous hidden bruises.

YET COSTS NO MORE than other "premium" tubes without this 2-Way Safety and these economy features.

IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOUR WIFE! Dark road —lonely spot—a puncture! Who wouldn't be helpless, afraid? For her sake, if not yours—play it safe, play it sure—demand Seal-o-matics.

"IMAGINE THAT! . . . My Goodrich dealer saved all the junk he pulled out of my tires last year. Look at those spikes! Seal-o-matics have already saved me at least one blow-out—and countless punctures!"

Copyright 1939, The B. F. Goodrich Company



●CONFIDENTIAL credit plan to fit your income — offered by many Goodrich Dealers. Personalized—you pay only a small amount down and then make *your own long easy terms.*

The B. F. Goodrich Company
Akron, Ohio
Los Angeles, Calif.

Goodrich Seal-o-matic

ROLL ON THE LIFE-SAVER TUBE THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

THE GREATEST FLORSHEIM VALUES IN 47 YEARS

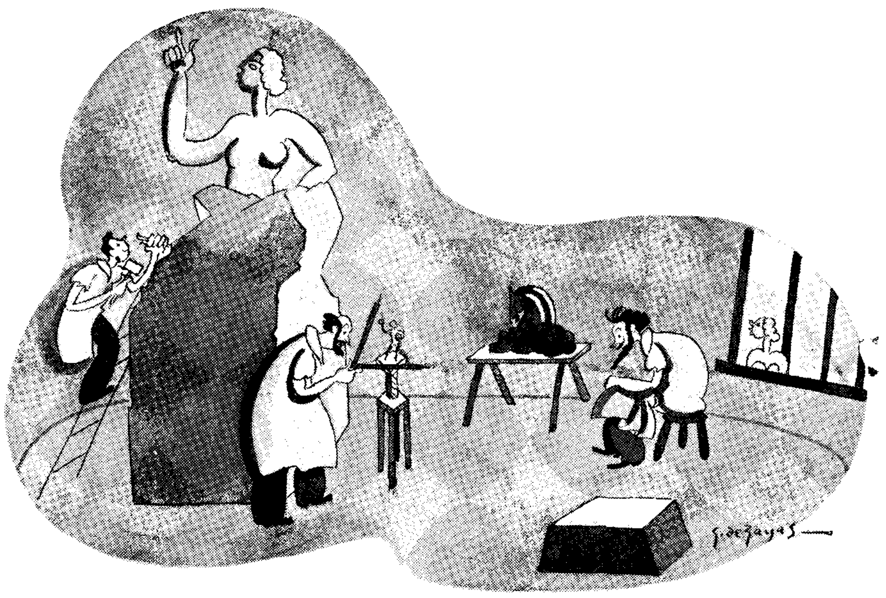
Each Year A BETTER SHOE... EACH SHOE A *Better Value*

"Best in the field" has never meant "good enough" to Florsheim. Instead, for 47 years we've aimed constantly to build each year a better shoe, each shoe a better value. And the Florsheim Shoe of 1939 peaks nearly a half-century pyramid of progressively finer Florsheims. Florsheim Shoes are pace-setters in style, champions in comfort, give miracles in mileage. You get more satisfaction when you *wear* Florsheims . . . and *more for your money* when you *buy* them. *Styles illustrated,* The ECLIPSE, S-852, *$8.75;* The MAJOR, S-845, *$10;* The GARFIELD, S-848, *$8.75.*

$8.75 SOME HIGHER

THE Florsheim SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago
Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Most modern sculptors do not produce their own marble statues. They merely make small models in wax, clay or plaster and then turn them over to a stonecutter or carver for reproduction. Sometimes the sculptor adds a few finishing touches, but these are not necessary when the marble worker is an expert.

Unless necessary no inhabitant of Albinen, Switzerland, ever leaves the village, which is built on a mountaintop, because the only way to get to and from the outside world is by a ladder that is six hundred feet, or fifty stories, in height.—*By Phebe Alice Ward, City Island, New York.*

For many centuries Ireland's celebrated Lakes of Killarney were private property. They were a part of the great Killarney estate until 1930 when this huge tract of land, upon being auctioned, was purchased and presented to the Irish Free State by William B. Bourn of California.

One of the few electoral "sit-down strikes" on record occurred recently in the town of Talisay in the Philippines when only 111 persons out of 15,000 registered but disgusted voters cast their ballots in an election of assemblymen.—*By Siao Chu Um, Dumaguete, Philippine Islands.*

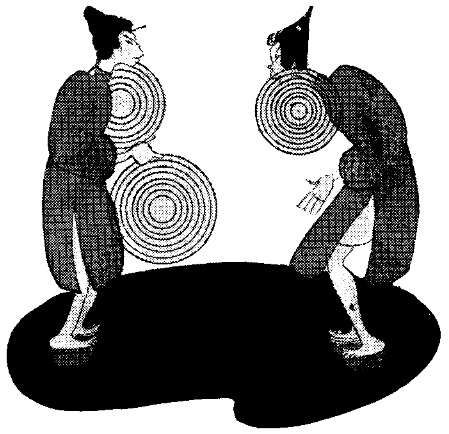
The United States today does not have more than twenty-five poets whose work in book form is profitable to a publisher.—*By Marion Cunningham, New York City.*

The British liner Titanic, which struck an iceberg and sank on its maiden voyage to New York in 1912, was on fire every hour of its active life. The fire started in Bunker No. 6 when the vessel left Southampton at noon on April 10th, and was still burning when the ship sank at 2:20 A.M. on April 15th.—*By Elvessie Hatcher, Ashland, Kentucky.*

Owing to the variety of ways in which people live, the United States Census Bureau, for census purposes, is obliged to place a wide meaning on some of its terms. A "family," or those who constitute a household, ranges from a man living alone in a tent to a thousand inmates living together in an institution. A "dwelling," or a place where persons sleep regularly, ranges from a freight car to a hotel.

Although animal hides are the chief source of income of the people of Outer Mongolia and millions of skins of horses, cattle, camels, sheep and goats are shipped out of the republic annually, fully ninety per cent of them are from animals that have died a natural death, owing to the fact that the prevailing religion, Buddhist Lamaism, forbids the taking of life.—*By Robert J. Wehrle, Norwood, Ohio.*

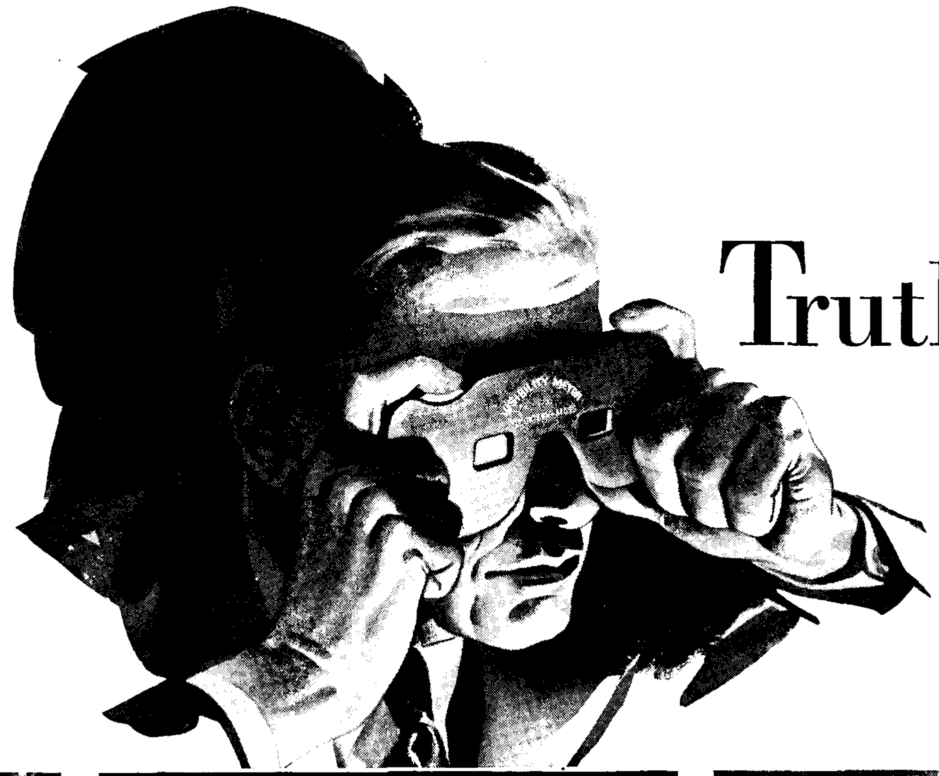
Charles Wesley (1707-1788) composed some 6,500 religious songs, more than 500 of which are in common use today, among them being Hark, the Herald Angels Sing; Love Divine, All Loves Excelling; and Jesus, Lover of My Soul.—*By Valiquette Rundle, Lincoln, Nebraska.*



The largest and heaviest earrings known are those worn by the women of the Loi aborigines in the interior of Hainan, an island in the China Sea. Made of brass, each ring is a foot in diameter and a "set," which consists of about forty, or twenty for each ear, weighs ten pounds.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

The Man with the Truthful Eyes!



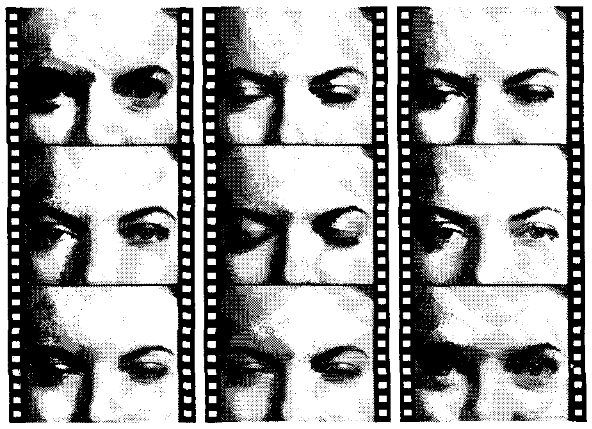
Five episodes from a scientific detective story

EXPERIMENT
IN
PROGRESS
DO NOT ENTER

1. **BEHIND THIS DOOR** works a staff of "detectives" who might have put Sherlock Holmes to shame. These workers in the G-E Lighting Research Laboratory, looking for clues in the "crime war" against poor light. Clues so subtle that almost every step calls for the invention of some weird new device!

2. **THE IRON MASK? NO!** It's the Visibility Meter. With its "truthful eyes," a G-E lighting expert can see what your own eyes never tell you: the amount of light you should have for any given task according to present-day seeing standards.

3. **FIND THE INVISIBLE DOT!** As the girl turns on more light, a small white dot will appear in the white inner circle. In poor light, the dot is invisible. This "study in contrast" led to the discovery that you need three times as much light to read a newspaper with the same ease as most well-printed books.



4. **THEY STARED** at a blinking girl . . . and found a new key to human comfort! To these scientists, the "Blink Test" which they originated is the most sensational of all . . . because it showed that the hidden physical discomforts caused by various kinds of poor seeing conditions are revealed by the rate at which you blink!

5. **THE MYSTERY** of the vacant chair! When nobody will sit in the most comfortable chair in the house, it shouldn't take a detective to find the answer: *not enough light!* Popular hostesses know this secret: a good reading lamp beside *every* chair, with G-E bulbs totalling not less than 100 watts.

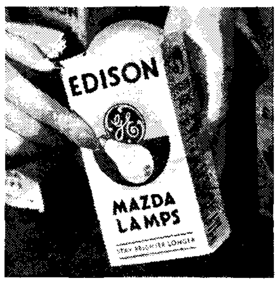
THE EVIDENCE IS OVERWHELMING!

Light Meter surveys show that 2 out of 3 bulbs used in homes today are wrong size for easy seeing.

When G-E tells you the right size bulbs for light conditioning, its recommendation is based on 25 years of research.

100 WATT. For I. E. S. table, bridge, and pinned-up lamps, garage, laundry. Now only	15c
150 WATT. For I. E. S. floor lamps, kitchen, home workshop, recreation room. Now only	20c
THREE - LITE LAMPS for 3-light I. E. S. floor lamps, or fixtures, 100-200-300 watt. .	60c
150 WATT SILVERED BOWL LAMPS make it easy and inexpensive to have soft glare-free indirect light in kitchen. Now only	65c
75, 60, 40, 25 WATT.	15c

Get a Light-Conditioning Package of Edison MAZDA lamps in the sizes you need for better sight. They *stay brighter longer!*



EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

They give More Light for Better Sight in 1939

PHILCO CONSERVADOR

NOW BRINGS YOU THE NEW CONSERVADOR

with the greatest refrigerator convenience of 1939

. . . the amazing Shelf-lined Inner Door

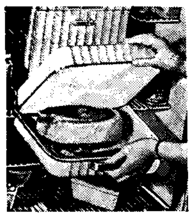
Now *a refrigerator*—with all the superiority of design, manufacture and features that has made Philco the quality name in over 11 million American homes! The Conservador . . . the refrigerator with the exclusive, patented, shelf-lined Inner Door, an amazing invention that gives you new advantages of convenience never enjoyed by any refrigerator user before. It gives you 26% more quickly usable space . . . *twice the "easy-to-get-at" front space.* It keeps two-fifths of all the food *right at your finger-tips*, without opening the main compartment . . . easy to find and easy to reach. It saves space because the main compartment, too, is now easy to reach. No crowding in front, no empty areas in back . . . for the first time, you *really use*, easily and naturally, *all the space you buy!* And . . . it keeps cold air in and warm air out of the main compartment; a "storm door" that slashes electric bills and saves you money every hour!

Old English
KRAFT
Welch's

GIVES YOU 26% MORE QUICKLY USABLE SPACE!

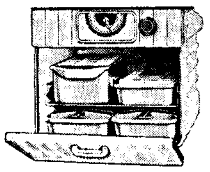
QUICK ICE CUBE RELEASE

Just lift a lever and snap out as many as you want, one or all. No muss, no bother, no waste.



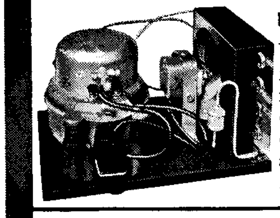
MEAT STORAGE

Extra cold for longer storage of large cuts of meats. Retains natural juices and flavor. No drying out.



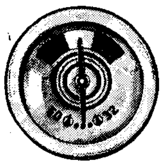
OVERSIZE FREEZING UNIT

Extra power to maintain proper cold, freeze ice and desserts quickly. Porcelain, easy to clean.



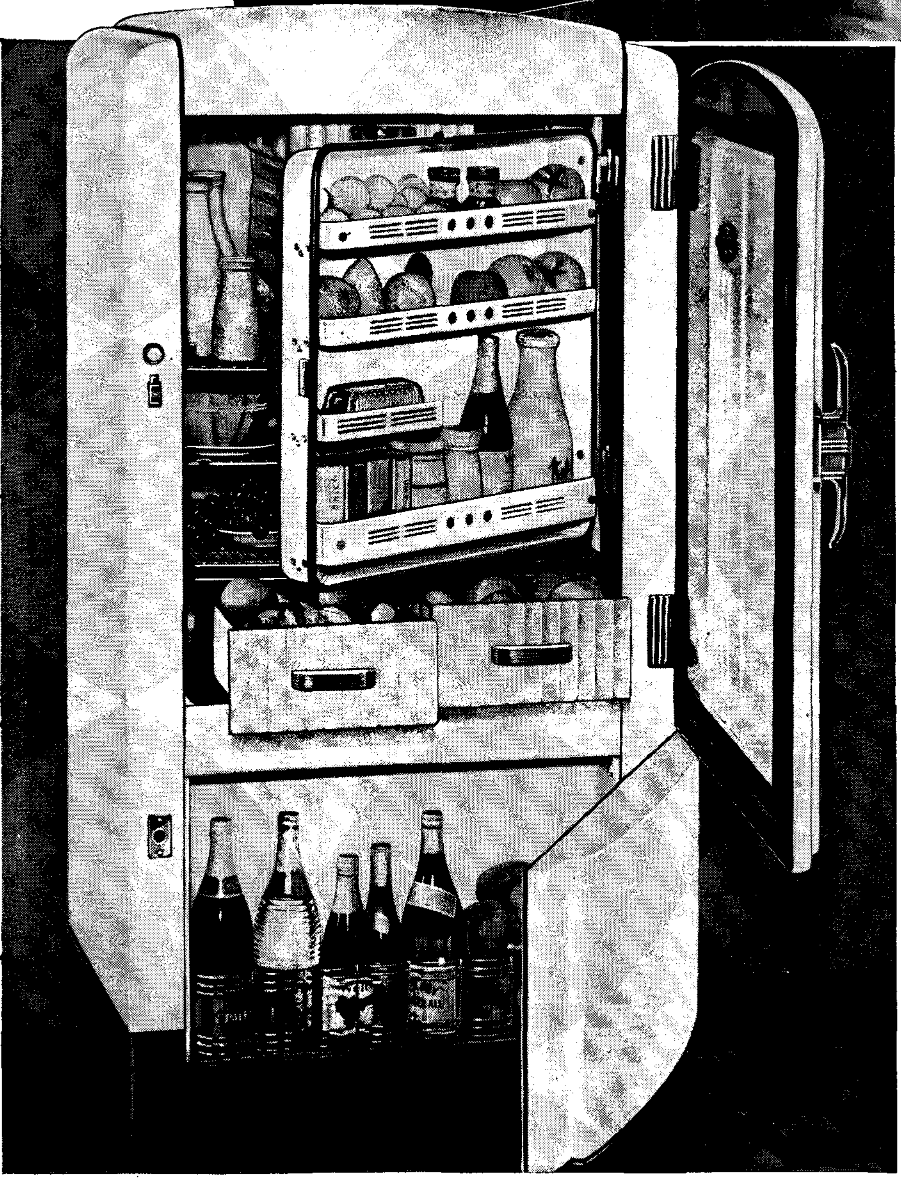
HERMETICALLY SEALED POWER UNIT

Uses less current, freezes faster, runs quieter, requires absolutely no attention for life!



FULL-VIEW THERMOMETER

Accurate. Tells cold temperatures within refrigerator at a glance. Protects against food spoilage.



. . . in addition . . .

every feature that spells quality in a refrigerator

The Conservador is, first of all, a *quality* refrigerator. It is built with all the care, precision and advanced design which is recognized as the world-wide mark of a Philco product. Every feature ever developed to save time, to save effort, to save money, to make the work of meal preparation easier, pleasanter and more successful is found in the Conservador. Its smart beauty is a lasting source of pride. And then . . . *added to all this* . . . it is the *only* refrigerator with the amazing Inner Door, the greatest refrigerator convenience and economy feature ever invented!

Now on Display . . . See It!

See the complete display of 1939 Conservador models at your nearest dealer. Your choice on easy monthly terms. Or *mail coupon below* for beautifully illustrated 24-page book about the Conservador—*sent FREE.*

MAIL THIS COUPON

Philco Radio & Television Corporation,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, Free and without obligation, your 24-page book about the Conservador Refrigerator with the shelf-lined Inner Door.

Name____________________

Address____________________

FREE
LIB
IOLA

Please, Hammerstein

By Price Day

They bet their honeymoon that the horse couldn't lose. He didn't win, but they still had their honeymoon

WHATEVER it would be in a few hours, the clubhouse now was as quiet as a tomb. Midge Cotton's spike heels clicked importantly past the line of closed mutuel windows, and toward the grandstand.

Out on the racing strip a few horses worked. Little groups of people were clustered here and there, their hats pulled down to shade their eyes from the morning sun. Midge went down some steps and under the stand. A counterman, deliberately setting out pots of mustard, looked up when he heard her heels, and smiled. "What do you know?" he said.

"Hello, Heinie. I know everything." But all she really knew was that her heart was caroling like a lark.

As she approached the publicity office, a man came out.

"Hello, boss."

"Hello, Midge." Bill Martin, besides handling the turf for half a dozen daily papers in the East and Middle West—including this city's Evening Herald, whose late pink sheet sports edition headlined his account of each day's feature race, his picks for the next day, and his column of comment on horses and horsemen—also held the office of press chief at this track, dispenser of publicity and king of the glassed press box in the grandstand. He was a man of about forty, soberly dressed, serious, honest, a prodigious worker.

"Anything up?" Midge said.

"Not much," he said in his nervous, staccato voice.. "I won't be very available today. Take care of everything."

"I will."

"And say." He looked at her owlishly. "Am I supposed to know the news?"

MIDGE smiled. "Oh, Helen told you. Yes, I said she could. Nobody else, though. David and I"—her voice quavered with excitement—"we decided on a mild elopement."

Bill nodded. "Well, why a press secretary would want to marry a mutuel clerk is beyond me. Or the other way around, for that matter. What do you want for a wedding present?"

"Oh, nothing."

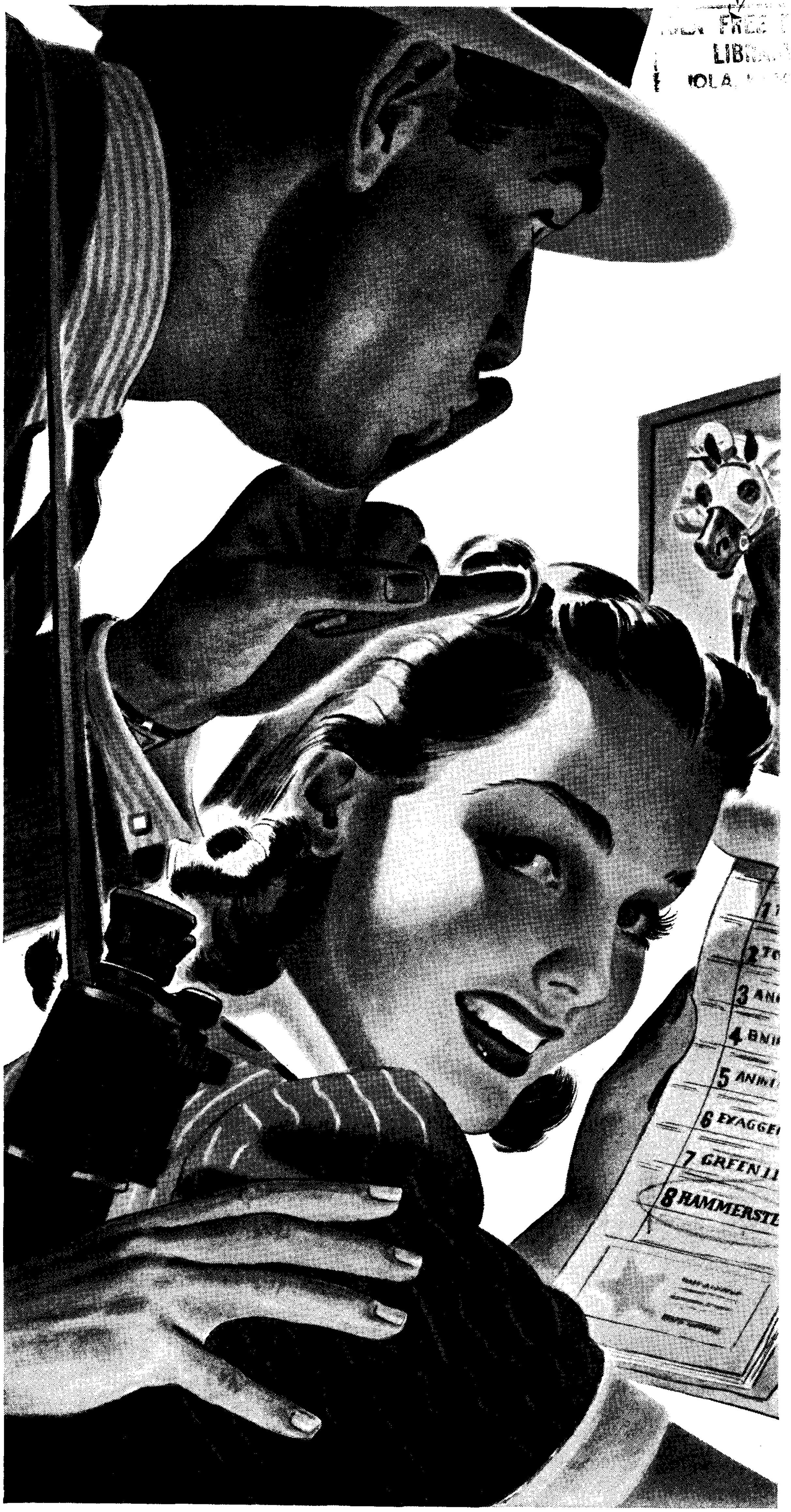
"Think of something. Make it good. No knickknacks. Something you really want."

"All right, Bill, I'll try."

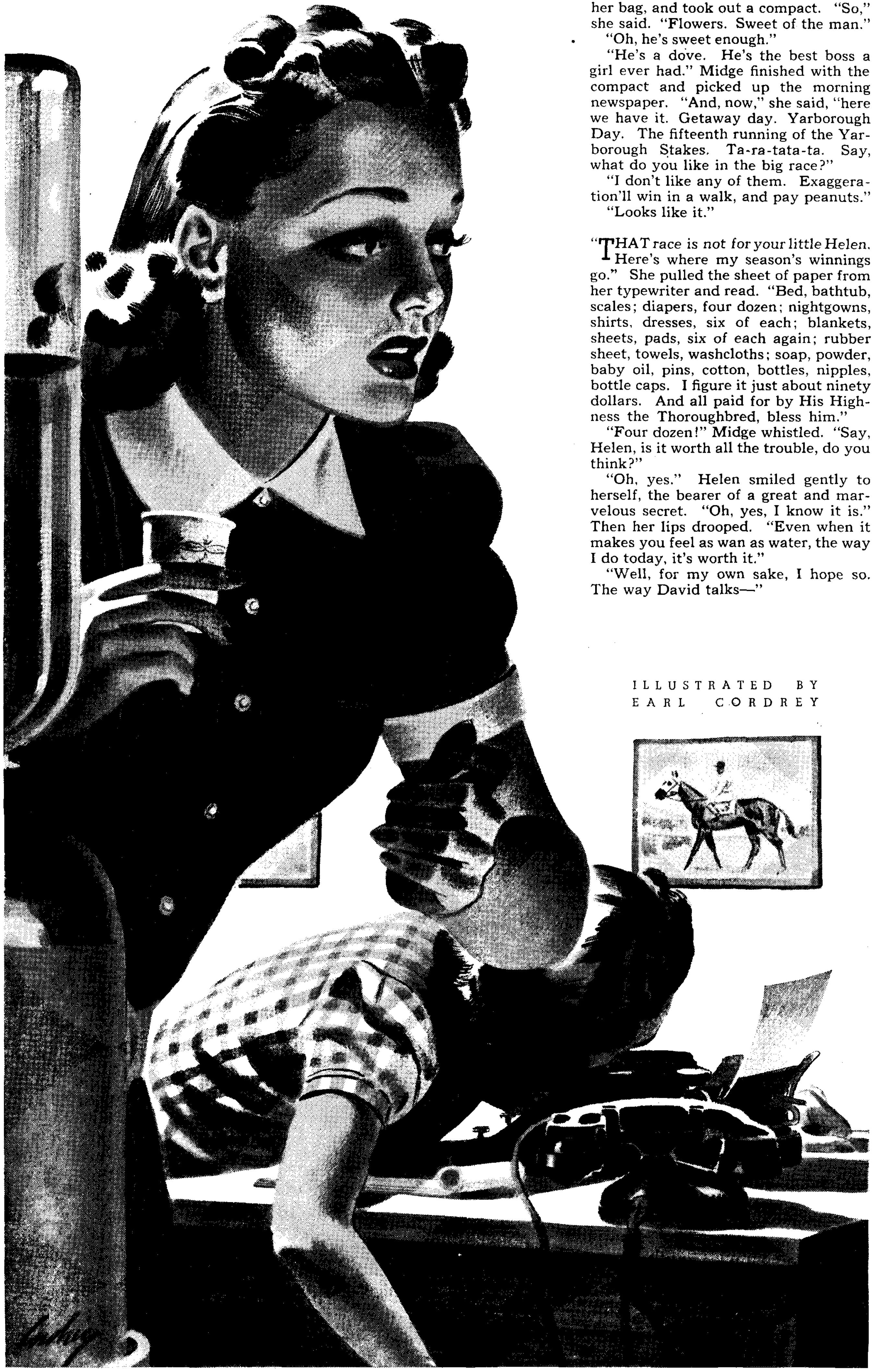
"Don't try. Do it. It's important to me. I mean it. See you later."

"All right, Bill."

The office was a small room decorated with glossy prints of horses and people, and fur-



Midge laughed. "If Hammerstein wins this race I will eat him on the hoof, complete with boy, bat, saddle and bridle"



With no warning, Helen slumped slowly over her typewriter and lay there, utterly limp. Midge rushed to the water cooler and filled a paper cup

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

nished with files, a mimeograph, reference books, water cooler, three desks, three typewriters, three chairs. On two of the desks were vases of red roses. In one chair, beneath a sign that said SOCIETY: MRS. BRANDE, sat a young woman with brown hair, typing.

"Hello, Midge. Happy wedding day."

"Hello, Helen. Thanks." Midge put her hat on a filing case, sat down, opened her bag, and took out a compact. "So," she said. "Flowers. Sweet of the man."

"Oh, he's sweet enough."

"He's a dove. He's the best boss a girl ever had." Midge finished with the compact and picked up the morning newspaper. "And, now," she said, "here we have it. Getaway day. Yarborough Day. The fifteenth running of the Yarborough Stakes. Ta-ra-tata-ta. Say, what do you like in the big race?"

"I don't like any of them. Exaggeration'll win in a walk, and pay peanuts."

"Looks like it."

"THAT race is not for your little Helen. Here's where my season's winnings go." She pulled the sheet of paper from her typewriter and read. "Bed, bathtub, scales; diapers, four dozen; nightgowns, shirts, dresses, six of each; blankets, sheets, pads, six of each again; rubber sheet, towels, washcloths; soap, powder, baby oil, pins, cotton, bottles, nipples, bottle caps. I figure it just about ninety dollars. And all paid for by His Highness the Thoroughbred, bless him."

"Four dozen!" Midge whistled. "Say, Helen, is it worth all the trouble, do you think?"

"Oh, yes." Helen smiled gently to herself, the bearer of a great and marvelous secret. "Oh, yes, I know it is." Then her lips drooped. "Even when it makes you feel as wan as water, the way I do today, it's worth it."

"Well, for my own sake, I hope so. The way David talks—"

"Sure, I know. Wants to found a dynasty. One of those."

"One of those," Midge said. Humming happily, she attacked the mail. The morning wore on. People dropped in. Turf writers, photographers, a caterer, an occasional owner or trainer or racing official; Bill once. There were clipping and filing to be done, inquiries to be answered, handouts to be mimeographed. At noon Midge went over to the counter for a corned beef on rye for herself, and a cup of tea to take back to Helen, who felt too fluttery to eat a single bite. The public was beginning to dribble in now, much earlier than usual.

At twelve-fifteen Helen sharpened three pencils, folded a sheaf of copy paper, and reached for her hat. "Well, here goes mamma on her rounds. Being it's today, they're holding a page-one column in the pink sheet for me. Got to work hard. . . . Well, look."

Midge glanced through the plate-glass window. "Oh, Lord. Herby. Helen, you devil, if you leave me alone with him—"

But Helen was gone, and through the door came a puffy-faced, narrow-eyed young man in a pearl-gray snap-brim hat and a bright blue suit. A pair of binoculars hung down his front. He smiled fatuously at Midge.

"Mr. Martin," Midge said with severity, "is in conference. Will you wait outside, please?"

Herby sat on the edge of her desk. "Hey, sugar—"

"Now listen here, Herby! You get out! You know what Bill told you. If he ever finds you in here again—"

Herby was aggrieved. "What I can't understand is why Bill don't like me."

"Oh, it's not you, and you know it. It's—listen, here, Herby." Midge was serious. "Horses are Bill's life. He loves them. For twenty years he's fought for clean racing, and he's never cared whose toes he stepped on, either. Bill doesn't dislike you in particular, Herby. He just doesn't care for touts."

HERBY pouted. "I'm not a tout. I'm an operator." His eyes lighted hopefully. "But you like me, don't you, sugar?"

"Sure, Herby, I like you. I like you fine. And now will you get out? Will you please very kindly get the hell out?"

"Hey, sugar, I was thinking, it's the last day, and—"

"—And you were thinking I ought to have dinner with you, because it's the last day. Well, Herby, the answer, as always, is no. It tears my heart out, Herby, it shatters me all to little pieces, but I can't have dinner with you."

Herby sighed. "Well, maybe next meeting. . . . Want me to mark your program?"

"Oh, all right, if you have to."

Midge went back to her work. Herby took her program and began marking his picks in the lower margins. In the first race, 2-11-6. In the second, 5-3-8. And so on. He came to the feature race, the sixth, the Yarborough Stakes for three-year-olds, fifty thousand dollars added. He leaned close to Midge. "Hey, sugar," he said, "I got a real special today. In the Yarborough."

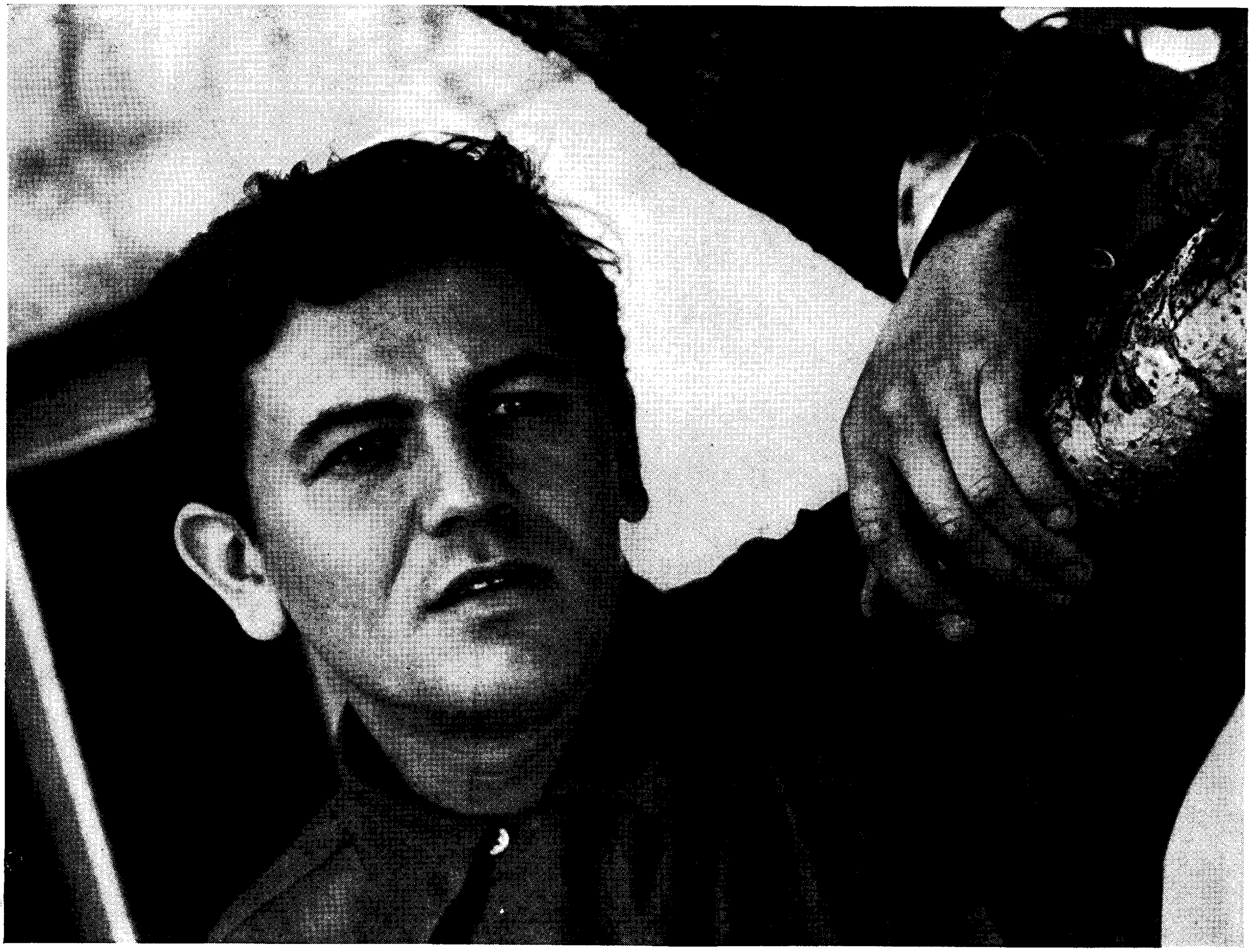
"You had a real special yesterday, and the day before, and as far back as anybody remembers. I hope you don't play your own specials, Herby. If you do, you must live on twigs and thistles."

"The special yesterday," Herby said, "if the boy—"

"I know, I know. And today, you're the man that's got the one that can take it from Exaggeration."

Herby looked all around. He leaned still closer. His eyes widened, and narrowed. He breathed hard. He whispered. "Sugar, I am the man! Under-

(Continued on page 58)



WILL CONNELL

John Garfield, born Jules Garfinkle, a tough guy on or off the stage and screen

No Part Too Tough

By Kyle Crichton

This acting business is a cinch to a fellow like John Garfield, who has to be nothing but himself

THE first time John Garfield smacked the Dead End kids, they thought it was an accident—just an instance of a man getting irritated and flying off the handle. The next time he did it, they began to look at him curiously. The next time he hauled off at them, they started climbing up the sets to get away.

"You ain't foolin' us!" they cried from their place of safety. "That punk's a punk just like us!"

They realized with a flash of pride that Garfield was not only a Dead End kid in his own right, but had undoubtedly smacked kids much tougher than they were, not to mention cops. You may say what you want about the profession of acting, but in the case of Garfield, the new Warner star, it has saved the taxpayers of New York a wad of money. Under ordinary circumstances, Mr. Garfield would long since have taken his seat on the hot squat or would be sending plaintive missives postmarked Ossining, New York, and signed by some such number as 18452.

When he came out to Warners' and began acting in some of the little masterworks turned out by that factory, he had behind him a successful career with the Group Theater in New York and quite a socking triumph in the stage production of Arthur Kober's Having Wonderful Time. The picture that established him in Hollywood was Four Daughters, in which he played the part of a disillusioned young man who hates the world because it has given him a bum deal. When Warner press agents began running around like dachshunds with hydrophobia, screeching "sensational" and "terrific," it was plain that John Garfield was made. It was a question then of whether he was merely playing his own life or was good as an actor. The answer is both.

To be frank about it, John Garfield was born Jules Garfinkle. Not only that, but he was born on Rivington Street, New York, in a neighborhood so tough and poor that even such plays as Street Scene haven't managed to get the truth on the stage. In that atmosphere young Jules started out to be a thug. His father was a tailor, who only occasionally had work. The family lived in two rooms and Jules for years slept in the kitchen. Because there was barely money enough for food, there was no money at all for electricity and the Garfinkle family got around that by going to bed as soon as it got dark. That griped Jules because he liked to read.

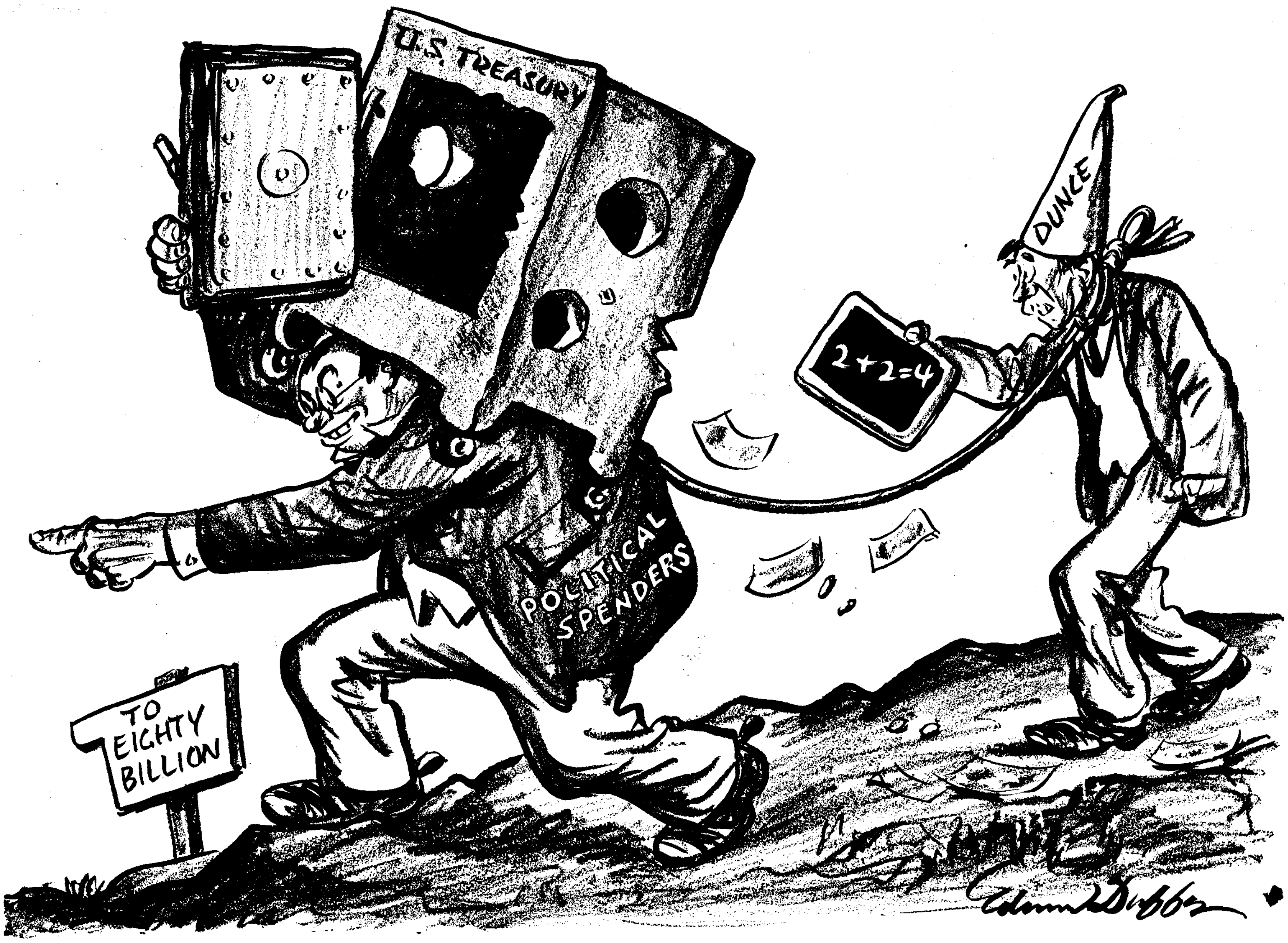
"So I used to lie in bed and read under the covers, using a flashlight," says Jules.

The old man caught him at it. Where did he get the flashlight? Bought it, answered Jules. What with, asked his father sternly. Some money I found, said Jules. Oh, so! said his father sarcastically.

"Sure, I stole it," says Jules now. "I stole a lot of things in those days. All the kids did."

His father gave him a walloping for that. Jules ran away from home for two days, and got another beating when he got back. He never resented that, for it was all part of the game on the lower East Side, which was made up of honorable and generally orthodox and devout Jewish parents who were trying desperately to keep their children out of the workhouse.

In the course of time the family moved up to the Bronx, but for purposes of general devilment that was no change for Jules. He was now a member of a gang that ran heavily to Italian kids, and if anything they were a bit tougher than the Rivington Street laddies. Jules never got beyond the *(Continued on page 72)*



Prosperity and increased national income can be reached only by paths that have led us to them in the past

How to Get Eighty Billion Dollars

By Congressman Bruce Barton

Your income is the subject of debate. Everyone wants it to be bigger. But there is a fundamental difference in the proposals for making it bigger. Here Congressman Barton presents the case against the policies of the New Deal and explains the things the opposition would like to do

THE one big issue in this country today is *your income*. Two groups of political leaders, equally sincere and patriotic, are engaged in a head-on argument about it. One group, consisting wholly of New Dealers, is led by the President of the United States and the governor of the Federal Reserve System. On the other side are Senators Byrd and Glass, most of the conservative Democrats as well as the Republicans, and a majority of American bankers and businessmen.

The President says that if the United States will just keep on running into debt the national income will automatically increase from 60 billion to 80 billion dollars. This is a promise of special interest to you; it would mean that your share of the national income, if, for example, it is now $1,500, would become $2,000.

We who are the political opponents of the President have even more faith in the country than he has. We believe the national income can easily reach 100 billions, or even 120 billions, which would mean that your $1,500 income could be $3,000.

The President holds that we businessmen are hopelessly mired in the thinking of the horse-and-buggy age.

We contend that the President's 1939 financial policies (the exact reverse of his 1933 policies) are not merely a denial of historical experience, but are in complete violation of ordinary horse sense. We believe that he has been persuaded by a group of cocksure young men to conduct a reckless gamble with the fortunes of 130,000,000 people, and that history, while admitting the sincerity of his motives, will say that his second term was a frightfully expensive luxury for the people of the United States.

There you have the only real issue that now divides the Republicans and the New Dealers. Smaller issues, which have to do with the amendment or repeal of this or that piece of New Deal legislation, are incidental. This big issue cannot be compromised: it grows out of philosophies diametrically opposed. On it the campaign of 1940 will be fought and the next President of the United States elected.

You will be offered:

More spending, more debt, as the new-found path to an 80 billion dollar national income—a 33⅓ per cent increase in your personal income—versus:

Government economy, lower taxes, business encouragement and scientific research as factors which can easily double the nation's income and yours.

In simple language this article attempts to argue for the second proposition. In contrast to economic discussions carried on in the stratosphere of billions, this is a layman's effort to pull the discussion down to the level of everyday experience.

Let us start by asking what is the process by which jobs and income are created. The New Deal has never seemed to show any deep desire to find out, yet there is no secret about it. The following true story is one that the man in the street can understand.

Back in November, 1919, three young men walked into a bank in New York City and somewhat diffidently approached a vice-president whom one of them had met through college associations.

They were thirty, thirty-one and thirty-two respectively. They had been successful executives in other people's businesses, and they thought they knew enough to start a business of their own. They persuaded the banker to take a chance on them to the tune of $10,000. The note they signed bore the company name, their own names, and their wives' names —none of which had any financial value. It was what is known as a character loan.

The little business, starting that week with fourteen people, now employs 650 people. In twenty years it has had on its pay rolls, for longer or shorter periods, 4,400 people. Some of these were girls who worked for a while and left to be married; some were men who moved on to higher jobs with other companies. The total pay roll in those twenty years has been in excess of $35,000,000. How many homes have been built in whole or in part out of that business? A thousand? Two thousand? It is impossible to figure. How many automobiles have been purchased? How many refrigerators, radios, vacation trips; how many chairs and carpets; how much life insurance? All we can say is that the $10,000 of bank money, plus the energy, enthusiasm and hopes of three young men, were like a pebble dropped into the economic pond. Expanding circles of employment and production were started which reached out from industry to industry until they touched literally thousands of homes.

Countless stories of similar character could be pulled out of the business history of the past twenty or thirty years. Some of these would relate to huge achievements, such as the Ford Motor Company, which started with a capital of $27,000. But all would have the same general formula: a young man, or a group of young men, enthusiastic, willing to take a chance, plus a small amount of borrowed money, courage and hard work. These are the factors that made millions of jobs before the New Deal was ever born. We claim that, given a chance, they can make millions of jobs again.

A New World to Face

Because the story of these three young men is one about which I happen to have first-hand information, I should like to pursue it a little farther. It was right after the close of the World War when they opened their little office. One of the three was presently invited to make a speech before a chamber of commerce in a Middle Western city. He began by saying that it was a time of world unrest and economic confusion, and that nobody seemed to know the answers. He said he had no answers to suggest; he was sure only of his own obligations. There were two: First, he must work more than he had ever worked before. Millions of men all over the world had been withdrawn from production, and some of those millions would never return. The world was short of many things it badly needed. These could not be replaced by legislation or by wishful thinking; they could be replaced only by work. Therefore, he and his partners proposed to work hard and long. Second, he must live economically and save money. Great wealth had been destroyed—shot away at the cannon's mouth, crumbled to dust or sunk in the seas. The world needed to replenish its store of working capital, and this could be done only by simple living and thrift. That was the way this young man saw it.

The young man was backed up in his conviction by the receipt of a form letter addressed to him and other citizens by the Treasury Department of the United States. He has preserved that letter all these years. Its opening paragraphs were as follows:

"To Leading Citizens:

"Abraham Lincoln said: 'Teach economy. This is one of the first and highest virtues. It begins with saving money.'

"Lincoln spoke for all ages. His words apply with particular force at this hour when adverse economic conditions are puzzling even the greatest minds of the nation.

"America will be taught to save only by the example of her leaders. Your associates and your community will be inclined to follow *your* example and to co-operate with you in helping to restore the world's capital fund through increased production, economy, savings and investment.

"We seriously recommend, therefore, that you set a concrete example of saving and investment by purchasing Treasury Savings Certificates of the new series, etc., etc."

Days of Confidence and Faith

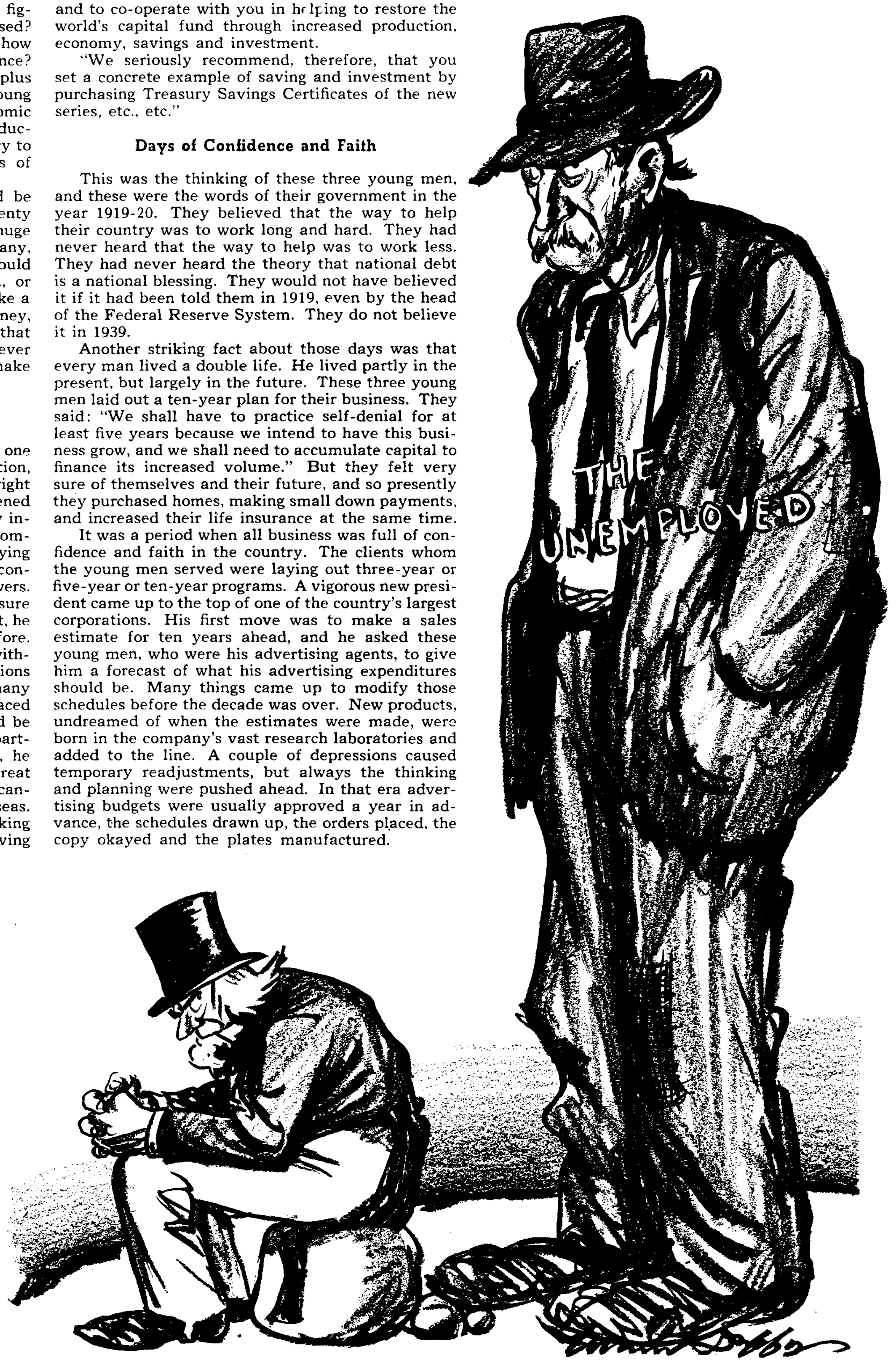
This was the thinking of these three young men, and these were the words of their government in the year 1919-20. They believed that the way to help their country was to work long and hard. They had never heard that the way to help was to work less. They had never heard the theory that national debt is a national blessing. They would not have believed it if it had been told them in 1919, even by the head of the Federal Reserve System. They do not believe it in 1939.

Another striking fact about those days was that every man lived a double life. He lived partly in the present, but largely in the future. These three young men laid out a ten-year plan for their business. They said: "We shall have to practice self-denial for at least five years because we intend to have this business grow, and we shall need to accumulate capital to finance its increased volume." But they felt very sure of themselves and their future, and so presently they purchased homes, making small down payments, and increased their life insurance at the same time.

It was a period when all business was full of confidence and faith in the country. The clients whom the young men served were laying out three-year or five-year or ten-year programs. A vigorous new president came up to the top of one of the country's largest corporations. His first move was to make a sales estimate for ten years ahead, and he asked these young men, who were his advertising agents, to give him a forecast of what his advertising expenditures should be. Many things came up to modify those schedules before the decade was over. New products, undreamed of when the estimates were made, were born in the company's vast research laboratories and added to the line. A couple of depressions caused temporary readjustments, but always the thinking and planning were pushed ahead. In that era advertising budgets were usually approved a year in advance, the schedules drawn up, the orders placed, the copy okayed and the plates manufactured.

For the past six years there has been very little forward planning by those young men or their clients. Advertising budgets are not approved these days a year in advance, but for three months, sometimes less. Many of the advertisements you see in the magazines are received in the offices of the publishers after the issues are officially closed. The capital goods industries are stagnant, yet a recent survey showed that 17 billion dollars should be spent by industry immediately in new machines, machine tools, and modernized equipment. Not until machines threaten to fall to pieces are they being replaced. Executive decisions are postponed to the last possible minute. No one wants to make a commitment for the day after tomorrow because there may be bad news in the papers tomorrow.

(Continued on page 69)



America need not accept the craven doctrine that there must be permanently an army of unemployed to support

CARTOONS BY EDMUND DUFFY

PIGEON

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

Courage reserves its greatest thrills for timid men

THE Piper kept very quiet when he saw the two men come in. From his niche under the apartment-house stairs, where he was standing with his back to the radiator, coattails spread to warm his thin shanks, he blinked his nervous brown eyes at them and drew his shoulders together before him as much as he could—with an idea perhaps that if they met he would be hidden completely. At first he did not know who even the big man was, but if he had known that would not have mattered to the Piper. He knew his place; he never presumed on it.

The two men stopped inside the door, not going back toward the stairs. The big one in the derby hat took a scarf from around his neck and wound it tightly, fold on fold, about something he held in his right hand. The Piper could hear him breathing. Almost immediately, in the street, a truck raced its motor and backfired once or twice. "Now," the big man said. "Half a minute, Eddie. He'll have just passed the truck."

The Piper knew who he was then, by the voice: Mike Hoffman. In his corner he shivered, and clenched suddenly damp hands tightly together before his stomach. It was too late, too dangerous, to slip out through the cellar door beside him. Frozen in the shadow, the Piper waited, afraid even to breathe.

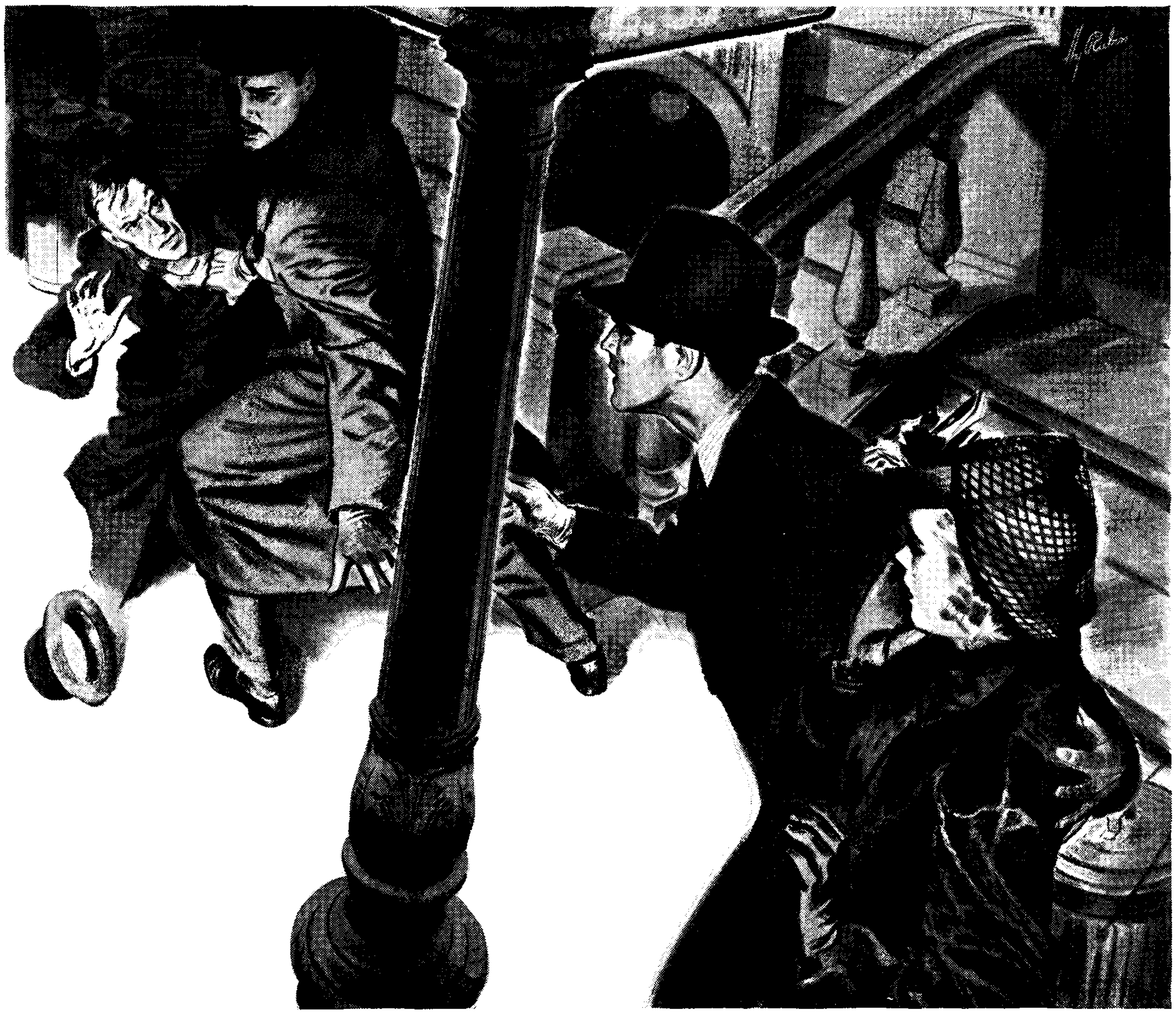
The two men in the front of the hall did not speak again; they just stood there silently, vaguely visible to the Piper against the dim light shining in from the street beyond through the glass upper half of the front door, until another man came up the outside steps, stopped a moment in the vestibule as if he were looking into his mailbox, and then opened the door and came in.

Hidden by the overhang of the stairs, the Piper saw everything perfectly—he saw the man who had just entered stop suddenly as he bumped into the other two, stiffen, and start to turn. But the big man had his left arm rigid against the door then, forcing it shut, while his right, muffled by the scarf, he held level with his chest. He said: "Angelo, pal," in a hating and deadly voice, then added a name after as if he were spitting it out. The truck outside kept on roaring; in the hall there were two flat and absurdly quiet reports, drowned out at once by the backfiring from the street.

The man who had just come in fell to the floor, and the big man, holding the scarf at his head now, bent over him for a moment. There was another report, no louder than the popping of a paper bag filled with air.

Slowly the big man straightened, repeating the name he had used before, in the same instant that the Piper's breath burst out of him in a strangled and horrible fashion.

HE KNEW the big man would hear him before the cry was clear of his lips, so that blindly he turned and groped over the wall at his side. Somehow his hand caught the knob of the cellar door and yanked it open, but as he plunged through the oblong patch of blackness he missed the first of the descending steps, and tumbled halfway down before his outstretched hands snatched at the banister and stopped his fall. Feet running above him shot him down again until he hit the cellar floor and stumbled across it, in six steps catching the impact of a wall on his chest.



"The tough cop," Mike Hoffman said disgustedly. But he released the Piper as he said it

It took him an eternity to find the yard door; when he did there was a bolt shot in place across it that cost a precious moment to force back. The steps behind him were on the stairs, on the floor, before the Piper, knocking the bolt free, plunged out to a dim yard, across it and through a swinging door in a fence.

He was breathless with terror and haste; his legs would scarcely support him; he almost fell before he reached the street. There he glanced wildly up and down, found it deserted, and sobbed a broken, frightened sob. The corner was fifty feet away; the Piper knew he could never reach it.

He did not try. He ran ten feet, stopped, turned, and started back, his hands in his pockets, his mouth puckered up in an unsteady whistle, just as the two men burst out of the alley behind him.

In the light of the street lamp he could see Mike Hoffman's right hand jammed into the slash pocket of his overcoat, the fringe of the scarf foaming out over his wrist. He looked at the Piper, and then up and down the street. "Take the corner, Eddie," he told the second man. "See who's there."

"Hello, Mike," the Piper said, and forced his loose lips up in a grin. "What's the matter? What're you—"

The big man moved his left hand out and took him by the collar of his coat. "Hey!" the Piper said, in a husky voice he tried desperately to make amused. "You after somebody, Mike? A guy came out of the alley before you—I saw him running. He ducked into that hallway across the street. He—"

The other man, running back from the corner, moved his shoulders. "Clean," he said. "Just a guy and a girl coming down. You better let them get by, Mike."

BEFORE he was finished the big man took his hand from Piper's coat and slapped him twice, on each cheek, rocking his head from side to side.

"Another guy," he said. "Another guy, Piper, huh? You weren't him, were you?" A sweep of his hand, striking the Piper's chin, knocked him to the pavement.

"Listen, Mike," the Piper said, staying on his knees. His eyes were almost phosphorescent with terror. "I don't know what you're talking about. I never—"

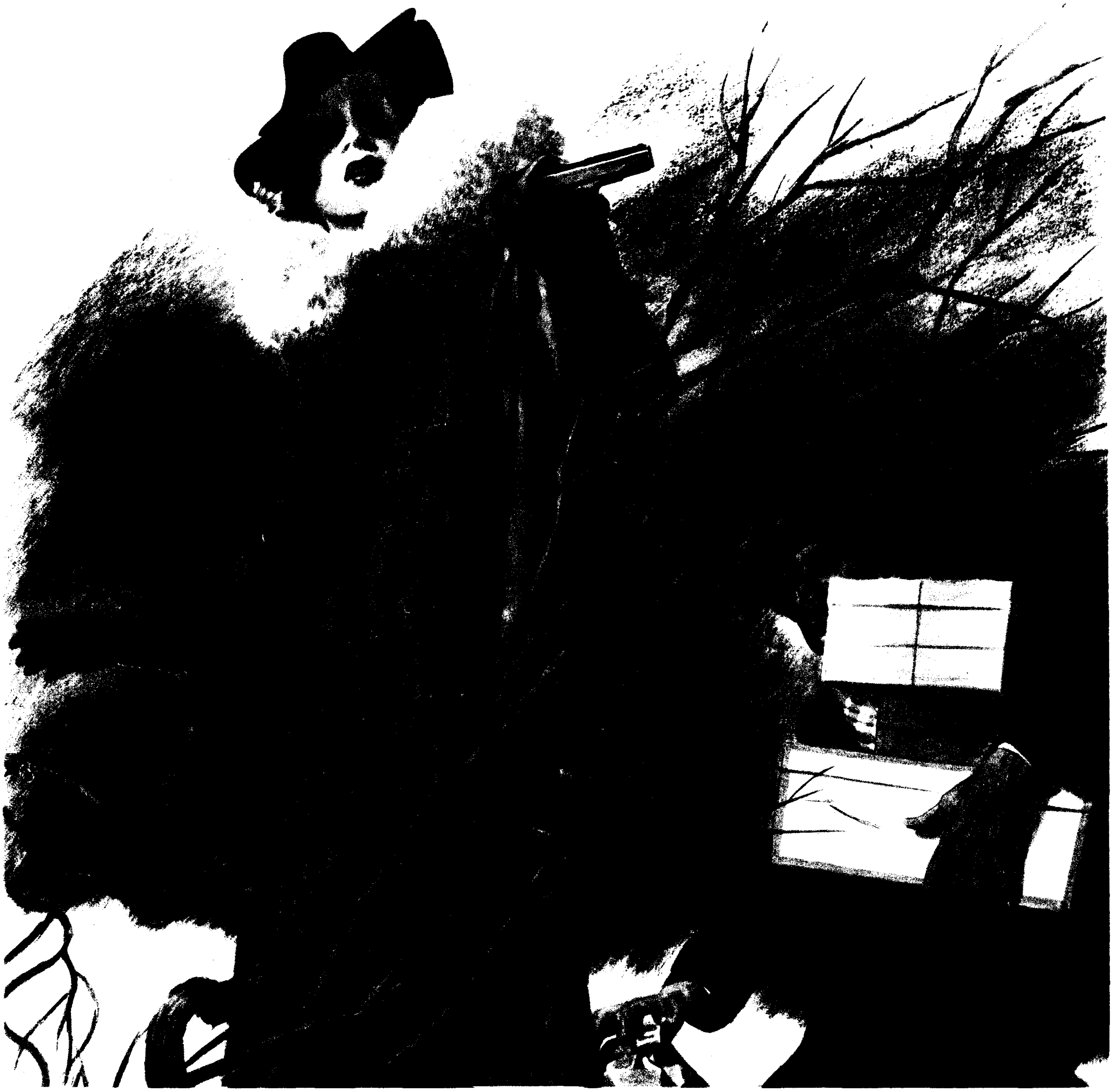
"Hold it, Mike," the second man cut in nervously, moving his head toward the corner as the man and girl came around it.

Shivering violently, the Piper pawed at the big man's arm. "Mike, listen—Mike, honest to God—"

The girl hesitated when she saw them. The Piper, feeling her eyes, wiped blood dully away from his mouth.

"Dan!" the Piper heard her say. "They've knocked him down, Dan. What are they doing to him? What's the matter?"

"Push on," Mike Hoffman told her harshly, swinging around. "Push on before I—"



"It's a gun," she said, holding it for him to see. "Why would it be here, Piper?"

"What?" the man with her said, in a pleasantly inquiring voice. "What, Brother?"

He was a big man, too, with well-set shoulders, a sharp chin, and blue eyes steadier and colder, deeper under the brows, than Mike Hoffman's own. The Piper, when he saw who it was, grinned at him foolishly; the Piper grinned at everyone.

"The tough cop," Mike Hoffman said, in a disgusted way. But he released the Piper as he said it, and stepped back against the wall.

Walking over to him, stopping just before him, the tough cop glanced sidewise at the Piper.

"Too tough," he said, "to pick a spot like this. You're no terrier, Brother. Piper Prout!" He laughed. His blue eyes never left Mike Hoffman's.

"It's all right, Mr. Flanagan," the Piper said. "Me and Mike—"

He stopped there to wet his lips. The big man had his hand in the pocket of his overcoat, covered by the scarf. He did not move it and he did not speak.

"Come on," Flanagan said, "come on and break it up before I work you over to see how tough you are. And if you don't think I can, Brother, just stay where you are and keep on looking that way at me."

MIKE HOFFMAN said: "Cops can do anything. Tough cops like you." He smiled slowly and stepped out from the wall, keeping his hand in his pocket. The Piper tried not to watch it, or to look at him; his eyes were jerking crazily all around for thinking of it.

"Mike," the second man said hurriedly, as if he were thinking of it too—and maybe Angelo, pal, sprawled out in a hallway in the next block. "Let's get started. Let's—"

"Okay," Mike Hoffman said. But he paused for a moment to look down at the Piper, and to add: "I'll be seeing you, Piper. Sometime around. You remember that and be a good boy."

Over his shoulder Flanagan winked at the girl. "Mike Hoffman," he told her. "Hard guy. He doesn't even wear his scarf. He just carries it around in his pocket like that to show people how rugged he is."

Smiling again, the big man took his hand from his pocket. Before he went on down the street with Eddie his eyes touched the Piper's briefly, and warningly, cold yellow flares in the depths of them.

After he had gone the Piper wiped his mouth. He was a skinny little man with flabby features, and a shifty way of moving his eyes. Mostly when he was talking, he kept a perpetual, loose-lipped grin twitching nervously around his mouth. It was there now. He had colorless light hair and weak-looking eyes that blinked a lot. Huddled in a big overcoat, ferret-faced under a shapeless brown hat, he was in his late thirties, and looked fifteen years older. Now, ducking his head to the girl, to Flanagan, he started to sidle away.

But Flanagan caught his arm. "No hurry, Piper," he said. Then to the girl: "Suppose we fix him up in your place, baby. Think you could stand it?"

"Why of course," the girl said. "I've iodine and peroxide, and his cheek's all

(Continued on page 36)

England Won't Lose

By Quentin Reynolds

England wouldn't fight. That was September. Now she peers across the North Sea grimly but without alarm. Her muscles have grown —the muscles of war. Mr. Reynolds brings you a first-hand report of England's present fighting strength and the spirit of the land

AT FIRST I didn't recognize him as the man who will win the next war for England.

He was short and sturdy and his big eyes and walrus mustaches brought up the picture of Bruce Bairnsfather's Ol' Bill. It was raining hard and once he stopped the taxi to wipe the windshield. Then he said a few cheerful words and he added, "It was much worse in France, sir. And it'll be worse again."

It was then that I recognized him as the man who will win the next war for England. His name was Jim Hearsum, and he was a native Londoner. He had fought in two wars. He had a four-inch scar on his cheek. He'd picked that up in South Africa in 1900. During the last war he'd served with the First Royal Scots.

"Pontius Pilate's Own they call us," he chuckled. "I guess they call us that," he added proudly, "because we was such devils."

Jim Hearsum is sixty-two now, but his hair is still black and his shoulders haven't even begun to show any telltale stoop. He has two sons, one in the navy and another who has a typewriter repair shop at Clapham Junction. Jim Hearsum gets sixteen shillings a week pension for his wounds and his service, and he makes another four pounds by driving a taxicab. That's about twenty-five dollars a week, plenty for Jim Hearsum's modest wants. Like everyone else in England, Jim is war-minded. He's not hysterical about it. He merely feels that a war is coming and he is ready. Of course, no one has ever told him that he won the last war, and no one has told him that he is going to win the next one. His views are simple.

"Me and me oldest son will be the first to join up. Me younger son is already in the navy. What's that, sir? Me too old to join up?" he winked slowly. "There's ways of gettin' in even if you are sixty-two. I'll get in somehow."

"And how will England do in the next war?" I asked him.

" 'Ow will England do, you arsk?" Amazement lit up his ruddy face. " 'Ow have we always done? England loses a battle now and then, but England never loses a war. England always wins the last battle."

Jim Hearsum is not a fictional character. You'll find him today on the cab line in front of White's Club on St. James Street in London. Throughout England you'll find millions like him and all of them know that England may lose a battle but never the last battle. Recent experiences have proved that men win wars, not guns and armament alone. In both China and Spain, the well-trained and the well-armed were all on one side. But men armed with little more than their own dogged wills held back the war machines as months dragged on and military experts revised their calculations and revised them again. England is a country of dogged wills, facing what they believe to be inevitable—a war that will have to be won.

The man in the street doesn't know much about the defenses of London. Oh, he remembers the day they tried out those newfangled balloons with the wire network designed to entangle enemy planes; he knows that his gas mask is in the top drawer of his dresser; he knows that occasionally at night white streaks flash across the blackness and he knows in a vague way that someone is trying out searchlights. He doesn't know that every human and mechanical precaution has already been taken and that military and aviation experts are firmly convinced that should war come, the danger of London's being destroyed by enemy aircraft is now fairly remote.

Ready for the Showdown

There is, of course, a widespread feeling in England that Chamberlain capitulated at Munich because Chamberlain felt that England wasn't ready. Chamberlain is essentially a Birmingham businessman, a shrewd trader. There are those who feel that he was biding his time as any businessman does, refusing to be rushed into a deal out of which he could expect only certain loss. All of England believes that a showdown must come within the next year. It is the opinion of informed newspaper publishers, Air Ministry officials, members of Parliament, editors and squadron commanders to whom I talked that England, and especially London, will soon be ready for any eventuality. There will be weapons ready for the Jim Hearsums of England to pick up when the call comes and there will be planes for his sons to fly.

The defense of London is important because in many ways London is England. Were New York to be destroyed it would be a smashing but hardly fatal blow to the defense of America. London, however, is the heart of England. Its arteries go out all over the country, giving life to the country. Its destruction would be a terrific knockout blow to the defense of England, a blow from which England might never recover. That's why such elaborate precautions have been taken to guard London from air attack. The man in Piccadilly knows

(Continued on page 44)

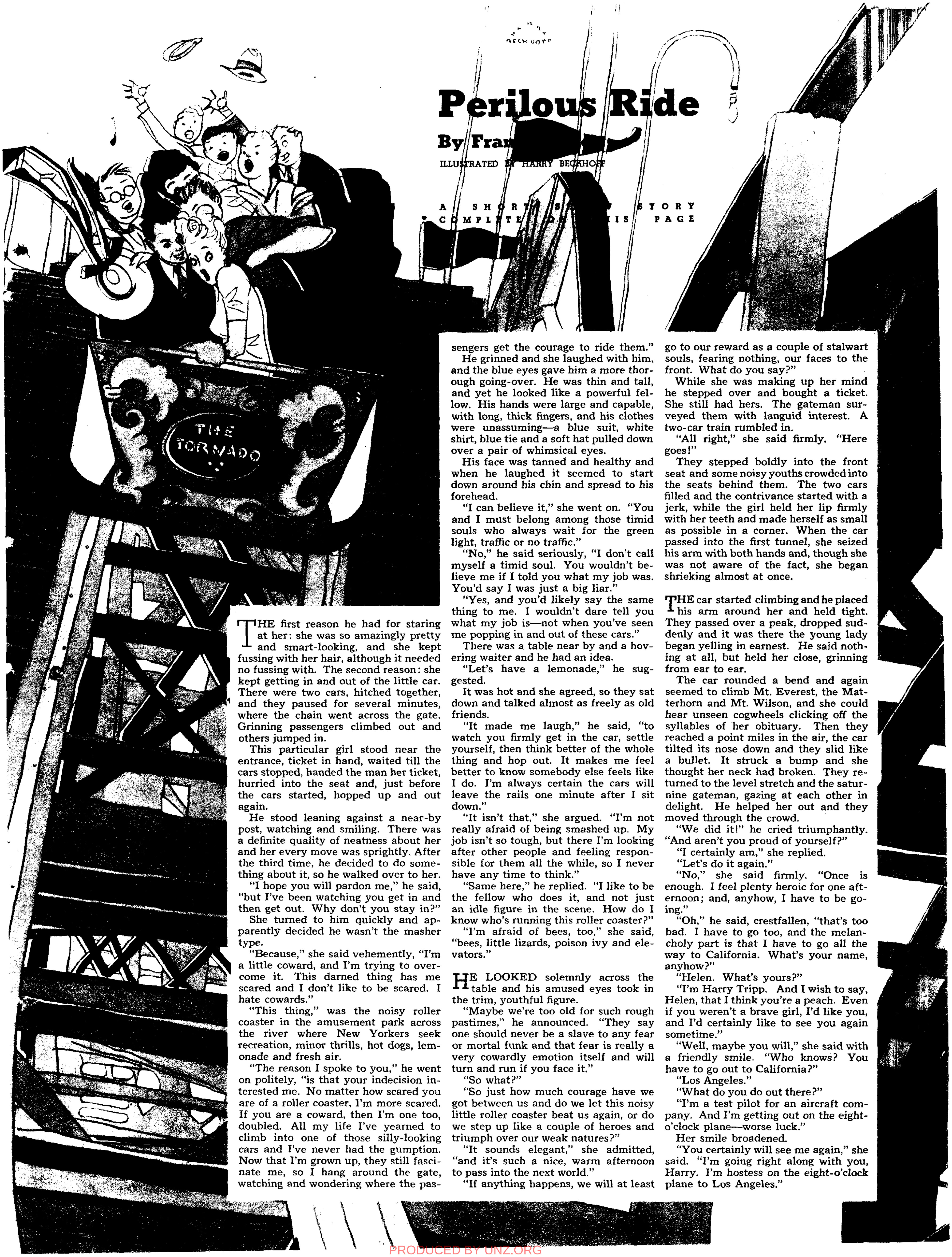
London's fantastic balloon barrage was greeted with laughs, but tests prove it an effective defense against enemy planes

Perilous Ride

By Fran

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



THE first reason he had for staring at her: she was so amazingly pretty and smart-looking, and she kept fussing with her hair, although it needed no fussing with. The second reason: she kept getting in and out of the little car. There were two cars, hitched together, and they paused for several minutes, where the chain went across the gate. Grinning passengers climbed out and others jumped in.

This particular girl stood near the entrance, ticket in hand, waited till the cars stopped, handed the man her ticket, hurried into the seat and, just before the cars started, hopped up and out again.

He stood leaning against a near-by post, watching and smiling. There was a definite quality of neatness about her and her every move was sprightly. After the third time, he decided to do something about it, so he walked over to her.

"I hope you will pardon me," he said, "but I've been watching you get in and then get out. Why don't you stay in?"

She turned to him quickly and apparently decided he wasn't the masher type.

"Because," she said vehemently, "I'm a little coward, and I'm trying to overcome it. This darned thing has me scared and I don't like to be scared. I hate cowards."

"This thing," was the noisy roller coaster in the amusement park across the river where New Yorkers seek recreation, minor thrills, hot dogs, lemonade and fresh air.

"The reason I spoke to you," he went on politely, "is that your indecision interested me. No matter how scared you are of a roller coaster, I'm more scared. If you are a coward, then I'm one too, doubled. All my life I've yearned to climb into one of those silly-looking cars and I've never had the gumption. Now that I'm grown up, they still fascinate me, so I hang around the gate, watching and wondering where the passengers get the courage to ride them."

He grinned and she laughed with him, and the blue eyes gave him a more thorough going-over. He was thin and tall, and yet he looked like a powerful fellow. His hands were large and capable, with long, thick fingers, and his clothes were unassuming—a blue suit, white shirt, blue tie and a soft hat pulled down over a pair of whimsical eyes.

His face was tanned and healthy and when he laughed it seemed to start down around his chin and spread to his forehead.

"I can believe it," she went on. "You and I must belong among those timid souls who always wait for the green light, traffic or no traffic."

"No," he said seriously, "I don't call myself a timid soul. You wouldn't believe me if I told you what my job was. You'd say I was just a big liar."

"Yes, and you'd likely say the same thing to me. I wouldn't dare tell you what my job is—not when you've seen me popping in and out of these cars."

There was a table near by and a hovering waiter and he had an idea.

"Let's have a lemonade," he suggested.

It was hot and she agreed, so they sat down and talked almost as freely as old friends.

"It made me laugh," he said, "to watch you firmly get in the car, settle yourself, then think better of the whole thing and hop out. It makes me feel better to know somebody else feels like I do. I'm always certain the cars will leave the rails one minute after I sit down."

"It isn't that," she argued. "I'm not really afraid of being smashed up. My job isn't so tough, but there I'm looking after other people and feeling responsible for them all the while, so I never have any time to think."

"Same here," he replied. "I like to be the fellow who does it, and not just an idle figure in the scene. How do I know who's running this roller coaster?"

"I'm afraid of bees, too," she said, "bees, little lizards, poison ivy and elevators."

HE LOOKED solemnly across the table and his amused eyes took in the trim, youthful figure.

"Maybe we're too old for such rough pastimes," he announced. "They say one should never be a slave to any fear or mortal funk and that fear is really a very cowardly emotion itself and will turn and run if you face it."

"So what?"

"So just how much courage have we got between us and do we let this noisy little roller coaster beat us again, or do we step up like a couple of heroes and triumph over our weak natures?"

"It sounds elegant," she admitted, "and it's such a nice, warm afternoon to pass into the next world."

"If anything happens, we will at least go to our reward as a couple of stalwart souls, fearing nothing, our faces to the front. What do you say?"

While she was making up her mind he stepped over and bought a ticket. She still had hers. The gateman surveyed them with languid interest. A two-car train rumbled in.

"All right," she said firmly. "Here goes!"

They stepped boldly into the front seat and some noisy youths crowded into the seats behind them. The two cars filled and the contrivance started with a jerk, while the girl held her lip firmly with her teeth and made herself as small as possible in a corner. When the car passed into the first tunnel, she seized his arm with both hands and, though she was not aware of the fact, she began shrieking almost at once.

THE car started climbing and he placed his arm around her and held tight. They passed over a peak, dropped suddenly and it was there the young lady began yelling in earnest. He said nothing at all, but held her close, grinning from ear to ear.

The car rounded a bend and again seemed to climb Mt. Everest, the Matterhorn and Mt. Wilson, and she could hear unseen cogwheels clicking off the syllables of her obituary. Then they reached a point miles in the air, the car tilted its nose down and they slid like a bullet. It struck a bump and she thought her neck had broken. They returned to the level stretch and the saturnine gateman, gazing at each other in delight. He helped her out and they moved through the crowd.

"We did it!" he cried triumphantly. "And aren't you proud of yourself?"

"I certainly am," she replied.

"Let's do it again."

"No," she said firmly. "Once is enough. I feel plenty heroic for one afternoon; and, anyhow, I have to be going."

"Oh," he said, crestfallen, "that's too bad. I have to go too, and the melancholy part is that I have to go all the way to California. What's your name, anyhow?"

"Helen. What's yours?"

"I'm Harry Tripp. And I wish to say, Helen, that I think you're a peach. Even if you weren't a brave girl, I'd like you, and I'd certainly like to see you again sometime."

"Well, maybe you will," she said with a friendly smile. "Who knows? You have to go out to California?"

"Los Angeles."

"What do you do out there?"

"I'm a test pilot for an aircraft company. And I'm getting out on the eight-o'clock plane—worse luck."

Her smile broadened.

"You certainly will see me again," she said. "I'm going right along with you, Harry. I'm hostess on the eight-o'clock plane to Los Angeles."

"I have seen Mr. Osaki working in the laboratory," Bailey told us. "This I can state with certainty"

The Drums of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM RITTER

The Story Thus Far:

DIRECTED by the notorious Dr. Fu Manchu, Si-Fan, a powerful secret society, is plotting to bring about world peace, by destroying Europe's political leaders.

In London, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, brilliant secret agent, investigates the murder of General Quinto, chief of staff to a dictator. He learns that Fu Manchu has instigated the crime, and that a girl—dark, amethyst-eyed, beautiful—is involved.

Somewhere in England, Si-Fan has a radio broadcasting station. Once Fu Manchu has the audacity to project his own image on Smith's television screen and address the operative on the subject of world peace! That episode starts a search for the station.

Among those engaged in the hunt is Detective Sergeant Hythe. He is murdered in a remote corner of the Essex marshes by Fu Manchu's hirelings. . . . On the trail of the killers, Bart Kerrigan (the young journalist who tells the story) penetrates alone, deep into the marshes. Entering a hut, he finds some of Hythe's belongings *and a mandarin's cap!* Before he can make his getaway, however, a girl steps in, confronts him.

Once before, Kerrigan had seen her. He recognizes her as the girl who is working with Dr. Fu Manchu! In the course of a brief conversation, she informs Kerrigan that her name is "Ardatha;" then she slips away from him.

At a near-by tavern Kerrigan encounters the girl again. Unable to believe that one so beautiful can be a criminal, he implores her to come away with him. Whereupon, a huge brute of a man—Pallant, the bartender—attacks him. The ensuing fight terminates when Pallant is knocked unconscious.

When Kerrigan looks about him, Ardatha has disappeared. He looks through the tavern for her. He enters a room. There, lying on a couch and watching him, is—*Dr. Fu Manchu!*

III

MOTIONLESS, I stood there staring at the most dangerous man in the world.

In that moment of realization it was a strange fact that no idea of attacking him, of attempting to arrest him, crossed my mind. The complete unexpectedness of his appearance stupefied me.

The windows were closed and there was no sound, for how many seconds I cannot say. I believe that during those seconds my sensations were akin to the visions of a drowning man; I must in some way have accepted this as death.

I seemed to see and to hear Nayland Smith seeking for me, urgently calling my name. The whole pageant of my history joined and intermingled with a phantom army, invisible but menacing, which was the aura of Dr. Fu Manchu. Dominating all was the taunting face of Ardatha, an unspoken appeal upon her lips; and the thought, like a stab of the spirit, that unquestionably Ardatha was the woman associated with the assassination of General Quinto, the willing accomplice of this Chinese monster, and a party to the murder of Sergeant Hythe.

Dr. Fu Manchu did not move; the gaze of his unnatural green eyes never left my face. That bony hand with its long, highly polished nails lay so motionless upon the pile of the black coat that it might have been an ivory carving.

Then, after those moments of stupefaction, the spell broke. My duty was plain, my duty to Nayland Smith, to humanity at large. As quick resolve claimed my mind Dr. Fu Manchu spoke:

"Useless, Mr. Kerrigan." His thin lips barely parted. "I am well protected; in fact, I was expecting you."

He bluffed wonderfully, I told myself; I plunged for my automatic.

"Stand still!" he hissed; "don't stir, you fool!"

AND so tremendous was the authority in that sibilant voice, in the swiftly opened magnetic eyes, that even as my hand closed upon the weapon, I hesitated.

"Now, slowly—very slowly, I beg of you, Mr. Kerrigan—move your head to the left. You will see from what I have saved you!"

Strange it may sound, strange it appears to me, now; but I obeyed, moving my head inch by inch. In that position, glancing out of the corner of my eye, I became again stricken motionless.

The blade of a huge, curved knife resembling a sickle was being held motionless by someone who stood behind me, a hairsbreadth removed from my neck! I could see the thumb and two fingers of a muscular brown hand which clutched the hilt. One backward sweep of such a blade would all but sever a man's head from his body. In that instant, I knew how Sergeant Hythe had died.

"Yes—" Dr. Fu Manchu's voice was soft again; and slowly, inch by inch, I turned as he began to speak. "That was how he died, Mr. Kerrigan: your doubts are set at rest."

Even before the astounding fact that he had replied to an unspoken thought had properly penetrated, he continued:

"I regret the episode. It has seriously disarranged my plans: it was unnecessary and clumsily done—due to overzealousness on the part of one of my bodyguard. These fellows are difficult to handle. They are *Thugs*, members of a religious brotherhood specializing in murder—but long ago stamped out by the British authorities, as any textbook will tell you. . . . Nevertheless, I find them useful."

I WAS breathing hard and holding myself so tensely that every muscle in my body seemed to be quivering. Dr. Fu Manchu did not stir, his eyes were half closed again, but their contemplative gaze was terrifying.

"I can only suppose," I said, and the sound of my own voice muffled in the little room quite startled me—"that much learning has made you mad. What have you or your cause—if you have a cause—to gain by this indiscriminate murder? Let me draw your attention to the state of China, to which country I believe you belong. There is room there for your particular kind of activity."

This speech had enabled me somewhat to regain control of myself, but in the silence that followed I wondered how it would be accepted.

"My particular activities, Mr. Kerrigan, are at the moment directed to the correction of certain undesirable menaces to China. You are thinking of the armies who clash and vainly stagger to and fro in my country. I assure you that the real danger to China lies not within her borders, but outside. The surgeon seeks below the surface. Muscles are useless without nerves and brain. My concern is with nerves and brain. However, these details cannot interest you, as I fear you will not be in a position to impart them to Sir Denis Nayland Smith. Had your talents been outstanding I might have employed you—but they are not; therefore I have no use for you."

Following those softly spoken words came a guttural order.

A cloth was whipped over my mouth and secured before I fully realized what had happened. In less time than it takes to write of it I was lashed wrist and ankle by some invisible expert stationed behind me! The curved blade of the knife I could see out of the corner of my left eye.

Dr. Fu Manchu never stirred a muscle.

I longed to cry out, but could not. Another guttural order—and the blade disappeared. He who had held the knife stepped forward, and I saw a thickset, yellow-faced man dressed in an ill-fitting blue suit. Immediately, I recognized him for one of the pair who had attacked me on the night that I first saw and spoke to Ardatha. Although short of stature, he was immensely powerful; and without ceremony he stooped, hoisted me upon his shoulder and carried me like a sack from the room!

My last impression was one of that dreadful, motionless figure upon the settee. . . .

Down the stairs I was borne, helpless as a trussed chicken. Considering my weight it was an astonishing feat on the part of the man who performed it. Past the rush curtain of the bar we went and along the passage. Dread of my impending death was almost swamped by loathing of the blood-lustful creature who carried me. Another of Dr. Fu Manchu's evil-faced Thugs held a door open, and a damp smell, the ringing sound of footsteps on stone paving, told me that I was being taken down into the cellars. Something like a scream arose to my lips—but I stifled it; for I knew, not for the first time since I had met the Chinese doctor, stark terror's icy hand.

From those cellars I should never come out alive.

THE cellars of The Monks' Arms were surprisingly equipped. They reminded me of those of a well-known speak-easy in New York which I had once explored. Beyond the cellar proper, the contents of which looked innocent enough, other cellars, altogether more extensive, lay concealed. By means of manipulating hidden locks, seemingly solid walls could be opened.

In the light of a hurricane lamp carried by one of the Thugs, I saw casks of brandy and bins of French wines which certainly were never intended for the clientele of The Monks' Arms. As Sergeant Weldon had more than hinted, this ancient inn was a smugglers' base. Its subterranean ramifications suggested that at some time the building above had been larger.

At what I judged to be the end of the labyrinth, I was carried up several well-worn steps into a long, rectangular room. I noticed a stout door set in the thickness of the wall, and then I was dumped unceremoniously upon the paving stones. The place contained nothing but broken fishing tackle, nets, empty casks, old furniture and similar odds and ends. Amongst these was the dismantled frame of a heavy iron bedstead. Hauling out what had been the headpiece (it had crossbars strong enough for a prison window) the two yellow men laid it on the floor and stretched me upon it.

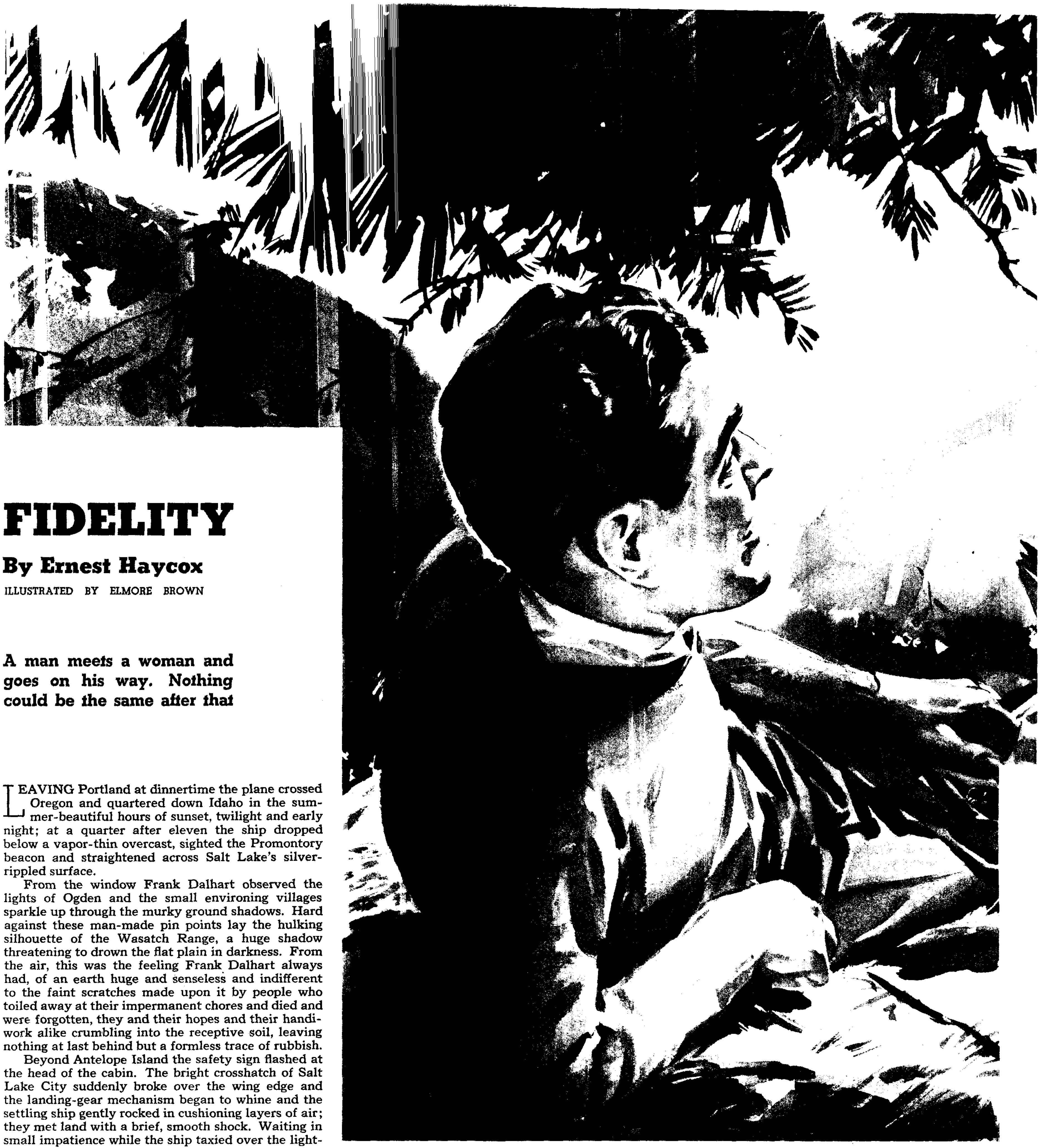
From first to last they worked in silence.

Deftly they lashed me to the rusty bars, until even slight movement became almost impossible and the pain was all I could endure. At first their purpose remained mysterious . . . then, with a new pang of terror, I recognized it—

Dr. Fu Manchu was determined that a second body should not be found in the neighborhood of The Monks' Arms. Secured to the heavy iron framework I

(Continued on page 29)

"Not a doubt about it!" Smith cried. "This is a zombi—a corpse moving among the living. This woman is a harbinger of death and we must find her"



FIDELITY

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

A man meets a woman and goes on his way. Nothing could be the same after that

LEAVING Portland at dinnertime the plane crossed Oregon and quartered down Idaho in the summer-beautiful hours of sunset, twilight and early night; at a quarter after eleven the ship dropped below a vapor-thin overcast, sighted the Promontory beacon and straightened across Salt Lake's silver-rippled surface.

From the window Frank Dalhart observed the lights of Ogden and the small environing villages sparkle up through the murky ground shadows. Hard against these man-made pin points lay the hulking silhouette of the Wasatch Range, a huge shadow threatening to drown the flat plain in darkness. From the air, this was the feeling Frank Dalhart always had, of an earth huge and senseless and indifferent to the faint scratches made upon it by people who toiled away at their impermanent chores and died and were forgotten, they and their hopes and their handiwork alike crumbling into the receptive soil, leaving nothing at last behind but a formless trace of rubbish.

Beyond Antelope Island the safety sign flashed at the head of the cabin. The bright crosshatch of Salt Lake City suddenly broke over the wing edge and the landing-gear mechanism began to whine and the settling ship gently rocked in cushioning layers of air; they met land with a brief, smooth shock. Waiting in small impatience while the ship taxied over the light-flooded field, Dalhart listened to the final chukkering of the engines, the moment's strange silence, and the upstrike of voices through this silence. At the doorway the stewardess said, "I hope your trip was pleasant, Mr. Dalhart," and gave him a young woman's quick and personal and wise glance. A cab took him directly to the hotel.

It was midnight when he registered but there was a message from James Stewart, asking him to call, no matter how late the hour; and in his room Frank Dalhart called the number. A woman's voice answered, its soft and upswinging tone sending the single word "Yes" colorfully over the wire.

He said: "This is Frank Dalhart. I was to call Mr. Stewart, though I'm sorry for the lateness of the hour."

She said, "Wait, please." James Stewart was immediately on the phone, speaking in a seriously cordial manner:

"Dalhart? I hope you had a pleasant trip."

"Good enough," he replied. "Nothing unusual."

James Stewart said: "It is rather late to ask you up for a highball so I'll meet you at nine at the hotel. We can go to my office and get directly at this. I suppose your room is warm—it has been hot here lately. But if you'll pull your transom full down you'll catch a breeze that usually springs up about this time. At nine, then."

He had not met James Stewart but, getting out of his clothes, he made a guess based on that brief phone conversation. There was always an essence to men or women. It was in their voices and gestures and in their eyes—a tone or a color escaping through the overlay of civilized manners and polite defensive conversation; it was really an undercurrent in every living person, of original desires and emotions and fears that never changed.

Stripped to pajama trousers, Frank Dalhart smoked his cigarette before the open window, a cooler air rubbing against his upper body. Between the blackness of his head and the solid tan of his skin was a lighter line of scalp uncovered by a recent haircut; when he put his hands against the window sill and rested his weight on them the deltoid muscles of his arms sharpened. A streetcar rattled over the crossing by Brigham Young's statue and the dying murmurs of the town came softly up the hotel's high wall, and in the heart of Temple Square one man slowly walked, head down. Far out on the flat horizon of the lake, shadows closed thinly and vaguely on emptiness.

In bed, nourishing the last of the cigarette, his thoughts were arrested by the quick crosscutting memory of the woman's voice on the phone; it was a slow and memorable tone, meaning anything or meaning nothing, but compelling his interest. At thirty-five a man no longer had his boyhood dream of great events coming suddenly upon him; at thirty-five a man's hopes pushed humbly and critically against

Something about her had changed. The surface reserve, the faraway calm had gone, leaving her pleased and youthful. It was on her lips; it was a color in her eyes

disillusionment. But this voice, so full of melody, had stirred him.

James Stewart found him in the coffee shop at nine. "I'm glad you're here," he said at once. "There is only one thing I regret. The fourth partner, Bill Regan, is somewhere down by Kanab, and if we run into any difficult adjustments we may have to wait his return."

He was, as Dalhart had guessed him to be, a very lean man of average height, with an air of precision extending to his gray suit and well-managed tie. The sense of courtesy was in him, real and deep; but he was sharp of mind, grave, and controlled by a good deal of nervous energy. His thoughts were completely with his job, leaving no particular place for humor or philosophy. This man, Dalhart decided, had his career and quite obviously loved it. Finished with his coffee, Dalhart walked through the strong sunshine with James Stewart to the latter's office. Three of Stewart's clients were on hand; the fourth, as Stewart explained again, was somewhere around Kanab or Parowan. "If we must have him, I'll see that he gets here by early tomorrow morning."

Dalhart shook hands with Stewart's clients, professionally interested in the characters they showed him. This was a mining deal, with the report of the geologists and engineers already a matter of record and the preliminary agreements well worked out. Yet a mine was only a hole in the ground until something came out of it; and a great deal depended on the operators.

Sitting across the desk from Stewart, Frank Dalhart had a view, through the high office window, of the fields and fences and boundaries of man marching out against the raw untillable desert sweep beyond. He was conscious of this contrast but had to put it in the back of his head, for James Stewart's sharp mind had a quickness he needed to follow and match. There was something else, too, as the morning wore on. These operators had solicited Portland money. Now that it was near to hand they grew coy, wishing to drive a better bargain. They were horse-trading with him, through their attorney. He knew it and James Stewart knew it. Knowing it, Dalhart spoke his exact thoughts:

"The money is ready when you are ready, but there will be no change of any kind. Not in the least respect. I could not go beyond the limits of the agreement if I wished. I would not if I could. If that is not clear I might as well take the one-o'clock plane back."

Stewart's clients, having made no headway, now looked to Stewart for a graceful exit; he was tipped in his chair, staring at the ceiling and closely attentive, and now said in a dry way: "I think I'd better get in touch with Bill Regan. I'll call Kanab and have somebody start him on the way."

Later, seated over the lunch table, James Stewart permitted himself the nearness of a smile; it was more a wisdom in his eyes than any break of face muscles. "You know how these things go. My people are not all of the same mind. Now this afternoon I'll thresh it over with them and in the morning Regan, who has the most voice, will be in. But until then I hate to leave you idle and without entertainment. You're coming up to the house at six tonight, of course, for dinner. Lillian expects you. But is there anything I could do for you this afternoon?"

"No," said Dalhart, "I think I'll just walk off a fit of staleness. At six, then," he added, and parted from Stewart. A high sun poured into the town and heat condensed along the building walls. Turning through the gate of Temple Square, Dalhart had his look at the Mormon museum, the flower beds, the tabernacle, and so passed into a street at whose head the spire of the capitol building appeared. This was at a considerable distance and well above the city, and as he swung into the steady climb he realized that the lungs of a man adjusted to sea level were not equipped to handle the thinner air of a four-thousand-foot elevation.

IRRITATED by his apparent lack of condition, he hit a stiffer stride. From the capitol grounds, long later, he had a far-running view of the lake and the valley, cloudy with summer's yellow-white haze. Afterward he set out toward Fort Douglas in the south and at five o'clock, weary and sweat-damp and acutely hungry but immensely pleased with the workout, he entered the hotel.

At this hour there was a good deal of traffic in the lobby and, pausing at the desk for his key, he observed a group of women cross from the elevators to the south doors. One of these women turned to the newsstand, and it was the way she walked, quick and long-legged and her body in rhythm, which caught and held Dalhart's attention. She wore a gray tailored street dress and a small hat whose narrow brim shadowed her eyes. He accepted his key from the clerk, meanwhile watching the woman make her purchase at the newsstand, snap her purse shut and momentarily stand with her eyes touching the headlines of a near-by paper. Suddenly her head turned and she met Dalhart's glance, studied him with a cool, self-contained interest, and turned to the doors, going on at that quick and rhythmic stride which had arrested his attention in the beginning.

In his room he stripped for a shower, changed clothes and stood by the window, pleasantly controlled by the looseness of his muscles and the keen feel of appetite. Physical sensations mattered; it was important to keep the senses whetted to a good edge, so that all the colors and sounds and smells of a strange world might register and leave their impressions. There was nothing much else in life; it was a quick and hard passage, in which a man only had time to learn a few things before he forgot them all.

BELOW him in Temple Square a late sun drew longer and longer shadows on the grass and the smell of the day was a dry thin pungence. Before him stood the temple, layer on layer of great stone blocks erected over the long years in sweat and patience and faith. That was the thing—the people of that older generation had strong faith. They believed in the ancient injunction to love God with heart and soul and body. Mostly the modern world had forgotten how to believe and people worked out their little lives in confusion; there was no faith left. It was near six then. Going down, he caught a cab and found James Stewart's house on a quiet street whose old, interlocked trees deepened the late day's shadows and distributed a bland aroma into the windless air. James Stewart met him at the door.

A woman came from the living room and James Stewart said in obvious pride: "My wife, Lillian. This is Frank Dalhart."

She was, he saw at once, the woman who had crossed the hotel lobby, and the same lift of interest which had made him watch her then came to him again in this little pause of time. She had changed from the tailored dress into a dinner dress, but the graceful modeling of her body was still apparent to him—the length of her legs, the small roundness of hips, the faint hint of breadth at her breasts, and the straight line of her shoulders. Her hair was completely black, rising in a mass from her ears and folded loosely behind; high cheekbones accented her face, carrying his attention to her eyes. They were darkly gray and behind them was the iron certainty of pride and a distant half-hidden warmth. The impression he had then was of complete poise. She gave him her hand quickly, with the same straightforward gesture he had before noted.

"It is nice," she said, "to have you here. James said that you would be interesting and I have found him a good judge of character."

There were a few pleasantries like this as they walked into the living room. James Stewart said, "I'll bring in the drinks," and left them. Dalhart stood at a corner of the fireplace, one arm resting on its mantelpiece, watching Lillian Stewart move gently across the room. This distance was between them when she turned and he was aware of the quick way she met his glance, gravely and coolly, yet as though something in his eyes drew her interest.

"Have you been here before?"

"No, the state is new to me."

James Stewart returned with the drinks and the conversation turned idly on little topics until dinner. At the table, Stewart said: "It is unfortunate, but I've got to go back to the office tonight and straighten out a few things with these people. Nothing is settled until Bill Regan comes up. I find now that he isn't at Kanab but over in the Painted Desert. It will be quite late tomorrow night before he gets here and I'm afraid you'll find the waiting dull. A thought occurred to me. Why don't you let Lillian take you downstate tomorrow? You might enjoy the scenery."

"It is an excellent thought," Dalhart said, "if your wife does not find it dull." *(Continued on page 47)*

Diving Gas

By Commander Edward Ellsberg, U.S.N.R.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Helium is the gas for dirigibles. It now turns out to be the gas for divers too. Thanks to it, the absolute limit of three hundred feet has been pushed down no one knows how far. And there's a lot of treasure to be salvaged from deep water

AMERICAN divers can now work at depths that have never been attained before, thanks to an element of which nature has given Uncle Sam a monopoly—helium.

My first vivid recollection of helium is linked with that ill-fated monster dirigible, the Akron. With Commander Rosendahl, its first skipper, as a guide, I viewed the bank of steel bottles from which the Akron's gas cells were being filled with helium for her trial flight. When, months later, the gigantic Akron crashed into the Atlantic and her sister, the Macon, soon after broke up over the Pacific, I thought I'd seen the last not only of airships but of helium.

Not long ago, however, I stood with Lieutenant Commander Momsen, chief of the Navy's experimental diving unit, examining the thick steel tank in Washington in which the Navy's diving experiments are carried out. A bank of steel bottles stacked alongside the massive diving tank looked familiar.

"Helium?" I asked. "What's helium good for here?"

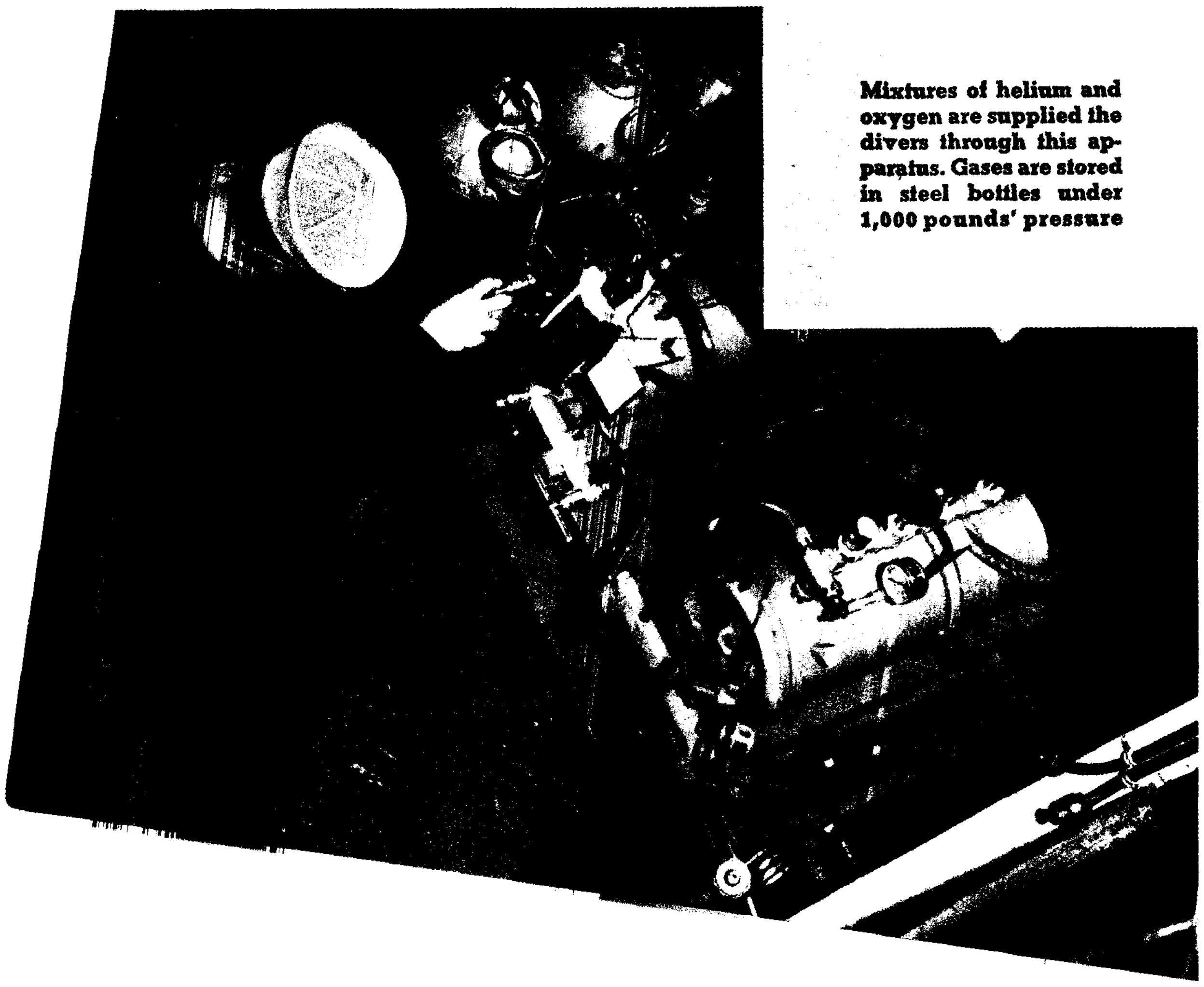
"Diving!" Momsen answered briefly. "You remember a sailor named Badders you had on your salvage jobs on the S-51 and the S-4? Well, with helium I've had Badders down under 500 feet of sea pressure in that tank!"

Five hundred feet? Nearly twice as deep as divers had ever got before! I looked incredulously at Momsen. Had it been anyone else trying to tell me that, I should have discounted his figures about fifty per cent. But I had considerable respect for Momsen, a submarine skipper himself, who a few years ago had time after time risked his own life beneath the sea developing into a practicable device the Momsen "lung" for submarine escape. This gadget has made forever impossible a repetition of the S-4 tragedy, during which we stormbound divers had to stand helplessly by while one hundred feet below us in the cold sea the trapped crew of the S-4 slowly asphyxiated. But still 500 feet seemed incredible, and I guess my face showed it.

"It's so," affirmed Momsen, "and 500 feet isn't the limit. If it weren't for the fact that the steel in that diving tank there won't stand the necessary strain and would explode under the pressure like a toy balloon, Badders could probably get down to 1,000 feet. Helium's remarkable stuff for diving!"

I gazed at the substantial three-inch-thick steel heads of that diving tank. If helium could safely get a man 500 feet beneath the sea, let alone down to 1,000 feet, something both new and

Diver William Badders, in standard diving dress but breathing the new synthetic atmosphere, prepares to enter the Navy experimental tank

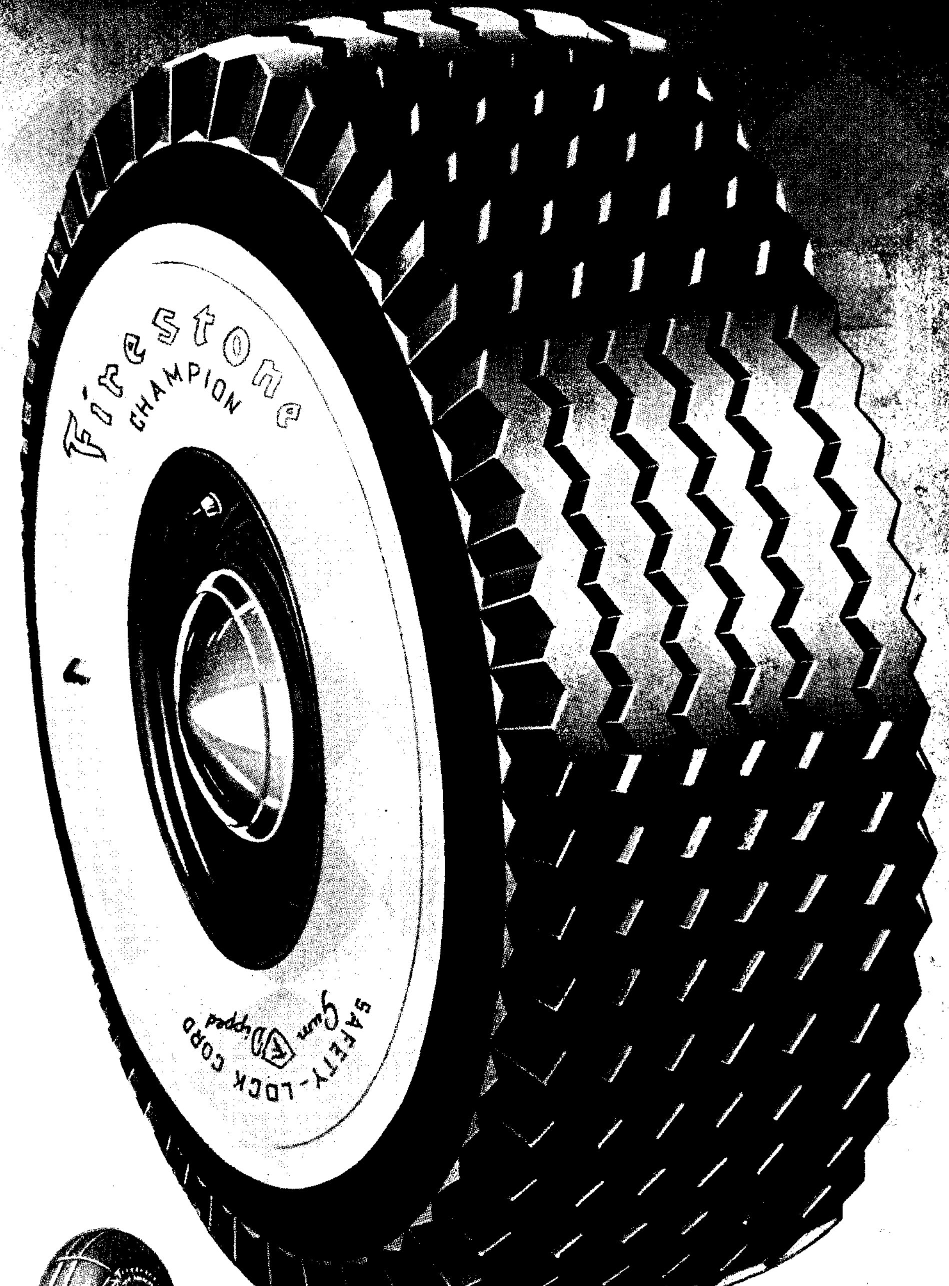


Mixtures of helium and oxygen are supplied the divers through this apparatus. Gases are stored in steel bottles under 1,000 pounds' pressure

Lieut. Commander Chas. B. Momsen, chief of the Navy experimental diving unit, shown with the "iron doctor," in which divers are decompressed

Firestone
CHAMPION

[illegible] Gear-Grip Tread



NEVER before in our thirty-nine years of experience has a tire met with such instant and unanimous approval as the new Firestone Champion Tire. Car owners everywhere have started a word-of-mouth campaign that is making this great new tire the safety sensation of 1939. The marvelous gripping power of this tire, so dramatically demonstrated in actual use, has swept it to surprising heights of popularity. Motor car manufacturers have been so impressed by its superior performance that they have adopted it for their 1939 models. The Firestone Champion Tire is an entirely new achievement in safety engineering.

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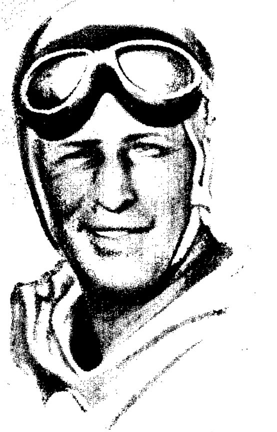

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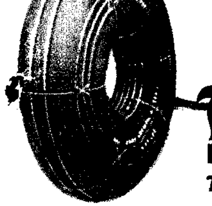

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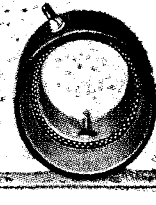

THE [illegible] SAFETY-PROVED ON
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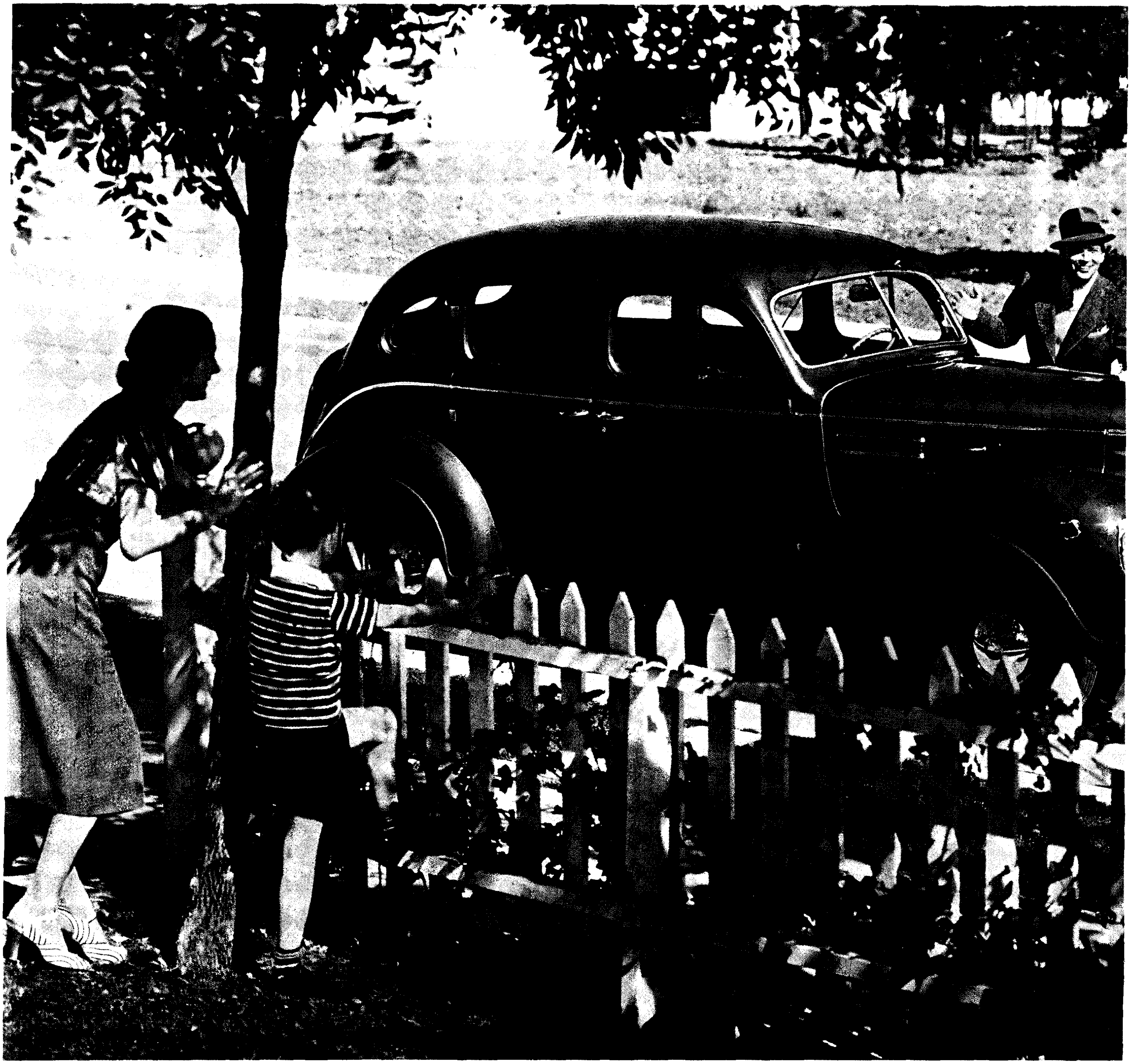

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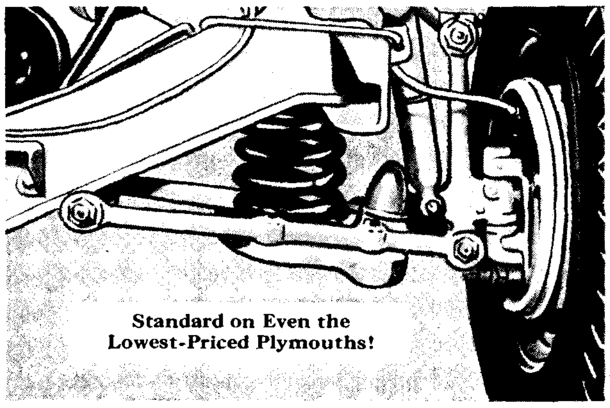

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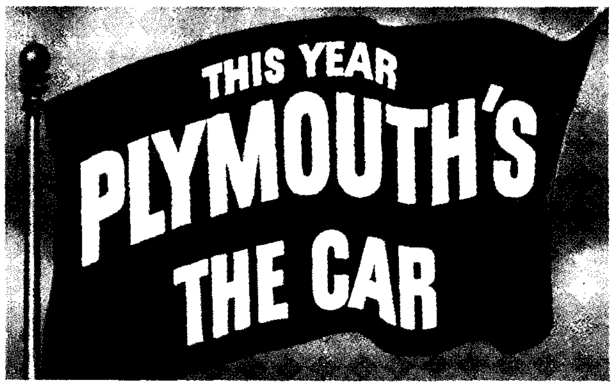

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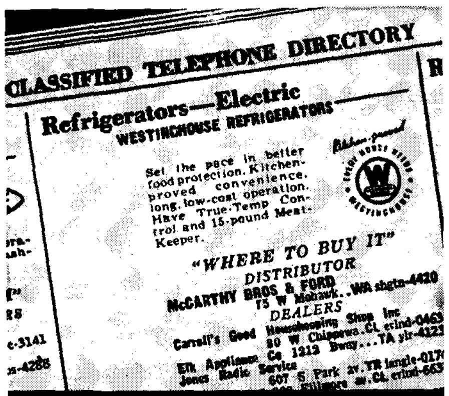
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Note reference to Classified in Westinghouse advertisement on second cover.

startling had been developed, for anyone who has ever struggled on the bottom working in the deep sea in a diving suit well knows that most divers never go below 100 feet, that 200 feet is about the limit for a few experts, and that in the ordinary diving rig only three men have ever before managed to get down to 300 feet, where the terrific pressure promptly made a hospital case and a permanent cripple of one of them and rendered the other two practically useless on the bottom.

And there was Momsen talking of going down 500 feet under the sea. How could it be done?

The how of it, I soon found out, led back to the very beginning of diving, which is a very ancient profession, as witness Cleopatra's use of divers to load Marc Antony's fishhook with the Egyptian equivalent of salt mackerel. But until about a hundred years ago, such naked divers (with only the air they could hold in their lungs to go on) could neither get very deep nor stay down much over a minute.

Then came the prototype of the modern diving rig, a combination of a copper helmet and a suitably ballasted flexible canvas-covered rubber suit with air pumped down to it through a hose, inside which a diver might stay below as long as he wished to work and his nerves held out, and theoretically he might go as deep as the power of his air pump to force air down to him permitted.

Soda Pop Solved It

But it wasn't long before divers using this outfit noted that if they went much below sixty feet and stayed there long enough to do any real work on a wreck, shortly after they came to the surface a mysterious malady was likely to seize them and double them up into tight knots, after which some died suddenly, some were permanently paralyzed, and only the luckier ones, after suffering for several days the tortures of the damned, recovered. From the convulsive contortions of the sufferers this disease got the slang name of "the bends."

What strange death lurked in the deep sea to attack the men who penetrated it the divers themselves could never figure out. But what is inexplicable is always doubly terrifying, and to the superstitious divers it seemed clear that malignant demons must inhabit the depths, vengefully striking down with "the bends" whoever sought to plunder the wrecks the sea had claimed for its own. But the lure of sunken gold is overpoweringly strong and, in spite of death and paralysis, a few daring souls could always be found to risk "the bends" for an adequate share of the recovery, payable when necessary to their heirs if not to themselves.

There the battle between the divers and the demons in the deep stood for half a century, till two French scientists, de Mericourt and Bert, meditating in the late 1870's on the curious divers' disease, saw an analogy between the divers and the recently popularized business of making soda pop.

It so happens that only one fifth of our air is the life-giving oxygen which the hemoglobin in our red blood corpuscles takes up when air and blood meet in our lungs, while the other four fifths is practically all a relatively inert gas—nitrogen—which so far as ordinary breathing is concerned serves only to dilute the oxygen and, when we exhale, passes completely out of the lungs again. But when the air is much compressed, on entering the lungs some of the nitrogen is forced by the unusual pressure to dissolve in the blood, which then carries it throughout the body to the tissues, the fat, and even the bone marrow. Given depth and time enough, brain, bone, blood and tissue become completely saturated with this gas, and the diver (though he doesn't feel it) then resembles that bottle of soda water which de Mericourt and Bert saw was manufactured by a similar process.

When the pressure on the diver is released by his rising to the surface, the gas dissolved in his body comes out of solution in the form of bubbles in his blood stream. If enough gas is then trapped in his heart to fill it with nitrogen instead of blood and thereby stop its pumping, he would immediately die, while if any large bubbles gather in the nerve centers, they would certainly cause paralysis.

Bert's hypothesis, a stroke of imaginative genius, immediately stripped the mystery and the superstition from the cause of "the bends" and offered a simple means of avoidance. Instead of rising as swiftly as possible from the bottom when his work was done (which was the instinctive reaction of every diver) Bert advised the diver to come up foot by foot very slowly, so that as the sea pressure on him gradually decreased nitrogen escaped from solution only in small bubbles.

For the next thirty years divers used Bert's method of uniform decompression. In 1906 Haldane discovered that because blood is thicker than water, the pressure on a diver might quickly be cut in half without bubbles of dangerous size forming in blood (though they would in water). Haldane's discovery shortened decompression considerably, since each halving of the pressure accelerated nitrogen elimination appreciably. Divers, with more confidence in coming up safe from "the bends," began to go deeper. British divers soon reached a depth of 210 feet, while even this was exceeded in 1915 by the extraordinary depth of 306 feet which was attained for brief periods by three of our naval divers working on a submarine lost off Honolulu.

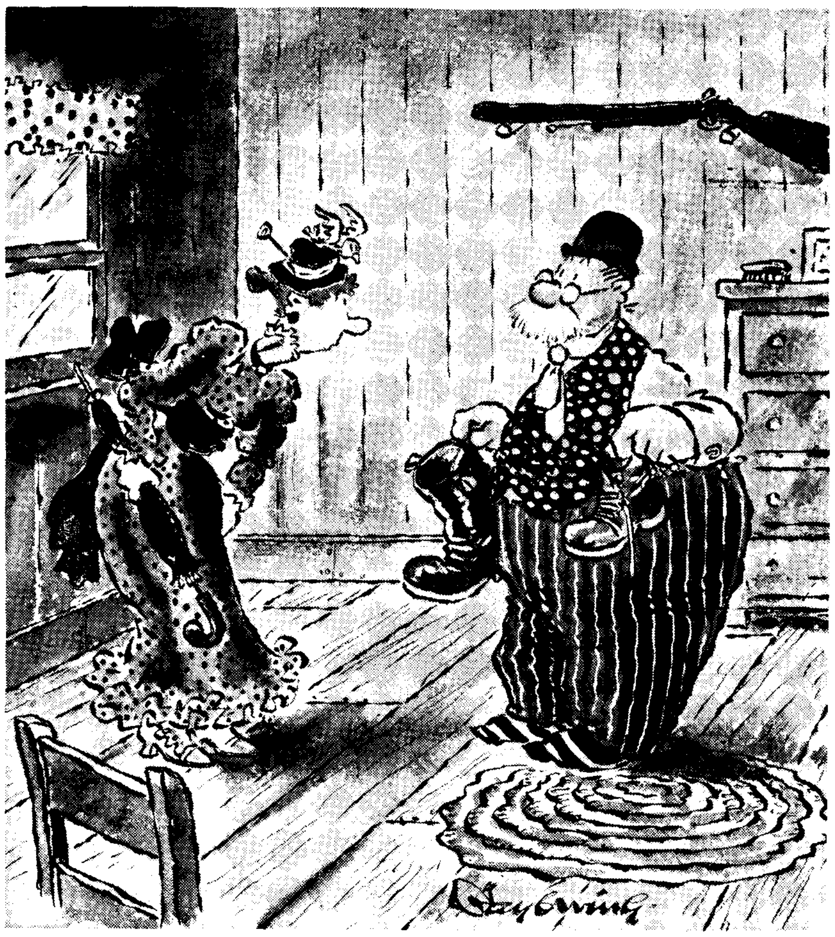
And there (till Momsen took a hand in it recently) progress stopped, mainly on account of the discovery that the deeper a diver went once he had passed fifteen fathoms, the more worthless he became, and to a salvage master attempting to get work out of divers below it seemed incredible that men could be so dumb.

I have been in that situation myself. As salvage officer directing divers on the sunken submarine S-51, I could hardly understand how supposedly experienced seamen and competent divers made such ridiculous errors and wasted their precious minutes on the bottom—till I got down on the sea floor in a diving rig myself. I then learned at firsthand that under heavy pressure a diver is extremely "dopey," going around in a semidaze, with about as much practical control of his reasoning faculties and his senses as if Jack Dempsey in his prime had just socked him squarely on the jaw.

A Job for an Expert

Various inventors have tried to rectify this situation, usually by protecting the divers completely from the sea pressure and all its effects by encasing them in metal-armored suits, but the net effect of even the best-designed of the jointed armored rigs was to render the diver completely unable to get about or to do any real work on a wreck and make him about as useless on a salvage job as Beebe inside his bathysphere.

For some years after the S-4 disaster, attention in the Navy was mainly concentrated on escape devices for submarine crews rather than on salvage diving, a concentration which, as before mentioned, produced the brilliantly successful escape lung, which was developed by the skipper of the sister submarine to the ill-fated S-4, Lieutenant C. B. Momsen. So it was perhaps natural enough, then, that when the Navy finally in 1937 got around to devoting some attention to helium, it was Momsen, now a lieutenant commander, who was called back from sea and given the task of trying to get somewhere with it. To assist him, the Navy Medical Corps detailed two surgeons, Lieutenants



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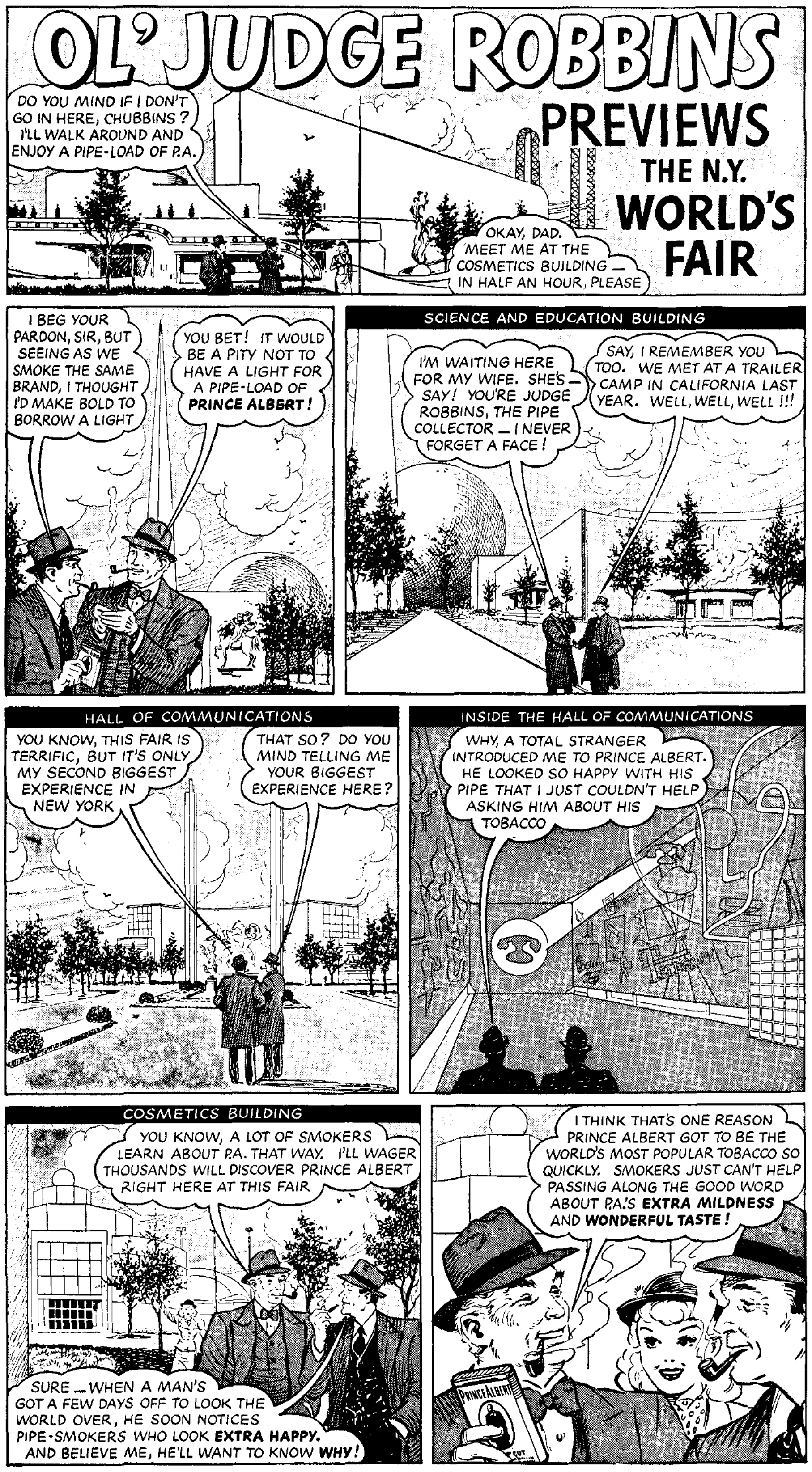
"YOU OUGHT TO OWN AN OLDS!"

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

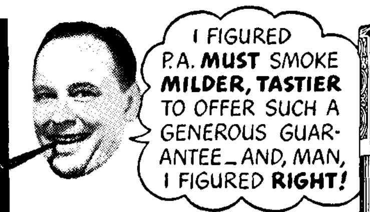

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS PREVIEWS THE N.Y. WORLD'S FAIR
DO YOU MIND IF I DON'T GO IN HERE, CHUBBINS? I'LL WALK AROUND AND ENJOY A PIPE-LOAD OF P.A.
OKAY, DAD. MEET ME AT THE COSMETICS BUILDING — IN HALF AN HOUR, PLEASE
I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT SEEING AS WE SMOKE THE SAME BRAND, I THOUGHT I'D MAKE BOLD TO BORROW A LIGHT
YOU BET! IT WOULD BE A PITY NOT TO HAVE A LIGHT FOR A PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT!
SCIENCE AND EDUCATION BUILDING
I'M WAITING HERE FOR MY WIFE. SHE'S — SAY! YOU'RE JUDGE ROBBINS, THE PIPE COLLECTOR — I NEVER FORGET A FACE!
SAY, I REMEMBER YOU TOO. WE MET AT A TRAILER CAMP IN CALIFORNIA LAST YEAR. WELL, WELL, WELL!!!
HALL OF COMMUNICATIONS
YOU KNOW, THIS FAIR IS TERRIFIC, BUT IT'S ONLY MY SECOND BIGGEST EXPERIENCE IN NEW YORK
THAT SO? DO YOU MIND TELLING ME YOUR BIGGEST EXPERIENCE HERE?
INSIDE THE HALL OF COMMUNICATIONS
WHY, A TOTAL STRANGER INTRODUCED ME TO PRINCE ALBERT. HE LOOKED SO HAPPY WITH HIS PIPE THAT I JUST COULDN'T HELP ASKING HIM ABOUT HIS TOBACCO
COSMETICS BUILDING
YOU KNOW, A LOT OF SMOKERS LEARN ABOUT P.A. THAT WAY. I'LL WAGER THOUSANDS WILL DISCOVER PRINCE ALBERT RIGHT HERE AT THIS FAIR
SURE — WHEN A MAN'S GOT A FEW DAYS OFF TO LOOK THE WORLD OVER, HE SOON NOTICES PIPE-SMOKERS WHO LOOK EXTRA HAPPY. AND BELIEVE ME, HE'LL WANT TO KNOW WHY!
I THINK THAT'S ONE REASON PRINCE ALBERT GOT TO BE THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR TOBACCO SO QUICKLY. SMOKERS JUST CAN'T HELP PASSING ALONG THE GOOD WORD ABOUT P.A.'S EXTRA MILDNESS AND WONDERFUL TASTE!
PRINCE ALBERT

GET A PREVIEW OF REAL SMOKING JOY

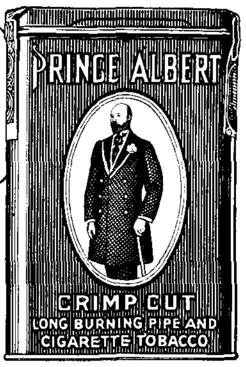
TRY P. A. BEFORE YOU RISK A PENNY!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina


I FIGURED P.A. MUST SMOKE MILDER, TASTIER TO OFFER SUCH A GENEROUS GUARANTEE — AND, MAN, I FIGURED RIGHT!

"Makin's" fans! Prince Albert is MILDER in roll-your-own cigarettes too. It's choice tobacco specially cut to roll up FASTER, plumper. Try Prince Albert on a similar guarantee to "makin's" smokers.


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

SO MILD
SO TASTY

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every pocket tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

A. R. Behnke and O. D. Yarbrough.

The two outstanding characteristics of helium are its lightness (it is about one-seventh as heavy as nitrogen) and its chemical inertness. No compounds of helium are known to exist naturally, and no one has ever succeeded in getting an atom of helium to combine with anything, not even with another atom of helium.

The quality which originally recommended helium for diving is its lightness. A gas with a weight only one seventh that of nitrogen ought theoretically to bubble out of solution in the blood much faster than nitrogen itself, and consequently it was hoped that decompression would thereby be accelerated.

To test that theory, Momsen began by subjecting his divers in the diving tank alternately to compressed air and to a synthetic atmosphere with helium wholly substituted for the nitrogen in air. After exposure for periods up to three and one half hours, the divers under test breathed into spirometers in which the gases escaping from the lungs could be collected and measured. Comparing the results with helium and with nitrogen, the pleasing discovery was made that the same divers absorbed, while under pressure, only about forty per cent as much helium as nitrogen, and that, further, the time required for helium elimination after a given dive was only about one third to one half the time required for nitrogen.

Most gratifying of all, it was discovered that the tendency of the helium to dissolve in body fats was but one fifth of the same tendency exhibited by nitrogen. Since the spinal cord consists of 27.5 per cent fat, this was of the utmost importance, as it was apparent that all the paralysis cases in "the bends" came from nitrogen first soaked up by the fats in the spinal cord, only to come out of solution there during improper decompression in the form of bubbles which pressed on the nerve centers and paralyzed the victims. With helium absorbed by the fats in the spinal cord to only a relatively slight degree as compared with nitrogen, the chances of a diver ever becoming paralyzed after using helium were negligible.

An Unsuspected Angle

The results, then, of the carefully conducted series of experiments by Momsen, Behnke and Yarbrough soon demonstrated conclusively that helium was decidedly superior to nitrogen as a diluter for oxygen in diving, and over a long series of tests a new set of decompression tables for varying lengths of dives and for various depths were scientifically worked out, to give what had been hoped for in the beginning—a radical reduction in the time of decompression required to bring a diver up safely from the depths after a dive without fear of "the bends." Had nothing else but this resulted, Momsen and his co-workers would still have been able to close the books on helium for diving and to consider their experiments wholly successful.

But as sometimes happens in research, keen experimenters uncover unsuspected collateral angles, and in this field the three investigators stumbled on an incidental phenomenon which, before they finished, they eagerly explored to develop an effect that in value completely dwarfed the original object of their work and vastly extended the range of diving depths. Momsen, among the others subjected to pressure under helium, noted to his amazement that the usual "dopey" feeling at depths beyond 100 feet was completely absent, and that at 300 feet (where the average diver with compressed air is so stupefied that on coming up he cannot usually recall even that he has been down) he still retained a clarity of mind and a physical control of his body as good as at 100 feet.

With so much firmly established, Momsen went farther. Still using a synthetic atmosphere of helium-oxygen and two of his best divers—William Badders and J. H. McDonald, who volunteered for the tests—he started to increase the depths. Through pressures of 350 feet, 400 feet, 450 feet, and finally to 500 feet (where the pressure on their bodies reached the tremendous load of 216 pounds per square inch) went Badders and McDonald, to stand a pressure far greater than any to which under any circumstances or at any place the human body had ever before been subjected.

Carefully, during and after each dive, Surgeons Behnke and Yarbrough observed and decompressed their two human guinea pigs, measuring their rates of helium elimination, watching them minutely for mental and physical reactions, working out from the results decompression tables for hitherto undreamed-of depths. Both men stood the pressure, equal to 15 atmospheres, perfectly and felt no more conscious of the unusual depth than if they had been at 100 feet with ordinary air.

The Record-Breaking Dive

There Momsen was forced to halt his experiments; 500 feet was his limit, for the thick-walled steel tank where, submerged in water, the divers were put under pressure, would stand no more without danger of bursting. No one had ever imagined, when that diving tank was designed, only a few years before, that its three-inch-thick steel heads and heavy sides were not more than adequate to cover any possible diving range.

Behnke's conclusions were that with helium the men might go to depths of 1,000 feet, and the divers stood ready to try it, but three-inch-thick steel plate was insufficient to resist the pressure.

Only one drawback to helium appeared in the tests. It was so much superior to air (which is an excellent insulator) as a conductor of heat, that a diver with his suit supplied with helium lost heat to the surrounding water at a rate which made him intolerably cold. But for this, a drawback in cold water only, there was an easy remedy—casing the diver in a suit of electrically heated underwear similar to that worn by substratospheric aviators.

As a final practical demonstration, Momsen took his men to sea to try out helium by actually diving in the open ocean under the worst possible conditions. Last summer, off the Maine coast, the U.S.S. Falcon, the Navy's veteran diving ship from which I worked and dived on the S-51 and the S-4 jobs, went to sea with Momsen, his medical assistants and his divers. Over the Falcon's side into the frigid waters of the Labrador Current went Badders, breathing helium, through the twilight depths to the ocean floor 402 feet down.

There, with the temperature at 35° F., only a few degrees above freezing, he landed on the bottom in a regulation canvas-and-rubber diving rig, at a depth far greater than any previously reached by a diver in the actual sea, with his helium-inflated suit balancing the crushing load of 195 tons of salt-water pressing on him. Comfortable and warm in his heated underwear, clear in his thinking, for the first time in history a diver in the deep sea stood on the bottom beyond 300 feet able to do real work and, thanks to helium, with an unnarcotized mind permitting him to do it effectively and then come up quickly and safely.

A new era, at least for Uncle Sam who has all the helium, had opened in deep diving.

The Drums of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 19

was to be taken out and thrown into the river!

When at last the two had completed their task and one, standing up, raised the lantern from the floor, the horror of the fate which I felt was upon me reached such a climax that again I stifled a desire to scream for help. A sound, faint but just discernible, which came through a grating up in one corner of the wall, told me that the stream beside which the inn was built passed directly outside the door.

Perhaps I had little cause for it, but when the yellow men turned, and he carrying the lantern leading, went back by the way they had come, I experienced such a revulsion from despair to almost exultant optimism that I cannot hope to describe it.

I was still alive! My absence could not fail to result in a search party being sent out. My chances might be poor but my position was no longer desperate!

Dimly, I heard the sound of oars. I knew that a boat was being pulled along the creek in the direction of the oak door close to which my head rested.

Of course, I was to be transported to some spot where the water was deep, and thrown in there!

I listened, eagerly, fearfully, to the creak of the nearing oars.

The boat passed on.

I could tell from the sound that an oar had been reversed and was being used as a punt pole. The swish of the rushes against the side of the craft was clearly audible. I doubted if the little stream were navigable far above that point, but as those ominous sounds died away, I knew at least that I had had a second reprieve.

Breathing was difficult because of the bandage over my mouth, and my heart was beating madly. Through the grating a sound reached me—that bumping and scraping which tells of someone entering or leaving a boat. Then I knew that poling had recommenced; but never once did I hear a human voice.

The boat was coming back. I heard the faint rattle of an oar set in a rowlock, the drip of water from the blade; but until the rower had crept past outside the oak door I doubt if I breathed again.

What did it all mean?

Someone, I reasoned, had been brought from the inn and was being rowed downstream to the larger river of which it was a tributary.

Dr. Fu Manchu!

Yes, it must be. The monstrous Chinaman, having lain within the grasp of the law, almost under the very nose of Nayland Smith, was escaping!

I tugged impotently at my lashings, but the pain I suffered soon checked my struggles. Clenching my teeth, I lay still.

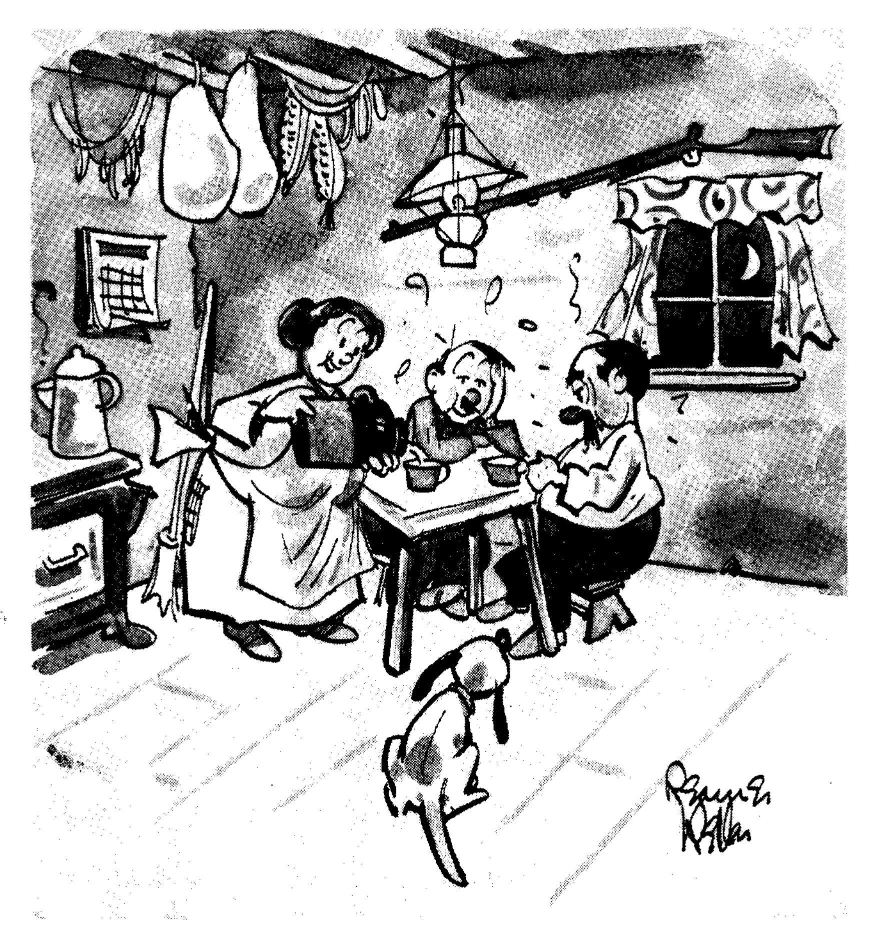
HOW long I lay it is impossible to say. Those moments of mental and physical agony seemed to stretch out each into an eternity; and then . . .

I heard the boat returning.

This time there could be no doubt. Dr. Fu Manchu had been smuggled away—doubtless to some larger craft which awaited him—and they were returning to deal with *me*.

Yes, I was right. I heard the boat grating against the stone steps, a stumbling movement, and a key being inserted in the lock above and behind me. The door, which opened outward, was flung back. A draft of keen air swept into the cellar.

Shadowy, looking like great apes, the yellow men entered. One at my head and one at my feet, they lifted the iron framework to which I was lashed. I


Reamer Keller

"It don't taste bad considerin' it's been in the radiator of the tractor all winter"

REAMER KELLER

BUT, JANIE, I NEED MY BEAUTY NAP!
SHUCKS TO YOUR BEAUTY NAP! YOU GET YOUR VITAMINS, LIKE I TOLD YOU, AND I'LL BET YOU WON'T RUN OUT OF PEP IN THE EVENING
BUT, JANIE, I EAT A SALAD EVERY DAY
THAT ISN'T ENOUGH! YOU NEED MORE VITAMINS. FOR INSTANCE, THERE'S A PERFECTLY DELICIOUS CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP THAT'S RICH IN VITAMINS B AND D
JANIE, IF VITAMINS WILL GIVE ME YOUR VIM, VIGOR, AND VITALITY—I'LL EAT KELLOGG'S PEP EVERY DAY FROM HERE ON!
Kellogg's PEP VITAMIN (B+D) ENRICHED 30% BRAN FLAKES

IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT **KELLOGG'S PEP**! IT'S A SUPREMELY DELICIOUS CEREAL—CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH EXTRA VITAMINS **B** AND **D**. EAT **PEP** EVERY DAY AND SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER!

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PEP gives you Vitamins!*

**Vitamins B and D. Each 1 oz. serving of Pep gives 1/5 of an adult's and more than 1/2 of a child's daily requirement of Vitamin B—as much Vitamin D as a teaspoon of U. S. P. cod-liver oil. These are not the only vitamins you need. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.*

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You may have forgotten all about those shoes. Maybe all they need is a neat resoling job, or a pair of new rubber heels. A good repairman can do wonders for shabby shoes—at small cost!

Look over all your shoes *now* —and take them to the repairman in your neighborhood who displays the NATIONAL SHOE REPAIR WEEK poster in his windows. He has a complete line of Goodyear products for men's, women's and children's shoes. He is skilled in his work —and his prices are fair.

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AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING HEEL

WINGFOOT* HEELS

KEEP SHOES AND FEET STRAIGHT

have an idea that I muttered a sort of prayer, but of this I cannot be certain; for there came an interruption so unexpected, so overwhelming, that I must have given way to my mental and physical agony: I remember little more.

A series of loud splashes, as though a number of swimmers had plunged into the water—the bumping and rolling of a boat—a rush of footsteps—a glare of light. . . .

Finally, a voice—the voice of Nayland Smith:

"In you go, Gallaho! Don't hesitate to shoot!"

"ALL right, Kerrigan? Feeling better?" I stared around me. I was lying on a sofa in a stuffy little sitting room which a smell of stale beer and tobacco smoke told me to be somewhere at the back of the bar of The Monks' Arms. I sat up and finished what remained of a glass of brandy which Smith was holding to my lips.

"Gad!" I muttered, "every muscle in my body will be stiff for twenty-four hours. It was mostly the pain that did it, Smith."

"Don't apologize," he returned, dryly, and looking at his blanched face as he stood beside me, I could read a deep anger in his eyes. "We were only just in time."

"Dr. Fu Manchu?"

He snapped his fingers irritably.

"A motor launch had crept up in the mist and his yellow demons got him aboard, only a matter of minutes before our arrival. Take it easy, Kerrigan; you can tell us your story later. I found this in your pocket, so I gather that you succeeded where we failed." He held up the little notebook which I had found in the eel fisher's hut. "It tells the story of poor Hythe's last hours. It was traces of oil on the water that gave him the clue. He selected a hiding place which evidently you found, and watched from some point near by. He saw the motor craft arrive. It was met by a boat which belongs to the inn. Someone was rowed ashore. He seems to have waded or swum out to the deserted motor launch, and apparently he made a curious discovery—"

"He did." I stood up gingerly, to test my leg muscles. "He found a mandarin's cap."

"Good for you, Kerrigan. So he reports in his notes. He took this back to his hiding place as some evidence in case his quarry should escape him. His last entry says that the boat could only have been making for The Monks' Arms. The rest we have to surmise, but I think it is fairly easy."

He dropped the notebook back into his pocket.

"I assume that he crept up to the inn to learn the identity of the new arrival or arrivals. Having satisfied himself in some way, he then set out across country for the A. A. call box. Unfortunately, he had been seen—and someone was following him. At a stone bridge which spans the streams, the follower overtook him. Yes—I have found the bloodstains. As he received the fatal stroke, he toppled over the parapet. A slow current carried his body down to the point at which it was found."

He ceased speaking and stood staring at me in a curious way. I was seated on the sofa, rubbing my aching leg muscles.

"There's one thing, Smith," I said, "for which I owe thanks to Heaven. Whatever brought you to my rescue in the nick of time?"

"I was about to mention that," he snapped. "Someone called up the police (I had just returned from my visit to the scene of the crime) begging us to set out without a moment's delay—not for the inn itself, but for a stone boathouse which lies twenty yards farther down the creek. We had come prepared to break the door in, but, as luck would have it, Constable Weldon, who was leading us, detected the sound made by those Thugs in the boat. You know the rest."

He continued to stare at me and I at him.

"Was it a man's voice?"

"No: a woman's—a young woman's."

A medley of emotions had me silent for a moment, and then:

"Did you find anyone here?"

"My party, with Gallaho, found the pair of Thugs, as you know. Inspector Derbyshire, who entered from the front, discovered the man Pallant bathing a deep cut in his forehead. There's a fellow who combines the duties of stable lad and bartender; but he's off duty. . . . There was no one else."

"I am glad—although perhaps I shouldn't be—"

After ten minutes' rest I was fit to move again.

Apart from the fact that the secret cellars were packed with contraband, nothing of value bearing upon the matter which had brought the police there was discovered in The Monks' Arms. Both yellow men remained imperturbably dumb. The ex-pugilist, under a grueling examination by Chief Detective-Inspector Gallaho, pleaded guilty to smuggling, but denied all knowledge of the identity or activities of his Chinese guest. He said that from time to time this person, whom he knew as Mr. Chang, stayed at the inn, usually accompanied by two colored servants, and sometimes by a lady. He flatly denied all knowledge of the tragedy, and finally:

"Take him away," Gallaho growled; "we'll find enough evidence later. Book him in on a charge of smuggling. . . ."

MANY hours had elapsed, hours of bitter disappointment, before Nayland Smith and I found ourselves at his flat in Whitehall.

Fey had nothing to report. Smith glanced significantly at the television set which in some unaccountable manner Dr. Fu Manchu had converted to his private uses.

"No, sir." Fey shook his head.

When he had gone out:

"It seems almost incredible," said Smith, beginning to pace up and down the carpet, "that this man whom I held in the hollow of my hand has slipped away! Every point of egress was watched, every officer afloat and ashore notified for miles around."

"Perhaps he doubled back?"

Nayland Smith began to tug at the lobe of his left ear.

"Impossible to predict his movements. I am beginning to wonder if it is time I retired from the unequal contest. It is many years since Dr. Fu Manchu first crossed my path. It was in a swampy district of Burma, and I was nearly counted out in the first round." He suddenly pulled up his sleeve and rolled back his shirt cuff, revealing a wicked-looking wound upon the forearm. "A primitive weapon, but a deadly one. An arrow, steeped in snake's venom."

He rolled his sleeve down again.

"You should never be alone, Smith. You need a bodyguard."

"I assure you I rarely go about alone. Why do you suppose I drag six feet of newspaper correspondent about with me? You are my bodyguard, Kerrigan! But Fu Manchu's methods are of a kind from which no bodyguard could protect me. I am saved by my utter futility: I believe he is laughing at me."

"He has small cause for laughter. Although you have failed to destroy him, you have foiled him all along."

Nayland Smith's grim face relaxed in a smile.

"Then I can't account for it. He must enjoy the sport, or I shouldn't be alive!"

"Do you think he was making for the open sea?"

"I have a strong suspicion that he was. It has occurred to me that this mysterious radio plant which he controls may be on some vessel."

"Such a vessel would require a pretty tall mast."

"Not at all. Fu Manchu is probably half a century ahead of what we call modern radio. However, I can do no more. We can hang the Thugs, no doubt, but, like Fu Manchu, what we want to do is to strike at the 'nerve and brain.' "

He dropped into an armchair and began to load his pipe; then, looking up, he stared across at me.

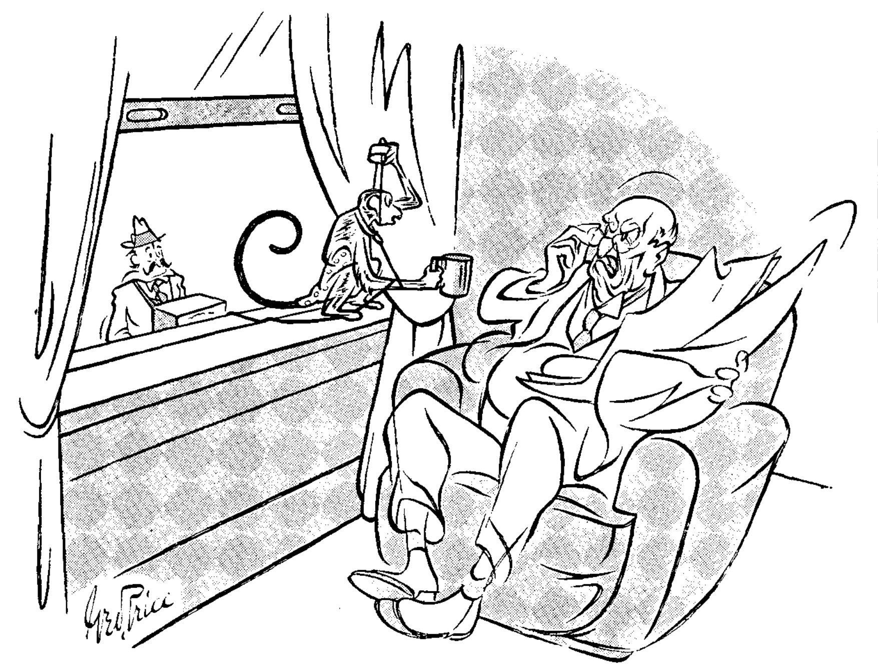
"Judging from what you told me in the train," he said, "I gather that your feelings about this girl Ardatha remain the same. Am I right?"

I felt acutely uncomfortable under that piercing scrutiny, but I replied:

"Yes, I am afraid you are, Smith. You see, although a criminal, she doesn't realize that she is a criminal. In any case, she has certainly saved my life. No one else could have given the warning."

Nayland Smith nodded, proceeded with the filling of his pipe, and lighted it carefully.

"A cunning scheme," he muttered,



"What is it you wish? . . . A drink?"

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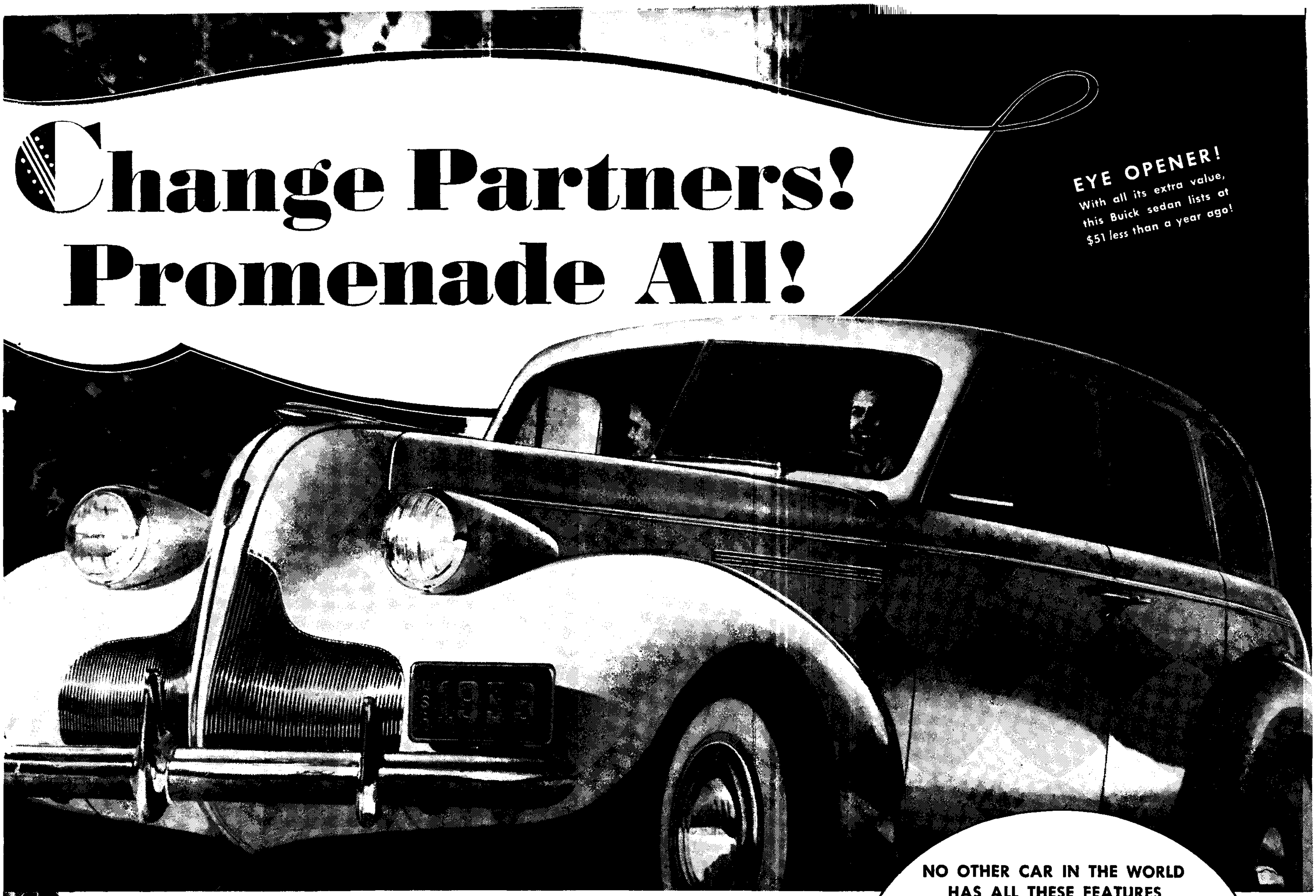

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Wouldn't that be swell!

Wouldn't it be swell to get all this in an open, airy, wide-windowed car that lets in all the view—at a price in reach—with things like lighted trunks and direction signals and automatic lighters and plenty of ash receivers, and locks on both front doors, all *included* at a price *to compare with the sixes!*

Wouldn't it be . . . but wait a minute, brother! Know what you're doing?

You're painting a true-life picture of this gloriously active, gorgeously garbed new '39 Buick—this dashing Dynaflash straight-eight with its "full float" BuiCoil ride, self-banking Knee-Action, visibility unlimited and all the rest!

You're plainly saying you're tired of yesterday's cars—you're asking for a change—so why wait—see the nearest Buick dealer now!

Try out the lovely he's ready to show you! Look at its price tags—it's easily the car *and the value* of the year—"change partners" and from here on in, "Promenade all!"

"PURE READING MATTER"

"There was a gathering of the NUTMEG clan Tuesday night, and the following drove in the Heywood Broun estate, Hunting Ridge Road, Stamford: Quentin Reynolds, Gene Tunney, Jack Pegler, Colvin Brown and Harold Yudain.

"In the Broun garage were two Buicks and every one of the other cars were Buicks. 'So is Westbrook Pegler's,' said his brother Jack.

"Stanley High toodled up in a . . . . . .*. 'Ours is a Buick cousin,' he said."

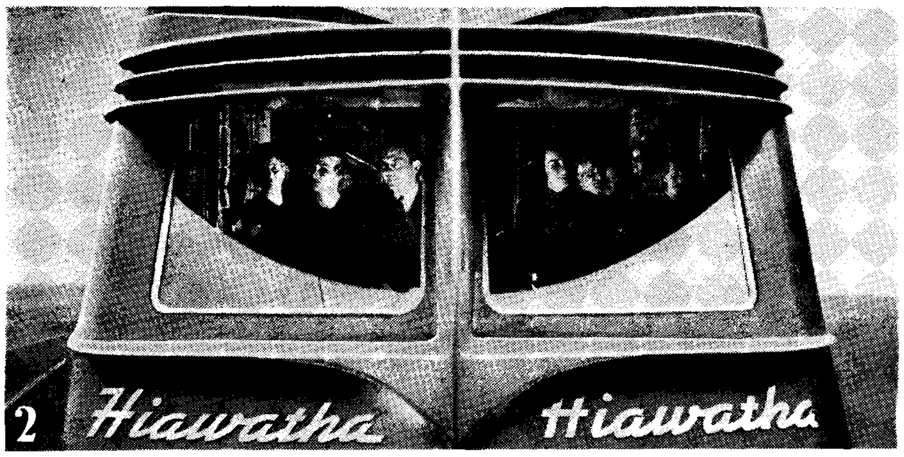
—from the CONNECTICUT NUTMEG

**Another General Motors car.*

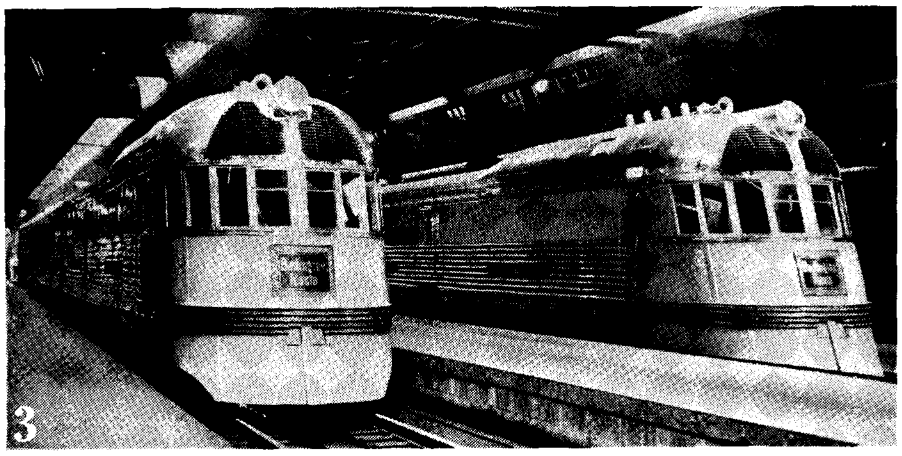
"Better buy Buick!"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Helen Parrish, featured in the New Universal production, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up", looks forward to riding on the . . .



. . . unusual observation car of the "New Hiawatha", crack streamliner of "The Milwaukee Road". This train and the speedy . . .



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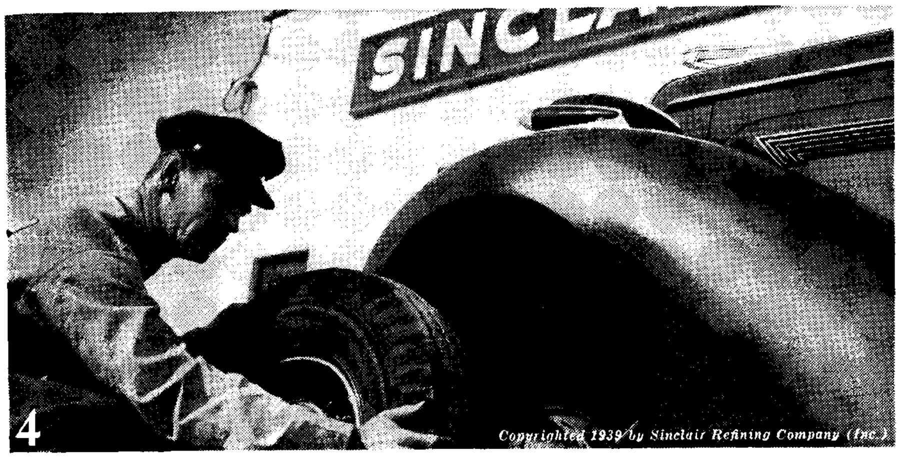
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standing up and walking about again. "Dictatorships with their ruthless methods have brought in crowds of willing recruits. Don't you see it, Kerrigan? There are thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, living today, embittered by injustice; willing, eager, to enter into a blood feud against those who have destroyed husbands, children, families, wrecked their homes. The Si-Fan, always powerful, working for a dimly seen end, an end never appreciated by the West, today has become a mighty instrument of vengeance—and that flaming sword, Kerrigan, is firmly held by Dr. Fu Manchu."

He stared from the window a while, whilst I watched the grim outline of his features.

"One thing, and it looks as though the clue has eluded me," he said suddenly, "is this: What was Fu Manchu doing in Essex? Assuming, as the radio experts believe, that this mysterious interference came from somewhere in that area, even that it came from a vessel lying off the Essex shore—we still come back to the same point. What was Fu Manchu doing there?"

Frankly, it had not occurred to me before, but so stated I saw the significance of the thing. I was considering it whilst Nayland Smith resumed his restless promenade, when, preceded by a gentle rap, Fey opened the door and entered.

"Chief Detective-Inspector Gallaho."

Hot on the words came Gallaho, wrenching his tightly fitting bowler from his close-cropped skull, and leaving a mark like a scar around his brow.

"Yes?" demanded Smith, and took a step forward. "What is it? You have news!"

"News, yes!" the detective answered bitterly—"but has it come too late?"

He pulled out his pocket case and withdrew a slip of paper which he tossed onto the desk in front of Smith. As Smith picked it up I sprang to my feet and hurried forward. Over his shoulder I read—it was written in pencil, in plain block letters—the following:

Final Notice

"The Council of Seven of the Si-Fan grants you twelve hours in which to carry out its orders.
"President of the Council"

Nayland Smith's expression had something wild in it as he turned to Gallaho.

"To whom was this sent?" he snapped.

"Dr. Martin Jasper."

Smith's expression changed; his face became almost blank.

"Who the devil is Dr. Martin Jasper?"

"I have looked him up, sir. He has a row of degrees; he's a research man and for some time was technical director of the great Caxton armament factory up in the north."

"Armament factory? I begin to understand. Where does he live?"

"That's the significant thing, sir. It may account for the presence of Dr. Fu Manchu where we found him—or rather, where we lost him. This Dr. Martin Jasper lives at a house called Great Oaks, just on the Suffolk border, not ten miles, as the crow flies, from The Monks' Arms."

SMITH attacked the matter with feverish energy.

A special train was chartered. The railway officials were given twenty-five minutes in which to clear the line. Arrangements were made for a car to meet us at our journey's end. And at about that hour when after-theater throngs are congesting the West End thoroughfares, we set out in the big car, Fey at the wheel.

Smith uttered scarcely a word either to myself or to Gallaho, until, arriving at the terminus, he was assured by a flustered stationmaster that the special was ready to start. Once on board, and whirling through that dark night, he turned to the inspector.

"Now, Gallaho, the full facts!"

"Well, sir—" Gallaho steadied himself against the armrest, for the solitary coach was rocking madly—"I have very little to add." He pulled out his notebook. "This is what I jotted down during the telephone conversation."

"The local police are not in charge then?" Smith snapped.

"No, sir. I took the step of requesting that they shouldn't be notified."

"Good."

"IT WAS a Mr. Bailey, the doctor's private secretary, who called up the Yard."

"When?"

"At ten-seventeen—so we've wasted no time! This was what he told me." He consulted his notes. "The doctor, who is engaged upon experiments of great importance in his private laboratory, had alarmed his secretary by his behavior; that is in the last week or so. He seemed to be in deadly fear of something or someone, so Mr. Bailey told me. But whatever was bothering him, he kept it to himself. It came to a head, though, last Wednesday. Something reduced Dr. Jasper to such a state of utter panic, that he abandoned work in his laboratory and for hours walked up and down his study. Today he was even worse. But somewhere around noon, as the result, it seems, of a long telephone conversation—"

"With whom?"

"Mr. Bailey didn't know—but as a result, the doctor resumed work, although apparently on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He worked right on up till tonight, refusing to break off for dinner. His behavior so alarmed his secretary that Mr. Bailey took the liberty of searching the study to see if he could find any evidence pointing to the cause of it."

"And he found—"

"The original of the message I showed you."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing that he could in any way connect with the remarkable behavior of his employer. He went to the laboratory, which is separate from the house, but Dr. Jasper refused to unlock the door and said that on no account was he to be disturbed. Very wisely, Mr. Bailey called up Scotland Yard, and that's about all I know."

Onward we raced through the black night, at one point passing very near to the scene of my last meeting with Ardatha. Within me I fought desperately to solve the mystery of those enigmatic eyes. Even when she looked at me with scorn, mocked me, fought with me, they seemed to mirror a second Ardatha, submerged, all but hidden perhaps from herself; a frightened soul who appealed, appealed for help—protection.

A useful-looking car met us at the station where we were received with some ceremony by the stationmaster. But, brushing all inquiries aside, Smith climbed into the car, followed by myself and Gallaho, and we set out for Great Oaks. Once, on the way, Smith glanced at his watch:

"I take it you don't know, Gallaho, at what time the original of this message was received?"

"No, Mr. Bailey couldn't tell me."

Then, having followed a high and badly kept yew hedge for some distance, the car was turned in between twin stone pillars and began to mount a drive which ascended slightly through a grove of magnificent oaks. I saw the house ahead. A low-pitched, irregular building, the characteristics of Great

Oaks were difficult to discern, but the place was evidently of considerable age.

Light streamed out onto the porch and I could see that the front door was open.

As our car swung around and was pulled up before the steps, two men ran down. They had evidently been awaiting us.

Smith sprang out to meet them. Gallaho and I followed. One of the pair was plainly a butler; the other, a youngish, dark-haired man with a short military mustache, whom I assumed normally to be of healthy coloring but who looked pale in the reflected light, stepped forward and introduced himself.

"My name is Horace Bailey," he said in an agitated voice. "Do you come from Scotland Yard?"

"We do," said Gallaho. "I'm Detective-Inspector Gallaho—this is Sir Denis Nayland Smith; and Mr. Kerrigan."

"Thank God you're here!" cried Bailey, and glanced aside at the butler, who nodded sympathetically.

Both faces, I saw as we all entered Great Oaks, were stamped by an expression of horrified amazement.

"I have a foreboding," said Smith, glancing about the entrance hall in which we found ourselves, "that I come too late."

Mr. Bailey slowly inclined his head and something like a groan came from the butler.

"Kerrigan! A second score to the enemy!"

He dropped down on a leather-covered couch set in a recess over which hung a trophy of antlers. For a moment his amazing vitality, his electric energy, seemed to have deserted him. As I stepped toward him he looked up haggardly.

"The facts, Mr. Bailey, if you please."

"I DISCOVERED the tragedy not five minutes ago." Bailey spoke and looked as a man distraught. "You must understand that Dr. Jasper has been locked in his laboratory since noon and at last I determined to face any rebuff in order to induce him to rest. I beg, gentlemen, that you will return there with me, now! Hale, the chauffeur, and Bordon, the doctor's mechanic, are trying to cut out the lock of the door!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

The overstrung man, waving us to follow, already was leading the way along a passage communicating with the rear of the house.

"When I reached the laboratory," he cried back, now beginning to run, "through the grille in the door I saw the doctor lying face downward. . . I immediately returned for assistance. . . . It was hearing the approach of your car that brought me to the porch to meet you."

A somewhat straggling party, we followed the hurrying figure through a dim garden and along a path which zigzagged, sloping slightly upward to a coppice of beech trees.

The laboratory was some two hundred yards removed from the house; a squat, brick building with a number of high-set windows, screened and iron-barred. The entrance was on the farther side, and as we approached I heard a sound of hammering and wrenching. Onto a gravel path and around the corner we ran, and there, where light shone out through a grille in a heavy door, I saw two men at work with chisels, hammers and crowbars.

"Are you nearly through?" Bailey panted.

"Another two minutes should do it, sir."

"Surely there is more than one key!" Smith snapped.

"I regret to say there is only one. Dr. Jasper always held it."

We crowded together to look through the thick glass behind the grille.

I saw a long, narrow workroom, well lighted. It resembled less a laboratory than a machine shop; but I noticed chemical impedimenta, mostly unfamiliar. That which claimed and held my attention was the figure of a short, thickset man wearing a white linen coat. He lay face downward, arms outstretched, some two paces from the door. Owing to his position, it was impossible to obtain more than a glimpse of the back of his head. But there was something grimly significant in the slump of the body.

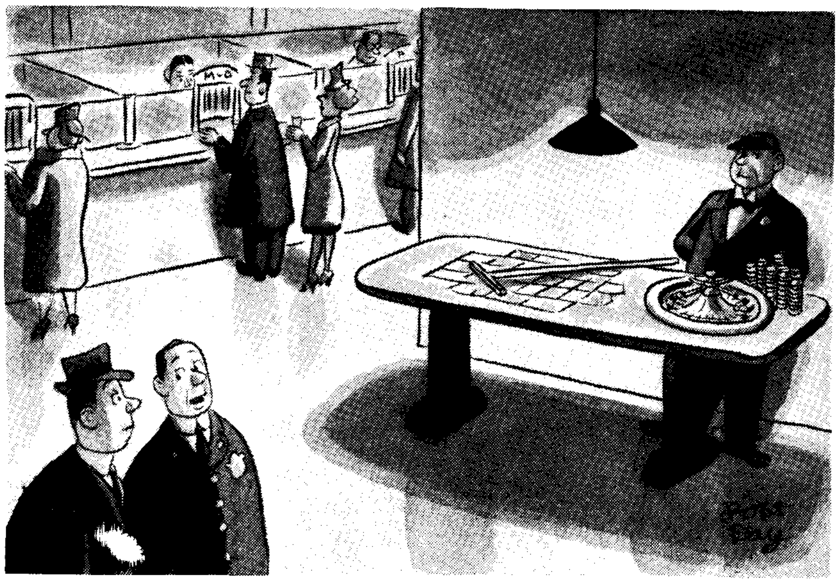
"This is ghastly," Smith muttered, "ghastly! He may not be dead. Have you sent for a doctor?"

"I am myself a qualified physician," Bailey replied; "and following Inspector Gallaho's advice, I have not notified the local police."

"Good," said Gallaho.

"I am still far from understanding the circumstances," remarked Nayland Smith, with the irritability of frustration. "You say that Dr. Jasper has been locked in his laboratory since noon?"

"Yes. His ways have become increasingly strange for some time past. Something—I can only guess what—evidently occurred which threw him into a state of nervous tension, some ten days or a fortnight ago. Then again, last Wednesday to be exact, he seemed to grow worse. I have come to the conclusion,



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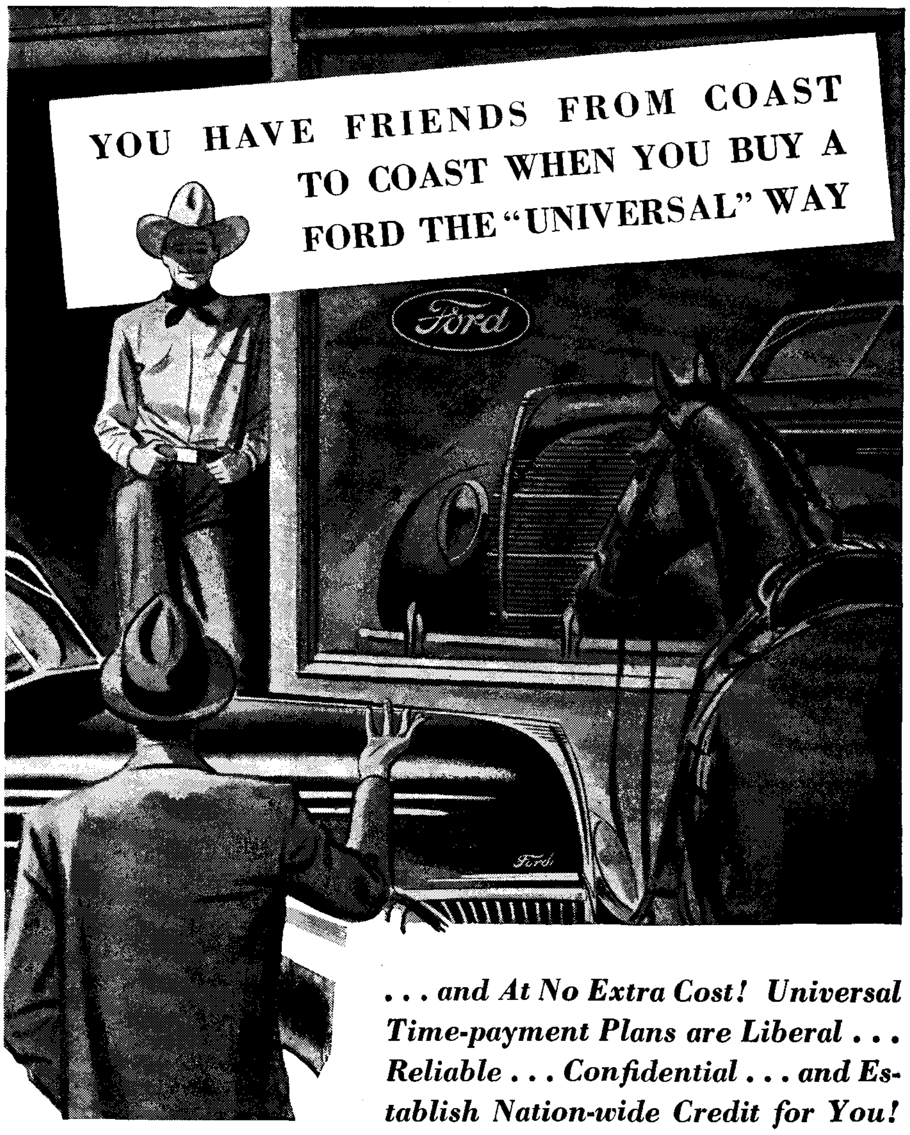
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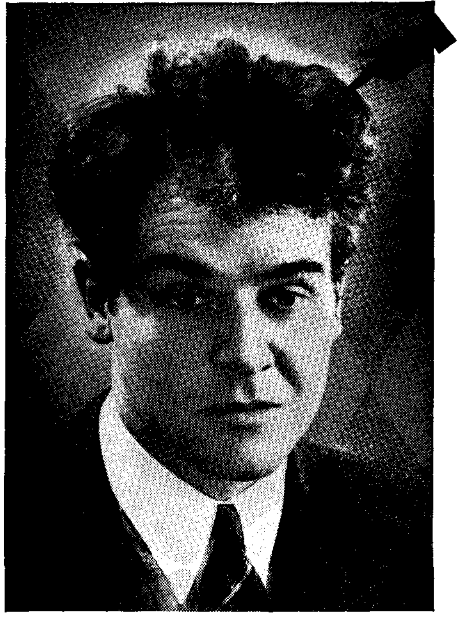
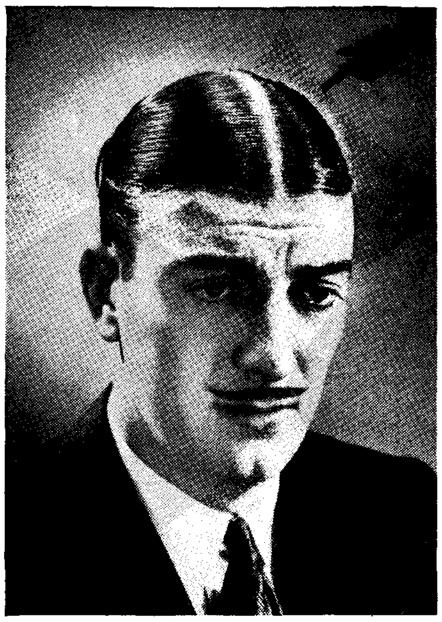
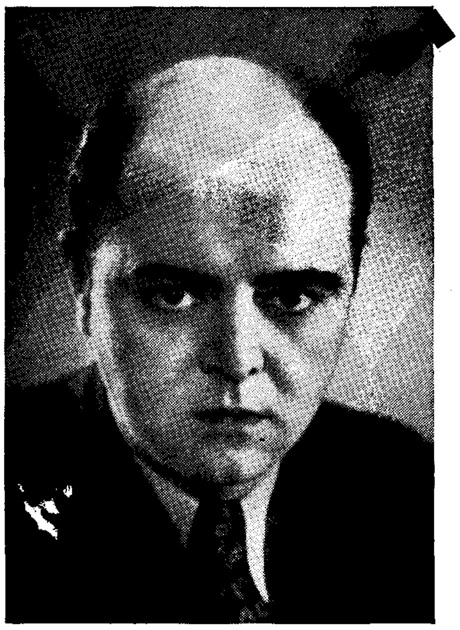


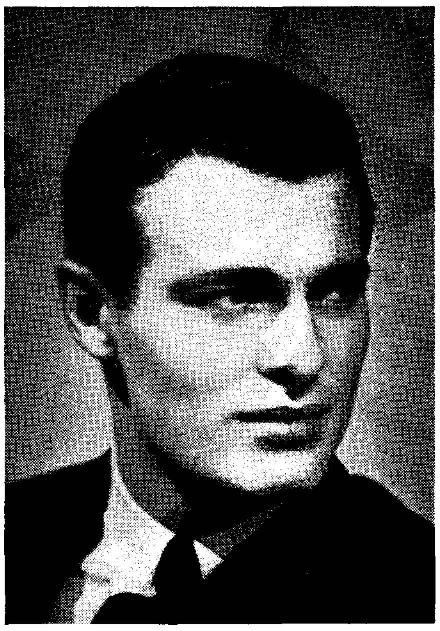
THE WATER SOAK—soaks his head with water every time he combs it. Water is bad for hair. Washes away natural oils. Makes hair dry, brittle, unruly, wild.



THE GIGOLO—plasters down his hair with sticky concoctions that gum it up, make it pasty, and tend to clog the pores of his scalp.



THE CUE BALL—was at one time a Water Soaker or a Gigolo or a bit of both. At any rate, the horse is gone, so there's little use in locking the barn.



THE HEAD MAN—you've guessed it. He uses Kreml, a wonderful dressing-tonic. It contains beneficial oils that impart a lustre to hair, keep it neatly combed.

Kreml removes dandruff scales, every speck. Kreml checks excessive falling hair.

Stop soaking your hair or plastering it down.

If you're troubled with dandruff scales or excessive falling hair, start using Kreml today and notice the big improvement.

Women, too, like Kreml for the alluring sheen it gives the coiffure, especially after a permanent.

Ask for Kreml at your drug store, barber shop or beauty parlor.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It is made from an 80% olive oil base, cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves hair easy to manage.

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REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Sir Denis, that he had received two of these notices. The third—I dictated its contents to the inspector over the telephone—must actually have come by the second post this morning."

"Are you certain of this?"

"All his mail passes through my hands, and I now recall that there was one letter marked 'Personal & Private' which naturally I did not open, delivered at 11:45 this morning."

"Eleven forty-five?"

"Yes."

I saw Smith raise his wrist watch to the light shining out from the grille.

"Two minutes short of midnight," he murmured. "The message gave him twelve hours. We are thirteen minutes too late."

The chauffeur and the mechanic battered the door feverishly, their hammer blows and the splintering of tough wood punctuating our conversation.

"He doesn't move," muttered Galaho, looking through the grille.

"Might I ask, Mr. Bailey," Smith went on, "if you assisted Dr. Jasper in his experiments?"

"Sometimes, Sir Denis; in certain phases."

"What was the nature of the present experiment?"

THERE was a perceptible pause before the secretary replied.

"To the best of my belief it was a modified method of charging rifles—"

"Or, one presumes, machine guns?"

"Or machine guns, as you say. An entirely new principle which he termed 'the vacuum charger.'"

"Quite," snapped Smith. "Were the doctor's experiments subsidized by the British government?"

"No. He was working independently."

"For whom?"

"I fear in the circumstances, the question is rather an awkward one."

"Yet I must request an answer."

"Well—a gentleman known to us as Mr. Osaki."

"You see, Kerrigan!" Smith turned to me—"here comes the Asiatic element! No description of Mr. Osaki (an assumed name) is necessary. Descriptions of any one of Osaki's countrymen sound identical. This Asiatic gentleman was a frequent visitor, Mr. Bailey?"

"Oh, yes."

"Was he a technician?"

"Undoubtedly. He sometimes lunched with the doctor, and spent many hours with him in the laboratory. But I know for a fact that at other times he would visit the laboratory without coming through the house."

"What do you mean exactly?"

"There is a lane some twenty yards beyond here and a gate. Osaki sometimes worked with the doctor when he came here, entering by way of the gate. I have seen him working in the laboratory, so this I can state with certainty."

"When was he here last?"

"To the best of my knowledge, yesterday evening. He spent nearly two hours with Dr. Jasper."

"Trying, no doubt, to set his mind at rest about the second notice from the Si-Fan. Then, this morning, the third and final notice arrives. But Mr. Osaki, anxious about results, phones at noon—"

"Binns, the butler, thinks the caller this morning was Osaki—"

"Undoubtedly urging him to new efforts," jerked Smith. "You understand, Kerrigan?"

"For heaven's sake, are you nearly through?" cried Bailey to the workmen.

"Very nearly, sir. It's a mighty tough job," the chauffeur replied.

To the accompaniment of renewed hammering and wrenching:

"There are two other points," said Bailey, his voice shaking nervously, "which I should mention, as they may have a bearing on the tragedy. First, at approximately half past eleven, Binns, who was in his pantry at the back of the house, came to me and reported that he had heard the sound of three shots, apparently coming from the lane. I attached little importance to the matter at the time, being preoccupied about the doctor, and assuming that poachers were at work. The second incident, which points to the fact that Dr. Jasper was alive after eleven-thirty, is this:

"A phone call came which Binns answered. The speaker was a woman—"

"Ah!" Smith murmured.

"She declined to give her name but said that the matter was urgent, and requested to be put through to the laboratory. Binns called the doctor, asking if the line should be connected. He was told, yes; and the call was put through. Shortly afterward, determined at all costs to induce the doctor to return to the house, I came here and found him as you see him."

A splintering crash announced that the end of the task of forcing the door was drawing near.

"Had the doctor any other regular visitors?" jerked Smith.

"None. There was one lady whom I gathered to be a friend, although he had never spoken of her—Mrs. Milton. She lunched here three days ago and was shown over the laboratory."

"Describe Mrs. Milton."

"It would be difficult to describe her. Sir Denis. A woman of great beauty of an exotic type; tall and slender, with raven black hair—"

"Ivory skin," Smith went on rapidly, "notably long slender hands, and unmistakable eyes, of a quite unusual color, nearly jade green—"

"Good heavens!" cried Bailey, "you know her?"

"I begin to believe," said Nayland Smith, and there was a curious change of quality in his voice, "that I *do* know her. Kerrigan—" he turned to me—"we have heard of this lady before?"

"You mean the woman who visited General Quinto?"

"Not a doubt about it! I absolve Ardatha: this is a *zombi*," Smith cried. "A corpse moving among the living! This woman is a harbinger of death and we must find her."

"You don't suggest," cried Bailey, "that Mrs. Milton is in any way associated—"

A resounding crash and a wrenching of metal told us that the lock had been driven through. A moment later the door was flung open. . . .

I CLENCHED my fists and for a moment stood stock-still.

An unforgettable, unmistakable [illegible] wholly indescribable odor crept t[illegible] nostrils.

"Kerrigan!" cried Smith in a stifled voice, and sprang into the laboratory—"you smell it, Kerrigan? He's gone the same way!"

Bailey had hurried forward and now was bending over the prone b[illegible] the stuffy atmosphere of [illegible] where many queer smells [illegible] of the strange deathly odor [illegible] always associate with t[illegible] General Quinto predo[illegible] appalling degree.

"Get those blinds up! Throw the windows open!"

Hale, the chauffeur, ran in and began to carry out the order, as Smith and Bailey bent and turned the b[illegible]y over. . . .

Then, I saw Bail[illegible] spring [illegible]y upright. I saw him stare [illegible] him like a man stricken with [illegible] madness. In a voice that sounde[illegible] a smothered scream:

"This isn't Dr. Jasper," he cried; "it's *Osaki!*"

(To be continued next week)

Here's where the best paint gets its start

I'M a miner not a painter. The metal I mine out of the earth is lead.

And mister that lead is what gives life and gumption to paint.

You think I'm prejudiced? Ask any painter who's been at it long enough to see how his work stands weather. He'll tell you the same.

[illegible]ee, *lead* is a metal that just about [illegible]rever. And the basis of white [illegible]ead.

I figure that's one of the reasons white lead gives you a covering that lies snug and firm and durable—free from hard c[illegible]ness as lead itself.

So mo[illegible]f the real good painters are boosters for white lead paint. They know that the way a white lead job stands up helps to build their reputation.

And the swell part of it is, you save money when you paint with white lead, because it's one of those rare cases where the best is the cheapest.

LEAD INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION
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Pick a real painter as well as good paint if you want a real paint job. For the painter who knows his craft knows dozens of things which go to make up fine work, such as bringing the paint on a window sash up till it covers the hair line joint between putty and glass, to take just one simple example.

You're money ahead...when you use
White Lead

SO NICE OTHERWISE
HE NEEDS MUM
YOU SAID IT! HE NEEDS MUM
whisper
whisper

Don Herold Says:

Don't be the Goat of a Whispering Campaign

Don't think for a minute that women don't talk—and talk right out—about such things.

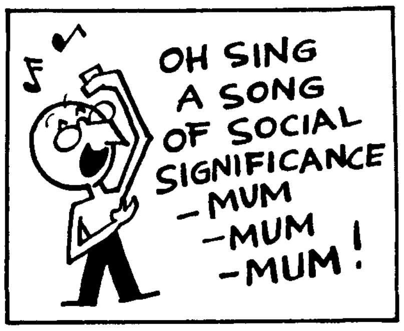
Just let a man forget himself for one evening and come to a dance or a bridge game or a party with a slight case of perspiration fumes, and his name is Mr. Goat.

The girls sit on his case and hang him in the Hall of Shame.

Years after, Edna may say to Mable: "Remember that night in 1933 Ed Snootz came to the Club Dance with that cave-man aroma?"

There's only one sure-fire insurance against this kind of kitty-kat criticism. Bathe hard and cinch the good effects of your bath with dabs of Mum underarm.

Thousands of men now make Mum a daily after-bath habit, and use it invariably again before evenings out. Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.


OH SING A SONG OF SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE
-MUM
-MUM
-MUM!

Mum is a cream with a pleasant fragrance. It is harmless to shirts, it definitely kills perspiration odor for hours without stopping perspiration.

The start is the tough part. It's human to stall off such things. Why not take the jump now by sending your name on the margin of this page for a free sample to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. M-49, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City?

MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Pigeon

Continued from page 15

cut." She looked after Mike Hoffman angrily. "The—the big bully! I wish now you'd given him a good one, Dan."

Chuckling, Flanagan pushed the Piper ahead of them. They walked up two blocks and into the entrance of a new brick apartment house, where, in the bathroom of a front apartment on the third floor, the girl painted a cut on the Piper's cheek, and had him rinse out his mouth with some foamy stuff. Then she and Flanagan went out to the living room while he washed his hands and face; it was just across a narrow hall, so close to the bathroom door that the Piper could hear them talking.

Flanagan didn't keep his voice low. When Piper shut off the running water he was saying: "Don't get hepped up about the Piper, baby. He isn't himself. He's used to getting the works. I don't think he'd feel at home without it."

"But why?" the girl said. Her voice was nice, the Piper thought—soft and yet kind of angry, as if she were sore at him and yet sorry for him at the same time. "He's so skinny. He's so harmless. He's such a poor little man."

"The Piper?" Flanagan laughed, and then added quite cheerfully: "Poor little punk! Someone like that you'd never understand, baby. He's just a little yellow no-good without the backbone of a roach. I only brought him up here because if Mike Hoffman was bothering him there's a chance he might know something Mike wouldn't want us to. Maybe—" He stopped to call: "Piper! You hung yourself?"

THE Piper was grinning vaguely into the mirror. He didn't mind what Flanagan said; he didn't mind what anybody said. He wiped his hands on a towel, rubbed his nose, and went out.

Watching him from an easy chair, Flanagan's eyes were sharp, and faintly puzzled.

"What got you in wrong tonight, Piper? What did Mike Hoffman tag you for?"

Not sitting down, standing by the door with his hat in his hands, the Piper moved his mouth sidewise, and grinned at him.

"I don't know," he said. "Honest, I don't, Mr. Flanagan. Maybe he had a drink or two. Tomorrow he'll be all right. Tomorrow—" The Piper raised his hand and put two fingers of it together to show what good friends they would be in the morning.

"Nothing?" Flanagan repeated softly. "Now you wouldn't lie to me, Piper? Because if I told Gilhooley I thought you had—"

"Dan!" the girl cried angrily. Her eyes were flaming. "You'll stop that right now. You'll leave him alone. Do you hear?"

The Piper ducked his head quickly, once to her, once to Flanagan, and scurried for the door. The girl followed him, taking her pocketbook from a table in the small entryway, and thrusting something into his hands while he fumbled with the lock.

"You don't let them hurt you again," she said, her dark eyes still angry. "You stick up for yourself, Piper. Punch them back the next time and they'll leave you alone. It will make you feel good."

"Sure," the Piper mumbled. "Thanks, lady." He could feel the bill in his palm—a buck, anyway. He was lucky.

Nodding and grinning, he closed the door after him and went down the stairs.

Two nights later Gilhooley and Flanagan cornered him between them in a side street off the avenue, on his way to Louie's coffeepot for his nightly bowl of soup and all the stale rolls Louie would let him have for his dime.

They walked him down the avenue, and into the recessed entrance of a tailor shop under the shadow of the El posts. There Gilhooley grabbed his wrist, crushing it only slightly; while Flanagan, very natty in a camel's-hair topcoat and a dark brown hat, planted his legs wide apart and stared at him steadily with cold blue eyes.

That moment of deep silence made the Piper's heart almost burst against his ribs. Flanagan let it go on and on; then suddenly he growled, "You dirty little rat!" half lifting one hand, before hesitating, looking at Gilhooley, and letting it fall to his side. "I should have let Mike Hoffman beat your head off the other night—maybe I will yet. If I'd known then you were going to lie to me—"

Licking his lips, the Piper let his eyes drift out hopelessly to the street beyond. "Look," he said, his voice so anxious to please that the words slurred together. "Look, Mr. Flanagan. If I knew what you meant maybe I could find out something for you. Maybe—"

Putting a hand under his chin Flanagan forced his face up.

"I mean the man they found in the hallway," he said harshly. "The man Mike Hoffman knocked off."

"That," the Piper said, as if he were surprised. "I don't know nothing about that, Mr. Flanagan. I swear—"

Gilhooley did something to his wrist, so he yelled and rose up on his toes. Flanagan looked uneasily away. "All right, Gil," he growled. "Save that. Give him a chance to open up."

The Piper began to cry then; he could cry as easily as he could talk. He swore, he promised, he begged, the only thing clear to him was the picture of Mike Hoffman's eyes watching him as they had that night—narrowed, muddy, deadly. That was horribly clear through the things Gilhooley did to his arm—so clear that the Piper chose even Gilhooley before them. And in the end it wasn't as bad as he had feared it might be; Flanagan called the other man off almost as soon as the Piper began to cry.

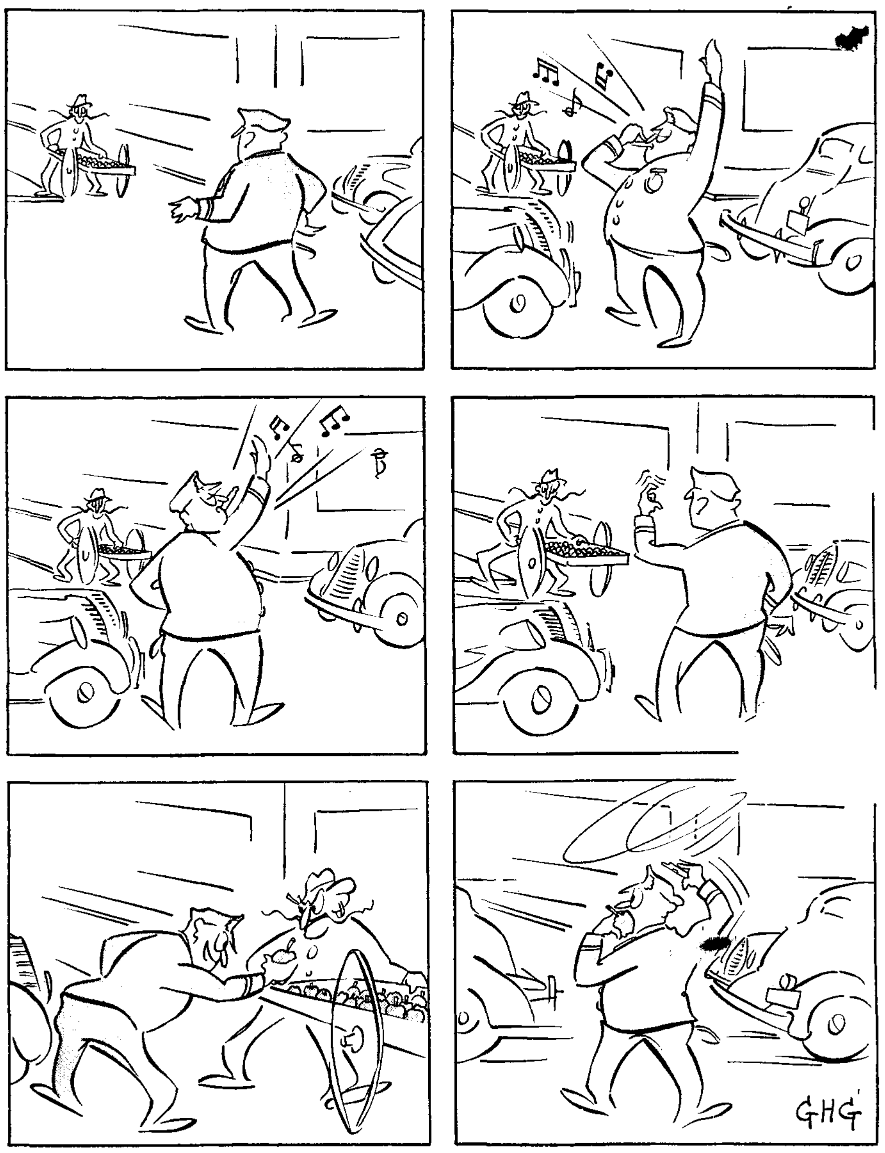
"Hell," he said, "let the little punk alone, Gil. Maybe he saw something that night and maybe he didn't; but anyway we couldn't put Mike Hoffman away on any story he'd tell. Whatever we get we'll have to get some place else."

"I guess," Gilhooley said, sighing. But before he went he cuffed the Piper hard into the side of the door. It was always best, Gilhooley figured, to give these guys something to remember you by.

THE day after that, on his way past the public school just as it was letting out, the Piper met Flanagan's girl again. Although he saw her coming he lowered his head and would have gone by without speaking, if she hadn't stopped before him and called his name. The Piper wasn't accustomed to having anybody want to talk to him; awkwardly he lifted his hat, darted a glance at her, and then lowered his eyes immediately to the pavement.

"You've been all right, Piper?" she asked. "No one's been bothering you again? If they have, you tell me. I'll get Dan to fix them up."

"Fine," the Piper mumbled, staring



GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

past her in embarrassment with the fixed grin on his lips. "No trouble, lady."

"Well—" the girl said. She hesitated a moment, then opened her purse, and the Piper said: "Thanks, lady. Thanks very much," and took the dollar she held out. One of the kids around told him her name was Miss Kennedy, and she taught the fifth grade inside; after that, two or three times a week, he made it a point to be there when she was leaving.

He always got something; once she even took him home with her and made him up a parcel of cold meat sandwiches. Then she began to send him on errands—foolish little errands she could have done easily by phone. The Piper realized why that was; he realized she was trying to reform him, and make him work for his money. He realized, too, that he'd struck it soft; he called her lady, and was always as polite to her as he knew how to be.

In November, when it turned cold, she rented a room for him in the boardinghouse on the corner, a room that had a radiator in it, and a mirror, and a little sink. Sometimes the Piper thought he was imagining it; sometimes at night, in the room she paid for, he lay on the bed and thought about her.

The thoughts the Piper had weren't romantic ones—he'd never had any idea of those, never in his life. They were just thoughts, all mixed up, of Flanagan and Miss Kennedy and himself, and occasionally of Mike Hoffman. At such times the Piper pictured himself as standing up very straight the way Flanagan did, cold-eyed and sarcastic, not afraid of anybody or anything.

Sometimes, too, he took down his one treasure from the shelf in the closet—a shiny, flat automatic he had picked up three years before, out of an alley ash-can where it had been flung after a holdup. So small, so resolute, so definite, so powerful—it was a symbol of all the Piper would have liked to be, and knew he never would be. . . .

MISS KENNEDY began to give him books; she even had him learn a poem out of one of them: "I Am the Captain of My Fate." One evening, in her kitchen, he recited that in a mumbled and shamefaced fashion, while she listened very seriously, and told him how fine it had been at the end.

She was a pretty girl, the Piper thought. He liked her.

Occasionally she'd take him with her to the stores, and have him help in carrying the packages home.

One evening, laden with packages, they came home across an empty lot near the corner where Mike Hoffman had caught him that night. There was a narrow path across it, winding through scraggly bushes as high on either side as a man's waist. It had snowed that day, and the ground was icy, so that on a little rise, unable to see his feet for the packages he carried before him, the Piper fell over a branch. When he tried to save himself by flinging out his arms the packages went every way out of his hands.

One was thrown into the brush. It was dark in the lot and he had to grope around for it, with Miss Kennedy helping too. At last he found it and looked up to see her standing in the middle of the path behind him, staring wide-eyed at something her fingers must have closed on in the search.

The moment the Piper saw it he knew whose it was. He'd never forgotten that scarf. It had turned a little moldy now, but it still held its color, it still held, too, the gun that had been wound in its center.

The Piper, of course, didn't tell her whose it was. Instead he shivered, and looked around him at the darkness with suddenly panicky eyes.

"It's a gun," Miss Kennedy said, holding it for him to see. "It's a gun, Piper. Why would it be here?"

In that moment Mike Hoffman's small cold eyes seemed to be all around them in the shadows.

"Throw it back, lady," the Piper said, reaching for it with fumbling hands. "Don't touch it. Here!"

But Miss Kennedy was already tucking it under her arm.

"No. I'll give them to Dan. He'll know what to do with them, Piper; he's coming over later for supper."

STARING at her, the Piper could not stop the rattling chatter of his teeth. But he said no more; head down, short legs scurrying, he followed her across the lot to the street, expecting every moment to see Mike Hoffman step before them.

But they gained her corner, and no one stopped them; no one noticed them. They came to her apartment, and turned on the lights, and no one was waiting for them. There, in the kitchen, Miss Kennedy discovered that she had forgotten the cream.

"Darn it!" she exclaimed, tying the apron around her. "Dan wouldn't speak to me all night if he had to take his coffee black. Run down for some, Piper; it will only take you a minute. A half pint, remember."

Frank Beaven

"But, Mom, you said to make a game of it!"

FRANK BEAVEN

The Piper took her quarter and went downstairs very slowly, stopping a moment in the shelter of the doorway to peer nervously up and down the street. Terror wasn't something extraordinary to the Piper; it was a cold material thing that had been in his heart all his life. Terror of the old man, and of the kids at school—terror of pain and humiliation, of the senseless, overmastering fear that took his small body and shook it like a tree in a great wind.

NOW he wasn't more afraid of Mike Hoffman than he had been of those other things; the quality, the pitch, was no more frightening. But as he stood there in the doorway something else came into the Piper; he tried to fight. With his jaws clenched tightly, his hands trembling in his pockets, he stepped out to the street, and, keeping close to the shelter of the buildings, hurried down to the delicatessen on the corner.

And Mike Hoffman did not stop him; Mike Hoffman was nowhere about. While they were getting the cream for him he licked his lips and straightened a little, the Piper did. She always told him that if a man didn't want to be afraid, he didn't have to be afraid; and now, the first time the Piper tried it out, it seemed miraculously to be true.

Mike Hoffman—who was Mike Hoffman? And how would he know about the gun and the scarf? That was reassurance, a base to stand firm on, and come back to. How could he know? Positively, incontestably, the Piper saw that he could not know; he had not been there to see them.

It was that knowledge which helped the Piper, so that when he had the cream and the change he went out to the street, not hesitating this time, holding the fear down somewhere inside him as if it were a solid thing he could prison with his hands. The feeling it gave him was marvelous. He could feel himself growing inside—becoming big, savage, fearless. The simplicity, the force of it, went to his head like wine. Halfway down to her apartment he stopped and turned around. He had an idea; he'd get his gun. And then if Mike Hoffman, or Flanagan, or anybody tried to tell him what to do—

With the door closed in his room and the light on, he took the gun down from his closet shelf and hefted it in his hand. Then he put it in his pocket and looked at himself in the dresser mirror, pushing the gun up and out a little the way the gangsters did in the movies.

The pose made him feel so good that he looked at himself for a long while, until steps sounded in the hall. The Piper stared at his door with a cold grin, narrowing his eyes, wishing that they were Mike Hoffman's steps. If they only were—

"Piper, pal," Mike Hoffman said, smiling at him from the doorway, and then coming in and closing the door behind him. "I heard you were roosting here—I been hanging around a couple of days waiting to see you. Only you never came in the front door till now, kid. That gave me a crazy idea you might be ducking me."

THE grin on the Piper's lips was changing. He could feel it change, and he could feel his mind changing too. The sureness, the recklessness was gone out of it; even the hard gun butt in the pocket of his coat turned in an instant soft and spongy, so that he took his hand away from it quickly, and moved back two steps until the wall of the room stopped him.

Without any haste Mike Hoffman crossed over to him.

"But you wouldn't be ducking me, Piper. I knew that even when guys told me different. Me, I said you were okay; I said you'd play ball and keep your mouth shut. I said you'd never squawk."

The grin was sliding and slipping all over the Piper's face now, the way it always had, save for the few moments just gone that were unreal and inconceivable now, with Mike Hoffman before him. He managed to say: "I told you, Mike—"

"Sure," Mike Hoffman said. "Sure you did." His hand came up to the Piper's throat in a playful gesture and tightened there and then released itself. "And I wanted to tell you something, too, kid—something maybe you ain't figured out yet. If I'm ever picked up, if there's ever a call out for me, I'll know where to look. I'll know it's you put the finger down, Piper. And before they take me in I'll see you. Maybe not long, kid—maybe only for a couple of seconds. But long enough—plenty long enough. See what I mean, Piper, pal?"

It was then the Piper knew he'd been betrayed; it was then the Piper found out that a man couldn't help what went on inside him, no matter how hard he tried.

"Mike," he whispered, plucking the big man's sleeve. "It wasn't my fault,

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Mike. You can't blame me. She found them. She—"

"What?" Mike Hoffman asked softly. "Found what, Piper?" His face did not lose its smile; but his eyes—the Piper made a little sound when he saw his eyes, and began to talk fast, breathlessly, running his words together.

Mike Hoffman seemed to understand them all right, because he asked no questions, he said nothing; only, when the Piper had finished, he blinked once or twice at a spot on the wall over the Piper's head, as if he saw something there he had never expected to see.

"Eddie Cohn!" Mike Hoffman said at last, in a curious and reminiscent way. "Eddie Cohn! I told him to throw them in the river that night because I wasn't sure Flanagan wouldn't follow me and pick me up if you talked. I couldn't be grabbed with them on me. And Eddie must have seen a cop, or something that turned him yellow. He just dumped them there and lied to me. And I had a license for that gun; it's registered. They'll have the bullets they dug out of Angelo, and they'll prove they came from it. Flanagan even saw the scarf in my pocket, and made a crack about it. And the holes in it—"

His mouth creased savagely, as if he were laughing.

"I don't take the chair, Piper. Not Mike Hoffman. There's one out. You go back there and tell her to call Flanagan. When he comes you see that she gives him the stuff. He'll hustle right out then to have it checked up. He'll—"

Even in his blind panic the Piper understood one thing; he understood that he must not let Mike Hoffman know that Flanagan was coming over anyway. He knew if he did that he'd never leave the room again, and he chattered inaudible promises while Mike Hoffman led him downstairs, and walked with him along the street, and stopped with him at the entrance of the girl's apartment.

"Piper," Mike Hoffman said there, in a husky voice that made his words sound thick and heavy, "they can't burn me twice. Remember that. Because if Flanagan don't come out this door with the things she picked up in half an hour—"

The muddy yellow points were in his eyes again. Stopping there, he dug his thick fingers deeply into the Piper's arm; and then he shoved him up the stoop toward the entryway, so violently that the Piper almost went to his knees.

TEN minutes later, precisely at six, Flanagan rang the downstairs bell. The Piper did not turn at the sound; he remained in his place by the window, watching a tan coupé jockey into position on the corner of the avenue, ten feet from the stone stoop, and placed lengthwise to it, so that when Flanagan came out again he'd be walking past the windows of it after he came down the steps. The Piper knew whose car it was; he knew who'd be in it. Licking his lips, he wiped his sweating palms jerkily down the sides of his trousers.

He didn't even wonder what Flanagan would do when he found him there; but Flanagan, after one incredulous and exasperated growl, forgot everything in the story Ann poured out. When the gun and the scarf were in his hands he whooped aloud.

"Baby," he yelled. "Mike Hoffman's scarf—I'd bet a million. Remember it in his pocket that night? And the gun, his gun, by all that's holy—"

A promotion, Flanagan swore. A raise. A first-class dick.

"A guy," he crowed, with his face all twisted up, "could get married on dough like that. Why, it wouldn't cost him a nickel extra." He grabbed her hands and crushed them into his coat. "I'll bet that's what you found them for. I'll bet you hunted for them so that I—"

"Are you crazy?" Ann demanded, in a breathless voice. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Then make a guess," Flanagan said. "How about the works, baby—flowers and music and all the trimmings? And Piper our best man—Piper in a morning coat, with a gardenia in his lapel."

THEN the bell rang again, and Flanagan gathered up the gun and the scarf, and kissed Ann hurriedly. "That's Gilhooley. He was going to meet me here. Wait till he sees this stuff, baby. Wait till—"

Then he was gone, and Ann was staring at the door.

"Crazy man!" she said again softly. "Can you imagine anyone as silly as that? If he thinks that I believe a word he says—"

The Piper looked at her dully, feeling hot all over, and queasy in the stomach, waiting for only one thing—the shots. Because the tan coupé was still waiting, undisturbed, on the corner; Gilhooley had not noticed who was in it. But then there was no reason why he should; the curb was lined with cars. And Mike Hoffman would take a chance on the two of them. He'd have to. It was the only chance Mike Hoffman had left.

"She's on his expense account as 'miscellaneous'"

BARBARA SHERMUND

THE Piper put his hand in his pocket and touched the gun he had forgotten was there. All the time she went on talking about that crazy man. What had he intended? Piper! Did he really think— The Piper did not look at her. But he knew who she meant. He knew who her eyes were shining for.

Not him. The Piper knew how crazy the thought of that was. "Invictus" and the story of Abe Lincoln—he got those things. Sandwiches, too. Hot coffee. Money now and then. A room. The Piper expected nothing else; he was aware himself of the limits of his world.

It was a queer thing now that for a moment those limits were vanished, so that the Piper felt all strange and funny inside. It was nothing; she'd been kind to him the way she was kind to everyone. That was all. And she had betrayed him too, by telling him something that wasn't true, by getting him to believe it until Mike Hoffman came and showed him what a lie it was. If it had been true, the Piper saw what he would do now—the one thing that anyone like the Piper could ever do for anyone like her.

But he knew he couldn't do that thing. Not the Piper. Because she had lied to him, and if he tried and failed, there would be Mike Hoffman's big hands, and Mike Hoffman's narrowed eyes, waiting for him.

He knew he couldn't do it, even while he slipped out to the kitchen, and through the door there to the back stairs. Just thinking of it made the flesh of his body crawl, and his legs quiver so much that he stumbled going down the stairs.

And yet he reached the ground floor, passed through a door to the yard, and moved from that around the corner of the building to the areaway, without a break in the silence that hummed and throbbed dizzily in his ears, like the scrape of static on a bad receiver. On the steps leading [illegible] pavement he stopped and shi[illegible] more afraid in the heavy sh[illegible] of the areaway than he'd ever been before in his life of fear. The stoop leading down from the apartment house entrance was ten feet to his left; the coupé was another ten feet beyond that. Because it was still parked there, the Piper knew Flanagan had not come out yet; he was talking then in the hallway within, to Gilhooley. Any minute—

Sick with terror, the Piper moved up another step, so that his head was level with the sidewalk. He did it because he thought of the girl, of her eyes and her voice when she had spoken of Flanagan upstairs just now. And he put his hand [illegible] pocket and clenched it around the handle of his gun, even though touching that was like touching a snake. He tri[illegible] think of nothing else but her, [illegible] fear in him wasn't anything he could [illegible] that way; fear was his blood and his heart and his bones now. She was [illegible], the Piper knew. She was wrong. If a man didn't want to be afraid—crazy. Crazy, crazy, crazy!

THEN the apartment door opened above him, and Flanagan's voice, jubilantly impatient, said: "That's the story, Gil. Come on now—let's get started." He came down the steps toward the street and the Piper made some kind of sound—not a word, not a call. But Flanagan heard it, and Flanagan turned, and in the window of the coupé Piper saw the vague suggestion of a face pushing forward.

In a moment the face was clearer; there was the shape of a gun rising under it. The Piper knew it was then or never, and somehow he got his own gun up, somehow he fired. One, two, three, four—his finger pulled frantically at the trigger. Glass smashed in the windshield of the coupé, and then its motor roared, and the feel of the gun, the sound of the shots, the face in the coupé that slid back and vanished at the Piper's second shot, or maybe his third—they weren't separate things. They all combined, they became suddenly, intensely meaningful, so that at the effect of them a light burst and flamed in the Piper's mind, a great glow unfolded in his heart.

He ran out to the street from the areaway as the driver of the tan coupé smashed it frantically into gear. He wanted to cry in the strong, sure, masculine joy that possessed him: "Flanagan, Gilhooley, you got nothing on me. Not a thing. See? I fought something you never had to fight. And I licked it, maybe not for always, but for once. And I licked it because—because, Flanagan—"

The Piper never could have expressed in words the thought he had there; it was something he'd never have admitted, even to himself. Dan Flanagan, on the stoop above him, turning to him a moment before the face and the gun had showed themselves in the window of the coupé, standing between the Piper and the spot where the car had waited—Flanagan, hearing the whine of the bullets past him, seeing the vicious spurts of flame spouting toward him from the shadowy figure in the areaway, did the only thing he could do, the automatic thing his life had forced him to do. He fired twice at the man he thought was trying to kill him, his hand jamming down his gun through the cloth of his coat, his lips parted, stretched out wide and savagely.

On the avenue behind him the tan coupé was roaring into action, but neither Flanagan nor Gilhooley noticed that. They were turning over the Piper, who had stopped rolling almost at their feet.

WHEN he saw who it was Flanagan cursed slowly, in amazement. He never was able to understand why the little punk had tried to pull anything like that on him.

Two miles away the driver of the tan coupé dumped Mike Hoffman out into the river road underbrush, with one of the Piper's bullets between his eyes. A cab driver saw him there the next morning, and Flanagan spent a lot of time wondering who had saved the state that job.

But the Piper, of course, was the only one who knew, and the Piper couldn't tell him; you might have placed a matchbox over the two holes Flanagan had laid in his chest.

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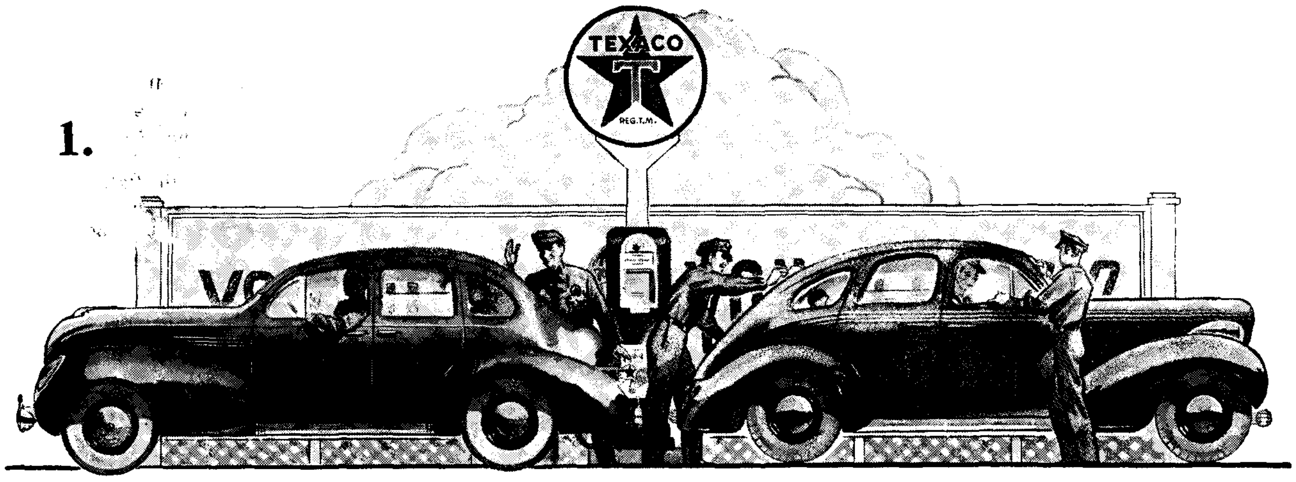

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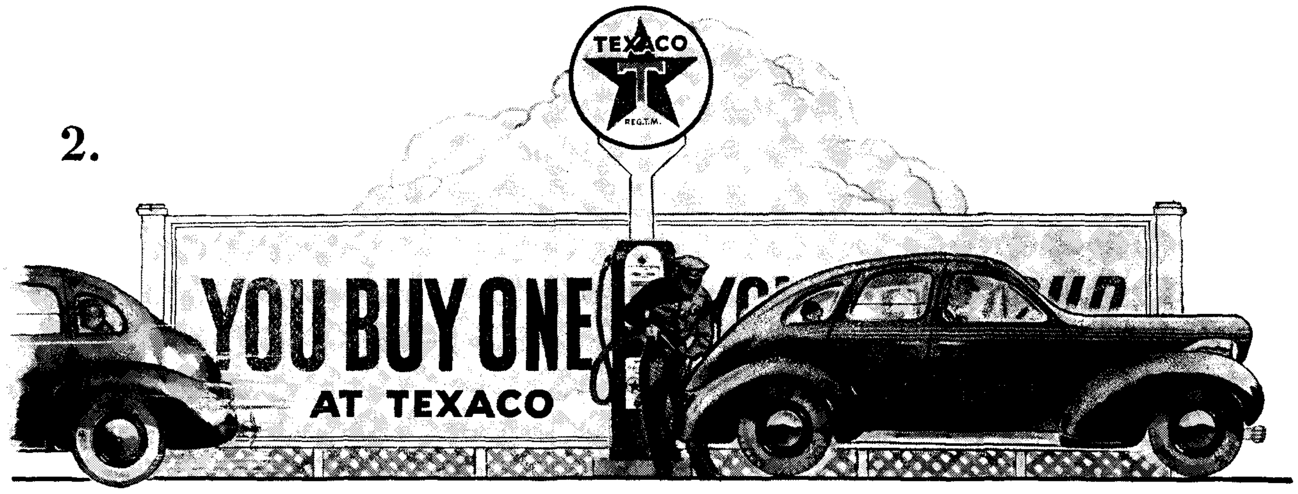

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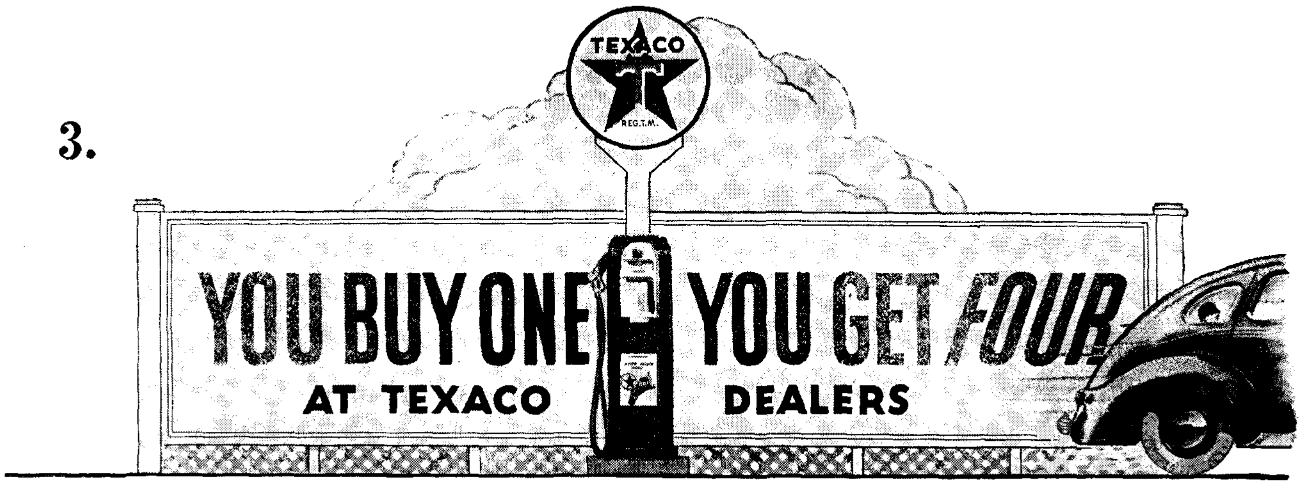

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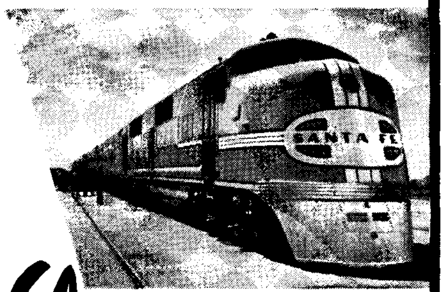

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England Won't Lose

Continued from page 16

little of this. He knows that there has been widespread criticism of England's defenses—he doesn't know that England has been working day and night to achieve a position which will enable her Prime Minister to show more backbone than he was able to show last September.

That London will suffer and suffer horribly in the next war is, of course, a certainty. That thousands of her noncombatant citizens will be killed and maimed during the first few weeks is too obvious a fact for London to ignore. It must be remembered that London will have only about ten minutes' warning of an air attack, if Germany is the aggressor. German bombers will take off from the Frisian Islands, north of Holland, only 350 miles from London.

If Germany wishes to violate the neutrality of Belgium and Holland, a rather unlikely contingency, her planes may take off from the Rhineland and have only a 300-mile trip to London. All but the final fifty miles of the first route is over the North Sea.

Germany admits to having 65 submarines and it is no secret that she is building more of them. The English fleet will find the North Sea an uncomfortable place to patrol. That means that the approach of a German air fleet may not be noticed until the bombers have reached a point near the coast. With any luck German bombers will be able to arrive over England before being sighted. The alarm will be given and interceptive English fighters must take to the air, climb to perhaps 25,000 feet, all within the ten minutes that it will take the German bombers to fly that fifty miles.

The fighters have a margin perhaps of one minute and adverse winds can easily consume that one small minute. There is no doubt that the bombers will have dropped many of their eggs before the fighters are in a position to engage them. They won't have time to aim them; they'll just drop them upon the just and unjust alike. Once the fighters get into the same air level as the bombers, the mortality among the latter should be great. It was only six per cent in the last war, but England then had no fighters comparable to the buzzing Spitfires or quickly maneuvered Hurricanes. This is a little like locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen, but if the English fighters can destroy the greater part of each attacking squadron, it is doing all that one can hope for.

A Triple Defense

Six months ago, there was no hope that a defending air force could accomplish anything like that. Today there is. Every day of peace gives London an advantage. Thousands of men are working grimly in factories while thousands of others are just as grimly learning the business of piloting in this fantastic battle against time. Let's take a look at London's defense.

There are three major weapons of defense ready for any attacking force. There are:

1.—Fighting planes
2.—Antiaircraft guns
3.—Balloons

England's "fighters" are perhaps the best and fastest in the world. Bombing planes, being strictly offensive weapons, have little place in the picture we are trying to paint of the defense of London. In the long run it is the fighter that does most of the protecting. This has been demonstrated clearly in Spain. Huge planes, no matter how heavily armed, cannot cope with them.

Two months ago, Sir Kingsley Wood, Secretary of State for Air, said that twenty-three types of military planes were in process of construction for delivery in the near future. In 1935, when England began to take the threat of war seriously, a program of expansion was begun. At that time the Royal Air Force had 850 first-line aircraft at home and 580 overseas. Today, although no official figures are available, it is safe to say that England has perhaps 4,000 first-line planes available for defense.

A few weeks ago, Sir Kingsley said in the House of Commons that "the number of fighters now on order and to be ordered will amount to between 5,000 and 6,000 aircraft." That figure should be reached rapidly because aircraft production has been terrifically stepped up, and factories are working twenty-four hours a day.

Bigger and Better Bombs

England will depend chiefly upon the Spitfire, the Hurricane (both monoplanes) and the Gladiator biplane. All three types can attain a speed of well over 300 miles an hour. Recently, a Hurricane flew from Edinburgh to Northolt at an average speed of 408.7 miles an hour. These ships are amazingly fast climbers. Once again officialdom is reticent, but it is reported that the Spitfire can climb to 20,000 feet within five minutes.

"Even if a few bombers got through, they could do terrific damage to London," I suggested to a man in the Air Ministry.

Smiling, he handed me a clipping from the Times of that morning. The clipping was a short one. It said, "Barcelona was bombed six times yesterday by the Insurgent air force. There was one casualty."

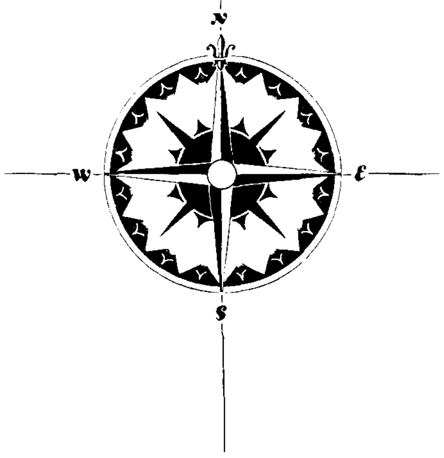
Barcelona has been the testing ground. It has been found that hundred-pound bombs may smash houses, but will not destroy substantial buildings. Casualties from bombing in Barcelona decreased as defenses strengthened and the people were educated to minimize their danger. Five-hundred-pound bombs are the ones that do the damage, but bombers can't carry many of them, nor fly very fast when loaded.

I heard a story in Berlin to the effect that Germany has the most destructive bomb ever made, a concentrated bit of death which is guaranteed to raze any building and kill anything within a quarter of a mile radius of its landing place. I asked why it hadn't been used in Spain.

"Franco refused to allow its use," was the answer. "He said that when he had won the war, he wanted something left to rule. A few of those bombs would have destroyed all life and all buildings in Barcelona."

The touching sentiment of the generalissimo of the Insurgent forces seemed a bit incongruous when one considers that he bombed civilian centers from the day the war began. Still science advances, and there is no doubt that the bombs which do strike London will be at least three times as destructive as those which rained upon her during the last war.

Fire, of course, is the great danger London will have to face. But here again, London is prepared. Consider London to be twenty-nine borough units, each with its own mobilization scheme and defense plan. Commander Firebrace, an appropriate name if there



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ever was one, is in charge of the London Fire Brigade. His peacetime command is a mere 2,300 men. At the first sign of war, it would automatically grow to 30,000 men, most of whom have already been trained. Each would report to the central control building in his small borough. Each would be available for fire fighting twenty-four hours in the day. Every mechanical fire-fighting aid known to science is available. London won't be destroyed by flames.

Gas? No one knows yet why that dramatic issue of gas masks was ever made. Gas dropped from the sky has proved to be a weak weapon. First of all, it cannot be carried in any quantity at all. When it hits the ground it settles. The best defense against gas is to walk up one flight. The air itself is the best weapon London has against gas. It weakens and dissipates it very quickly. Observers from Spain report that gas has been no factor at all, and it must be remembered that British observers watched everything that happened in Spain and have learned valuable lessons from that tragic war.

The Defense Looks Up

London has available the best antiaircraft guns ever made. First, there is the three-inch gun, easy to move and set up. It has a range of 25,000 feet and tests have proved it to be fairly accurate at 20,000 feet. The 3.7-inch gun, firing twelve shots a minute with a ceiling of 30,000 feet, however, is the one which London will depend upon chiefly. There are five antiaircraft divisions organized to fight bombers from the ground and at present these are being furnished with the 3.7-inch gun. Production of these has been terrifically accelerated, and in November Hore-Belisha, the Secretary of State for War, said that "all requirements of production will have been met within two months."

London has a new little toy of which the Air Ministry is quite proud, the 4.5 gun. This is said to be the most efficient high-angle gun of its size in the world. It is a development of the well-known 4.7 naval model. Extreme secrecy has surrounded tests of this gun, but news has leaked out that it is even more powerful and accurate than its naval prototype, which fires fifteen 48½-pound shells a minute. There is the four-inch semiautomatic that fires eighteen 30-pound shells per minute, and there is the amazingly efficient two-pounder automatic which pumps out high explosive at 200 shells a minute.

No one knows just how many guns are available to protect London, but informed people say that five hundred would not be an exaggeration. Five hundred guns strategically placed can do a lot of damage to the sturdiest of bombers. Last September, London had less than one hundred.

Now comes the interesting matter of the balloon barrage, something that gave newsreel audiences laughs a few months back. Even London laughed at the balloons that were supposed to defend it—but the War Office and the Air Ministry only chuckled. The test was eminently satisfactory.

A German war pilot once told me proudly that in the last war he had missed the Air Ministry only by sixty yards with a bomb. I asked how he managed to come so close to it.

"It was easy," he laughed. "I just followed the Thames, and when I was over the third bridge I dropped my bombs. We knew the Air Ministry was right there. However, I was flying at about 2,000 feet. That made it much easier."

If the balloon barrage does nothing else, it will prevent bombers from flying at 2,000 feet. It will prevent the most deadly air attack of all, what the French call the *vol rase*. There is virtually no defense against very low-flying bombers, there is no counter to this punch. Searchlights and guns cannot train their sights on a plane which is flying at 500 feet and which is merely flicking by to be lost within the twinkling of an eye. Even the best fighters are powerless against them because to attain their terrific speed at high altitudes, they have supercharged motors, which do not behave well in the dense atmosphere under 1,000 feet. Balloons will keep the enemy out of the lower air.

Today, London has about 1,500 balloons available and has 6,000 men trained in their operation. Each balloon is sixty-four feet long, thirty-three feet in diameter and contains 19,000 cubic feet of hydrogen. They will in the event of air attack form a barrage which means certain death to any plane flying into it. They can be raised one thousand feet in one minute and forty seconds. How quickly they can be raised to the 10,000-foot height which experts claim will be their position is not known. They will be placed at intervals of 200 feet, over spots which might be considered likely targets. Their nuisance value is terrific. A pilot will have to decrease his speed considerably to escape becoming entangled in their meshes.

Now we come to the fascinating subject of rockets. On this point, every War Office man maintains a discreet and satisfied silence. Are they merely to light

WIDE WORLD

In the last crisis, Londoners publicly gave thanks for peace in Guildhall Square surrounded by buildings sandbagged against bombs

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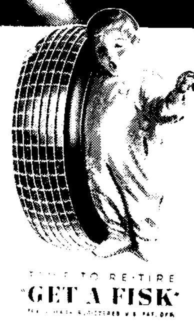

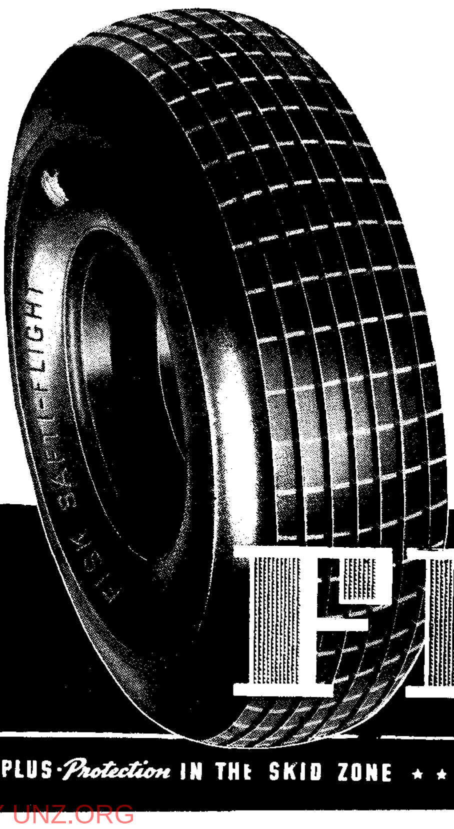

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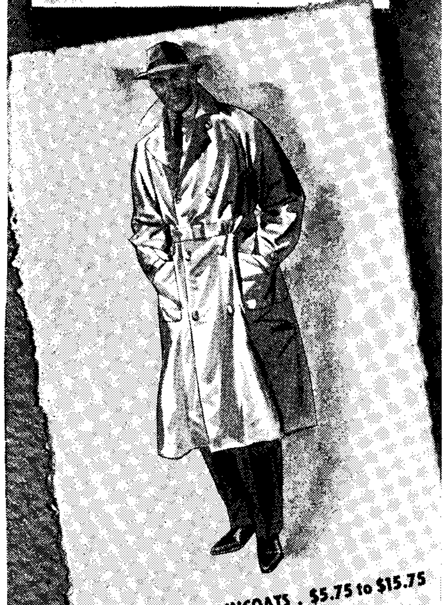

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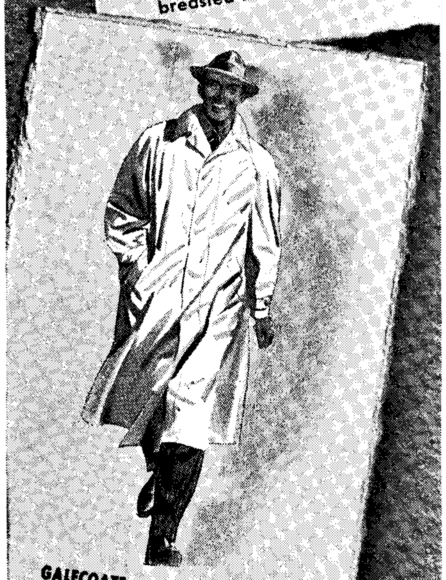

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up the sky or will they carry explosives? No one knows except the men who are working with them, and they won't tell.

A man high in the confidence of the War Office said to me, "I can only tell you that they will be extremely valuable." That is all England knows about rockets.

That, then, comprises the rain of lead and explosive which is waiting for those who might wish to destroy London. Perhaps England wasn't ready on September 28th last. But England is almost ready now. Now, assuming Germany to be the attacking nation, a hardly remote contingency, just what would she have in the way of weapons to hurl against London? Wilhelmstrasse is proud of its military air force and less reticent than British war officials.

At the Zurich international air races, in July, 1937, Germany demonstrated to the world how her air power had grown since the proclamation to rearm in March, 1935. Germany won more than half the events. And since then, German plane manufacturing has advanced to the point where Sweden, Chile, Argentina, Holland, South Africa, Portugal and Jugoslavia have bought surplus output from her.

Much of Germany's extravagant claims to being the best-equipped air force in the world is for home consumption, but no one with real information on the subject doubts that Germany is well equipped to wage either a defensive or offensive war in the air.

Paradoxically enough, while Germany is 590 miles from England, England is only 350 miles from Germany. German planes wanting to bomb London (which for military purposes is England) may hop off from the Frisian Islands, make the trip in an hour and a half, drop their bombs and, if all goes well, be back for breakfast. English planes wishing to bomb Berlin have a much longer trip. Of course, English planes could hop off from Yarmouth and bomb the Frisian Islands or that strip of German land bordering on the North Sea, but they wouldn't do much damage there. They'll be after Berlin—and Berlin is 590 miles from London, a long trek for even the best bombers to make unobserved. In any air warfare between England and Germany (for the moment leaving France out of it) all of the natural advantages lie with the Reich. Whether the mechanical advantages (faster, better-manned ships) lie with the Reich or not nobody knows.

First Blood to Germany

The German bombers are fine airplanes, among the best in the world. There is the Dornier with four Daimler-Benz 1,100-h.p. engines, which is said to be capable of a 350-m.p.h. speed carrying a load of two tons. There is the Heinkel III, which can amble along at 240 m.p.h. carrying 4,000 pounds of bombs. It has a range of about 1,300 miles. There is the Dornier 17, which because of its thin fuselage is called the Flying Pencil. It can carry 1,500 pounds of explosive at an approximate speed of 260 miles an hour.

Germany has fighters of several types, but apparently is proudest of its Messerschmidts and Heinkels. Both can do better than 300 m.p.h. The Reich has one type of Messerschmidt with "Venetian blind" wings which give it amazing maneuverability. In the event of war, there is little doubt that Germany will land the first punch.

England is a counterpuncher. Germany, by virtue of geographic advantages, will be the aggressor. England will try to checkmate her with defensive air maneuvers. England is sure to lose the first air battle because countries no longer go through the formality of declaring war: they just wind up and throw a punch. Germany's first punch is going to be a hard right to the heart—the heart of England, which is London. It is an oversized, rather flabby heart, too, not at all difficult to hit.

They are playing a game of blindman's buff. England thinks she knows Germany's approximate war strength, and air-force officials think that they have checkmated Germany. Germany thinks she knows just how strong England is and is confident that its air force can take the English easily. However, Berlin is cognizant of the fact that air raids from either England or France may someday be a reality and every new building going up in Berlin has a bombproof cellar.

I watched them building a huge dye factory on Unter den Linden. The factory is to go straight through to the next street. The reinforced concrete bombproof cellars are impressive if seen from the roof of a house on the adjoining street. They are perhaps seventy feet below the ordinary basement level, large, roomy cellars where machinery could be moved and work proceed as usual, no matter how many bombers were buzzing overhead. The new Chancellery now under construction on Wilhelmstrasse has a whole retinue of offices far under the earth where official business could go on even though a direct hit were made on the Chancellery.

A Real German Weakness

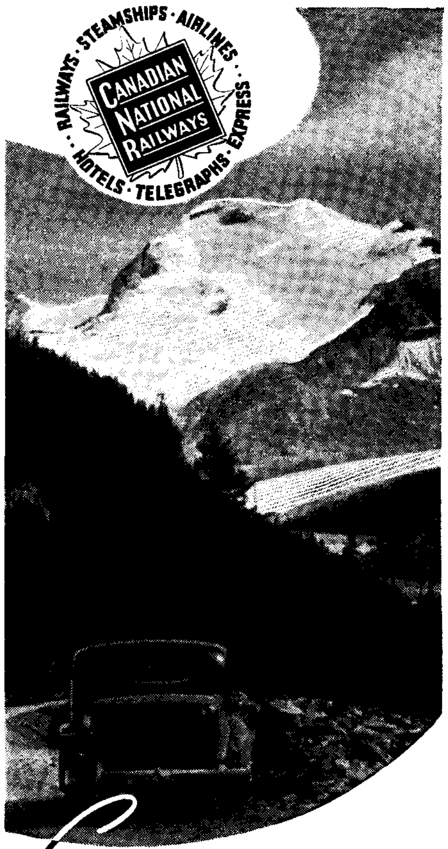
Germany's terrific confidence in its air force appears to me to be hardly justified. There is a little word called *Ersatz* which is going to loom very big in any war. *Ersatz* is the process of substituting artificial for basic materials. The Germans have been clever at it, but it is known that the German tractors and tanks which lumbered into Vienna when Germany occupied it broke down in a most disheartening way. The *Ersatz* materials used in the motors, the wheels and the treads failed to live up to advance expectations.

Today, Germany would probably win the first two months of any war, and then need would come for mechanical replacements. This will entail *Ersatz,* and to date Germany has not shown that it can make rubber out of beet leaves or airplane propellers out of radish tops. Germany has great confidence in its war machine and is confident that it could beat the world. Germany is ignoring one factor which may be a fatal weakness—the human factor.

Germany has made a remarkable production record during the past three years, but of late production in key industries has fallen off considerably. Today Germany is a country of slave labor and the workingman does not have the right to strike. Conscript workmen can make no articulate protest about being dragged from their families to work in munition plants, airplane factories or to build fortifications. However, there are widespread rumors that the falling off in production is due to the fact that workers aren't working with as much enthusiasm as hitherto.

In Berlin one hears gleeful whispers from Germans out of sympathy with the Nazi ideal (there are some who feel that way) to the effect that the "slow-down" is deliberate. There are millions of Germans who do not want war. The ordinary workingman is as allergic to war as is the workingman of any other country.

Germany has completely forgotten two things. *It has forgotten the fact that* England never loses that last battle, and it has forgotten Jim Hearsum and several millions like him. Jim climbed down out of his cab back in 1914, took up a gun and won a war. And today Jim is ready to do it all over again any time Neville Chamberlain beckons.



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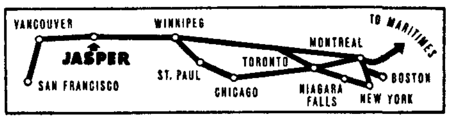

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Fidelity

Continued from page 21

She said, "I think it would be nice. Do you have a family, Mr. Dalhart?"

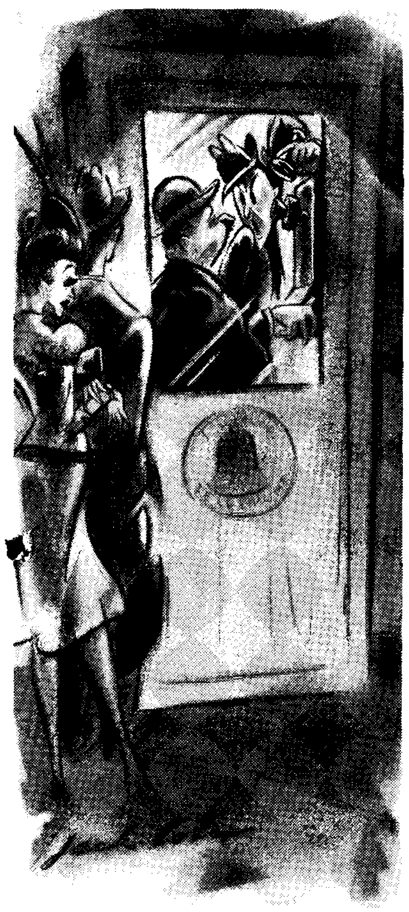
"No."

"You see," said James Stewart, "she is adjusting the proprieties of the situation. As for tonight, there is so little to offer you—and I doubt if I'll get back before ten."

"It doesn't matter at all. I spent the afternoon getting up a good sweat. I had the idea that perhaps I'd like to try a swim in Salt Lake."

"It is a thought," said James Stewart at once. "I've never cared much for it myself, though Lillian is very fond of that kind of thing. Why don't you go along, Lillian? I should not like him to leave us with the impression of poor hospitality."

Her eyes, across the table, were full of distant humor; she watched Dalhart, silently waiting his answer. Dalhart said at once: "I couldn't think of anything that would please me more. But are you certain it is all right?"



"Would you mind waiting outside with the others?"

JACK COLE

"Why not?" said James Stewart, somewhat surprised.

Dalhart noticed how the gray of this woman's eyes changed shade against the light. "I don't think," he said, "that tolerance is in me. If I were married I think I'd have my jealous moments."

Stewart dismissed the thought without giving it any attention. "Well, is it a bargain?"

Lillian Stewart's eyes dropped from Dalhart. Her lips stirred, her voice was subdued, faintly hurried. "Yes, of course."

Leaving the table, Stewart said: "You can drop me off at the office." Lillian Stewart excused herself, to reappear later with a small beach bag. She had changed to a knitted skirt and blouse; color showed deeper on her cheeks and a faint mirroring of excitement lay in her eyes. The three of them drove down as far as Stewart's office, whereupon he said, "I'll catch a cab home—I hope you like the lake," and walked away at once. Lillian Stewart swung the car around. Presently they were running west along the straight dark stretch of highway beyond town.

Dalhart said: "Perhaps I owe you an apology for staring at you in the hotel."

"No," she said quietly, "that's all right. It is nice for a woman to know that she has the power to attract interest."

He said: "It is hard for me to describe. The way you carried yourself, I mean. Certain things in women are rare and real to a man. Pride, inner warmth—"

She said in a quick, remote tone: "I do not think we'd better start on that note, do you?"

They turned into a bathing beach ten miles or more from town and parked and walked toward the turnstile. There was a long row of dressing rooms, and a hot-dog stand and an open dance floor and the music of a phonograph blaring through a loud-speaker, and a crowd of people, mostly young, and the dark edge of the lake marching into the night's blur. They separated here. Dalhart went to the men's alley and put on the worn, wrinkled trunks provided him. Out on the ramp, he waited for Lillian Stewart, amused and faintly embarrassed by the sloppiness of the trunks. She came down the alley, straight and rounded and young in a pure white swim suit, with a white cap snug over her head, and for a moment she stood before him with something cloudy and disturbed and young in her eyes. All this was an impact on him but he bent his head, not wishing her to see the change she had so suddenly caused in him, and pointed at his trunks to take the strain from the moment. He was smiling at himself, and heard her low, quiet laugh. They went down the ramp to the edge of the water; her hand came to him and so they waded out into the warm shallows of the lake.

SHE said: "I should warn you. Don't try to swim. The water will strangle you and burn your eyes. The idea is simply to float. You can't possibly sink. You can't even sit down in it."

The floor of the lake was like the floor of a room and the shallows carried them far out until the music and the sound of voices grew soft in the night air.

She floated beside him and her voice was almost sad, as he heard it: "No stars and no world. What else could be like that?"

"The ending, when we reach it, is like that."

"Do you really believe it?"

"What is there to believe?"

She said, quite a long time later, "Now I begin to know you. We must not stay here too long—this water is quite warm."

She rose to her feet, a roundness and a softness and a whiteness against the night; she took his hand again and they waded the long distance ashore and stood under the cold drench of the open sprinkler, breathless and alive. Running down the men's alley, he heard other men yelling for the key boy; he had begun to shake and added his voice to the racket to keep warm. Inside the cubicle he rubbed himself dry, feeling the return glow of quick-running blood; dressed, he stood near the turnstile, shooting darts into balloons until Lillian Stewart came up. She carried her bag and her hat in her hand; the mass of her hair was soft and wet at the edges. The young crowd moved around them and couples danced on the open-air floor

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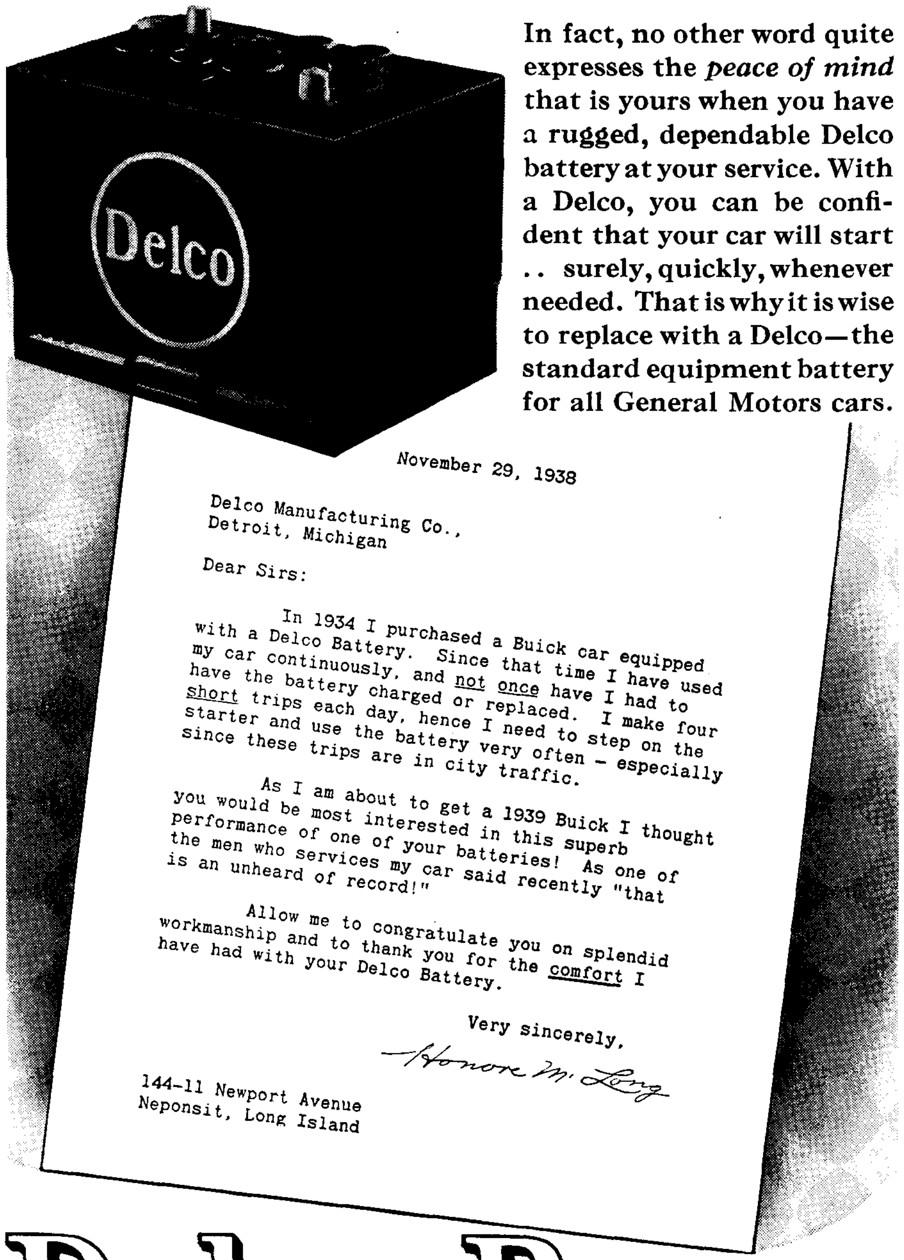

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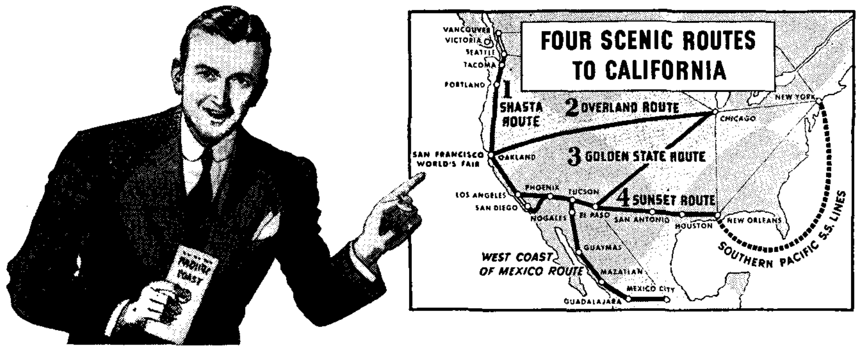

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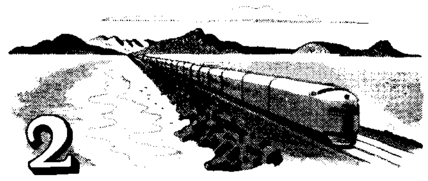

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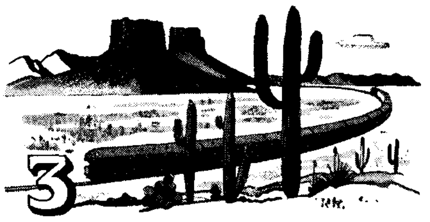

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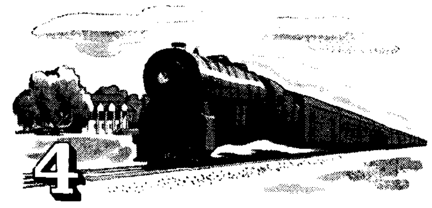

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while the amplified music of the phonograph jarred the night with a clanking rhythm that had no melody. She noticed that he watched the dance floor, and said in a half-toned murmur, "Why not?" turning with him.

She was light in his arms, her head close to his chest. Once around the floor she looked up to him, not smiling now, and after that they walked back to the car. She said, "You drive," and slid over the seat. He settled himself behind the wheel, the glow of the swim still a strong sensation. He was loose and comfortable; and aware of her presence. There was a line of cars in front of them. When he switched on the headlamps this sudden glare struck the car immediately in front, outlining the close-placed heads of two youngsters in it. Both of these turned and looked straight into the light, laughing. Dalhart turned off the headlamps until he had backed into the road.

Lillian Stewart's voice was small and cool: "Did that embarrass you?"

"No, not that. It is their business."

He heard her murmur: "It is something real—something honest. Can you believe that?"

"Yes."

"Then," she said, gently amused, "you do believe in something. I knew that this afternoon. When you looked at me." Her voice, so light and dreaming, went on: "You are in the middle thirties and unmarried. It is a strange thing, or perhaps it is quite simple. There was a girl, I suppose, and it went wrong for you."

"No," he said, "there never has been. No love, as I understand it, or as you understand it."

"Do you think I understand what it is? Or what it could be?"

They drifted along the highway, past the airport, past the scatter of the town's limits. He said: "That's the way I should have said it—what it could be."

She was small and still in the corner of the seat; street lights showed the indrawn soberness of her face, its faraway shadows of wonder. "Yes," she said in an even voice, "I suppose I do."

They were circling the hotel when he spoke. He said: "If tomorrow is going to be too much trouble for you—"

He drew before the entrance and stepped from the car. He removed his hat and watched her slide beneath the wheel. She sat this way a moment, her lips pulled together; suddenly she said in a fast tone: "I'll pick you up rather early. Seven o'clock?"

"Good night."

In his room he undressed and stood in the window a moment, feeling the air current slide around his bare shoulders. He stretched himself beneath a single sheet, lying thoroughly awake and thinking of tomorrow with a restless, definite anticipation; he saw her clearly, the cleanness of her shape in the street dress, the straight gray line of her eyes and the warmth lying in them; he heard the tone of her voice, light and gay and sad and slow by turns. She was a fragrance and a presence in the room. This was James Stewart's wife. James Stewart was a good man and a fool; for his kindness and courtesy and his perfect trust were things she least needed. This was not her kind of love. She had given herself away in one slow, reluctant phrase: "Do you think I understand what it is? Or what it could be?"

HE WAS at the hotel's entrance when she appeared. She gestured for him to drive. Going around, he took his place at the wheel and circled the Young monument, heading southward on the long main street. She wore a linen suit with a loose full skirt and a little straw hat and she looked young and quite happy. He told her this, hearing her quick bubble of laughter. "Of course. Don't we all feel better when we play hooky?"

Beyond Salt Lake, beyond the network of factories and mills, they reached a more open country. Eastward, the huge wall of the Wasatch Range marched with them, close and high, black and gray and brown, its sharp gigantic summits hard cut against the bright blaze of the summer morning. Westward lay the margins of the desert.

LILLIAN STEWART threw her hat into the rear of the car. She rested back on the seat, long-legged and relaxed, arms cradled behind her head. Soft rolls of hair lay against the whiteness of her neck. Taking his eyes from the straight road, he saw all this with the strong awareness of an interest that had uncontrollably grown since the first sound of her voice on the phone. Her lips were long, their corners made soft curves across the motionlessness of her face; she looked ahead, caught in her own dreaming. She said: "I love this land. It is my own. I was born near here."

"Every part of the West looks different," he reflected. "In western Oregon the hills are green. The green rolls away, covering everything. There's always water and everything grows, and the rain and the sun are soft. The struggle is there but you don't see it. It's hidden in the softness. You see it here. Men, I mean, fighting against the land, for survival."

She said in her quietly wondering voice: "I wish I knew what made you look at the world in so sharp and gray a manner. It is good to be alive, today—right at this minute."

"Today it is good," he admitted. "I doubt if I'll ever remember a better day."

"That's a nice compliment. I have noticed that bachelors have a very gallant way with women."

"An appreciation of something we do not have."

"Ah," she said, quick and gay, "you appreciate women but you do not marry them. It is a very easy way, Mr. Dalhart." But she threw him a swift side glance and added quietly, "Perhaps I should not have said that."

Near noon they stopped at a town for gas. Lillian Stewart disappeared, returning with a box of lunch from a restaurant. She was smiling again, pleased with her idea, with the sense of laughter and excitement in her. "We turn here, across the mountains."

High up on the side of the Wasatch Range, in the notch of a canyon, they drew off beside the pooled brightness of a creek and spread the lunch on the ground. They ate the sandwiches and drank milk from the bottle. Silence lay around them.

She said: "My father used to freight over these hills. This was an overnight camp spot. I used to go with him and I remember, as a girl, lying here at night, watching that black, black sky and thinking of strange things."

"Of what?"

She sat near him, one firm round arm straightened against the ground. She watched the ground, idly drawing patterns with her fingers. But she had a little trick of lifting her eyes in a quick, straight look of inquiry. He had come to expect it, and now, when she raised her head, he saw a reserve something like shyness in the cloudy grayness of her glance. She murmured, "Many, many things," and studied him with an intent, personal care. "Were you truthful last night? There never was another woman?"

"No," he said. "There never was."

A small frown showed on her forehead. Her lips moved and tightened and grew soft again. "Women, of course. You would need them. Women—but no love?"

"Yes," he answered.

"It is very strange. For you. I know

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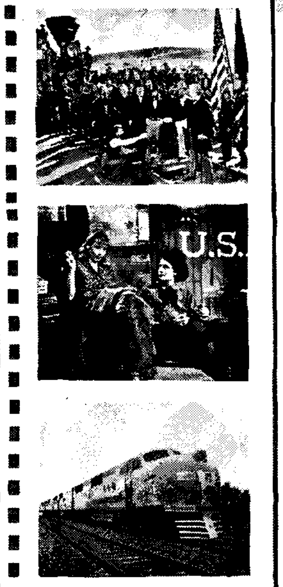

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you now. You're an imaginative man, my friend. Perhaps you want too much, or expect too much. What is it that you have never found in a woman? What is it you want?"

He said: "I started to tell you last night."

"Pride—inner pride, and warmth. Many women have those qualities. It isn't that alone. It can't be. No, I think it is something you wish to see—something so deep in your heart you can't explain it, some image made up long ago. Made up from what? Nobody ever knows. Made up of a thousand things. I understand that much of it." Her voice was close and warm and grave. "But you will never find all that. You never will, Frank."

The piney bland air of summer ran down the canyon, the earth was warm. He had no answer for this woman who was James Stewart's wife, no answer he could decently speak. All he could do was meet her eyes; they were cloudy, they were wide to him, so that he saw the deep change of feeling, the shock and the wonder and the sudden knowing. Her mouth grew small, her shoulders dropped, like a gesture of helplessness, and he saw the quick beating of pulse in the small white circle of her throat.

She looked down. Nothing had been said but she had heard him speak and she had made her answer—all in the silence. She pressed her long fingers against the soft earth, and at this angle he saw the corners of her lips tighten. Then she said, "It is a long drive home, Frank," and they returned to the car. Going up the long grade, he had quick side views of her; she had opened her compact and now quickly repaired her make-up, and rested back on the seat, solemnly watching the road ahead. They were at the summit of the pass, grinding down the sharp curves when she spoke again, distantly curious:

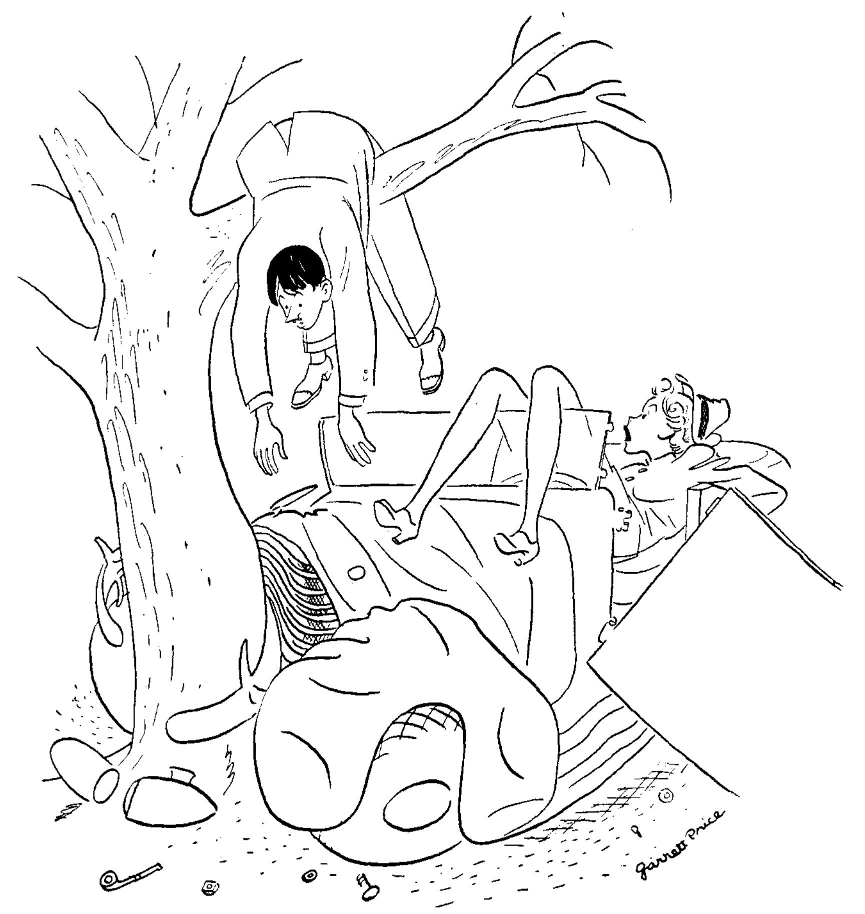
"What kind of a boy were you, Frank? How did you grow up—and what was your life like?"

This was the way the afternoon went as they came down the eastern flank of the mountains and ran through the low hills and broken flats toward the north. Their talk was light and safe and distant, skirting the things they had so suddenly discovered. But there was a strong interest in her, about him; and now and then she spoke of her own life, as though she wanted him to know of it. They ate dinner at a town whose name he never learned, afterward swinging back across the Wasatch Range again, and at twilight, on the broad summit, they came into groves of aspen whose long white trunks glowed ghostly and graceful against the shadows. It was pure impulse that caused him to stop here. Her face came around to him, faintly troubled, but he said: "I don't expect I'll see this country again, Lillian."

THEY left the car, walking through the open aspens, through the parklike forest clearing. She put her hand to his elbow and as they went along, deeply silent, he felt the swing of her body. Moonlight cut a low thin path across the top of the mountain and the aspen leaves shivered gently to the small wind. There was an old camp stove in the clearing; near it stood an aspen whose white bark showed a pair of deep-cut initials: "A. L. and M. H."

Her arm held a little pressure, turning him toward the tree. Paused before it, she touched the carved letters, her voice so gently caressing: "Probably they were quite young and so deeply in love that they wanted the world to know it. They wanted to make a record of it, so that it would last forever. It isn't particularly in good taste. But not good taste, not reason or pride—not anything will stand against it—against the realest thing any of us will ever know." Her voice dropped, low and moved and sweeping through the dark ranges of care and hard emotion. "Do you believe it, Frank? Nothing else is as right for people, or as true?"

He looked down at her, not answering. She was near him, the fragrance of her hair rising to him; her face, white and sober in these glowing shadows, came



"Couldn't some of your political friends get me a driver's license without my going through this agony of learning?"

GARRETT PRICE

around to him, struck by his silence. What he saw was her eyes. They made him forget anything else at the moment, for they were the eyes of a woman roused and made desperate by long-repressed feelings. It lasted only a moment. She lifted her shoulders and let them fall, shrugging these things away, and then her voice was once more distantly cool . . .

"No, it isn't true. There's something else. There's always something else."

"What would that be?"

She spoke the phrase in a quick down breath, colorless and unrevealing. "Honesty, perhaps."

He pointed to the initials. He said: "They are mistaken. Nothing lasts. That tree will blow over one day, and one day those two will forget. And die. Who will remember them? Or remember what they felt?"

She whispered, "Do you believe that—do you believe it dies?"

"No," he said, "I don't believe it. Not now."

"You see. Well, we're late."

"Late for what, Lillian?"

"Late in getting home." And then she added, almost to herself, "And late for many things."

THEY turned back to the car and sat a moment. She rummaged her purse, saying: "Have you a light, Frank?" When he struck a match and bent forward to touch it to her cigarette, he saw that her lips were trembling and that her round eyes showed the blur of tears. This small instant of brightness brought them close together and her glance held him, and spoke to him and afterward, the match dying out, he felt himself on the edge of giving way. She was that near to him; and this silence was like waiting, like uncertainty—it seemed to mean anything they wanted it to mean. He heard her say:

"The day has been a mistake. We should not have met."

"Would you change it, if you could?"

"No," she said. "No."

He swung the car into the road, going down the long, winding grades of the canyon. It was deep dark when they came out into the valley and turned north to Salt Lake. They passed Provo and American Fork and ran through other little towns strung together like beads by the highway's strand; she didn't speak again until they were well into Salt Lake.

"Don't let yourself get much older before marrying. For some men it would be all right. But you'll be too lonely." Her voice was soft and sweet. "I hate to think of your being lonely."

They were soon in front of the hotel. Leaving the car, he watched her slide beneath the wheel. There was a long moment, in which she seemed to find it difficult to arrange herself. He stood at the car's door, with his hat removed, observing the line of her lips and the stray, disarranged curls of hair at her temples. She watched the instrument board, darkly expressive; and still not looking at him she said, "Good night, Frank," and drove away.

JAMES STEWART met him in the lobby after breakfast the following morning and took him directly to the office. All the four partners were present and by eleven-thirty the deal had been closed. It was then nearing plane time but there was time for a quick lunch. James Stewart said: "We had better eat in the hotel. That will give you a chance to check out. Lillian will join us, of course, and we'll drive you to the airport. Why don't you stay over? It has been a pleasure knowing you."

Coming into the hotel, Dalhart paid his bill at the desk and arranged to have his luggage brought down. Lillian Stewart came through the doorway and crossed the lobby and, as before, this sight stopped his mind and drew every interest in him to a sharp point. It would be something, he knew then, he never would forget—the sight of this woman's quick and sure stride, the tilt of her head, the neatness of her body in that tailored suit. There was no possibility of forgetting.

The three of them went down for a quick lunch, James Stewart doing most of the talking. He was quite cheerful, pleased with the way this business had ended. He said again: "Why don't you stay over another day? Really, I hate to see you go."

"I wish I could, but I'm supposed to be in Portland in the morning."

"Will you be up this way again soon?"

"Who knows?" said Dalhart. Lillian sat opposite him, finished with her lunch. She had lighted a cigarette, poising it upward between her fingers; she had said nothing and now he saw her eyes reach him, waiting for him to answer Stewart's question. There was again for him the hint of excitement stirring behind the cloudy gray of her glance. "But," he added, "it seems unlikely. Another year, or another ten years—none of us can know." Lillian Stewart's eyes fell from him. She reversed the cigarette, scrubbing it against the ash tray in a swift, impetuous motion.

"Well," said Stewart, "I think we had better go."

They rode directly to the airport. It was then ten minutes of one and time to step aboard the ship. Pausing near the ramp, Dalhart removed his hat, shaking hands with Stewart. He said: "It has been a pleasant trip. I shall remember your kindness."

"I wish you'd stay over," said James Stewart. "Good luck."

"GOODBY," said Dalhart and turned to Lillian. She stood beside James Stewart, a trim and long-legged woman with the same expression on her face he had seen in the beginning—the expression of complete calmness hiding many things. Her lips were long and smooth, her eyes, so straightforwardly watching him at this last moment, were a darker and darker gray. For one moment he witnessed this composure. It would never break. He knew that. Whatever she felt, whatever their meeting had meant to her and however powerfully it may have affected her heart or her mind, she would not change. Everything—all that it meant—would lie behind that strong calm. She wasn't smiling. She said, "Goodby," and touched his hand; afterward turning, he went directly to the ship.

The door closed and the motors suddenly deepened in tone. From the window, he saw James Stewart and Lillian come forward to stand at the edge of the runway; her arm held her husband's elbow. The ship taxied down the field, swung half around, each motor alternately roaring, and then straightened into the run. He saw the airport building flash by. He saw Lillian again; she had stepped away from Stewart and now stood alone. As the ship passed she lifted her arm and this was the last he saw—this girl straight and grave in the sunlight, with her arm flung up toward him in farewell. They were in the air a moment later, the ship lifting as it strained toward the bright flash of the lake. The same stewardess came down the aisle; she handed him a Salt Lake paper and looked at him, wise and interested and young. "You made a quick trip, Mr. Dalhart. I hope it was pleasant."

"Yes," said Dalhart, "yes, it was." After she had gone he sat with the paper on his lap, looking through the window into the forward distance. Off there the horizons were yellow and tan and faintly obscure with heat fog. It were as though a man looked into something which had no substance and no end.

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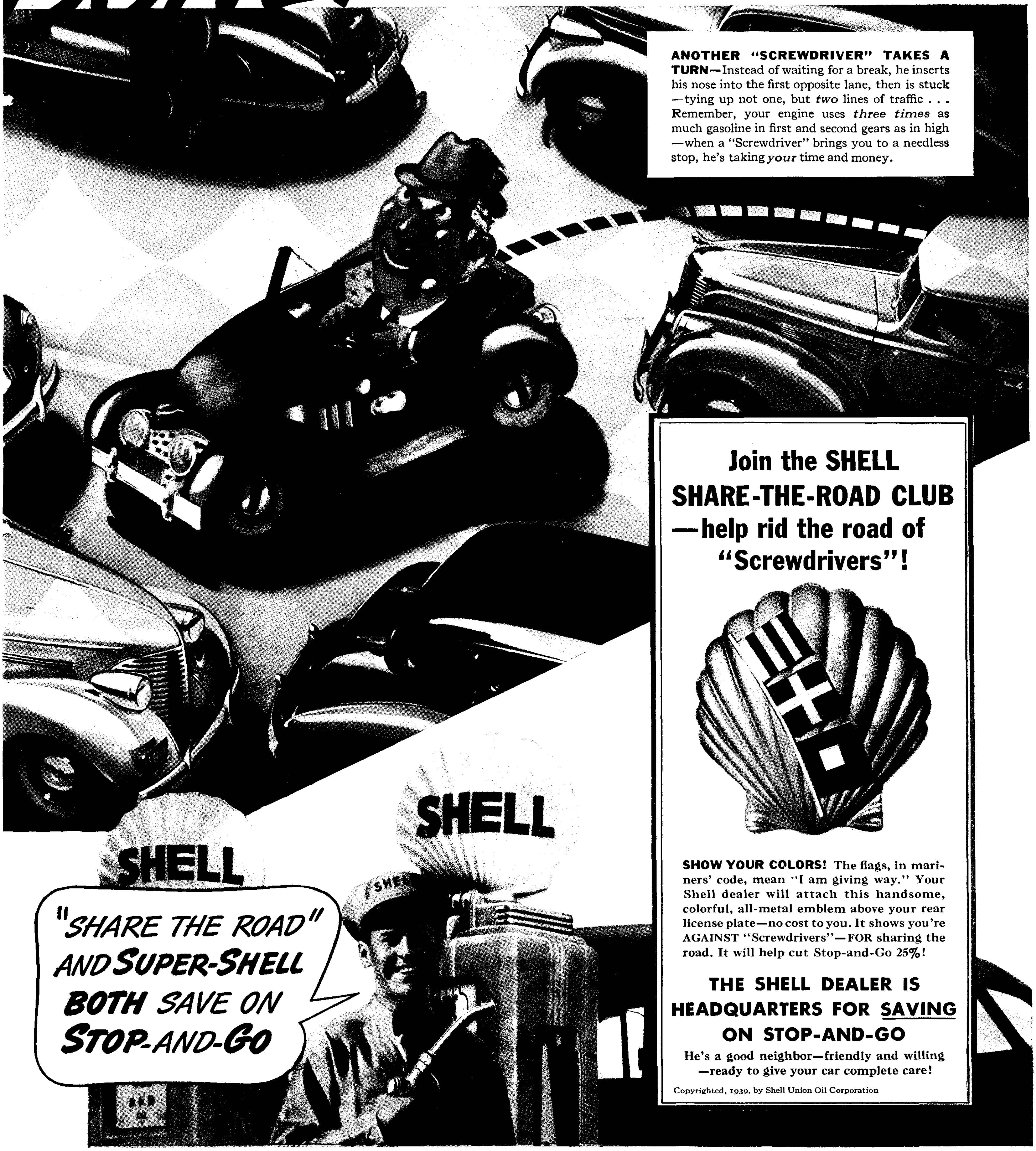
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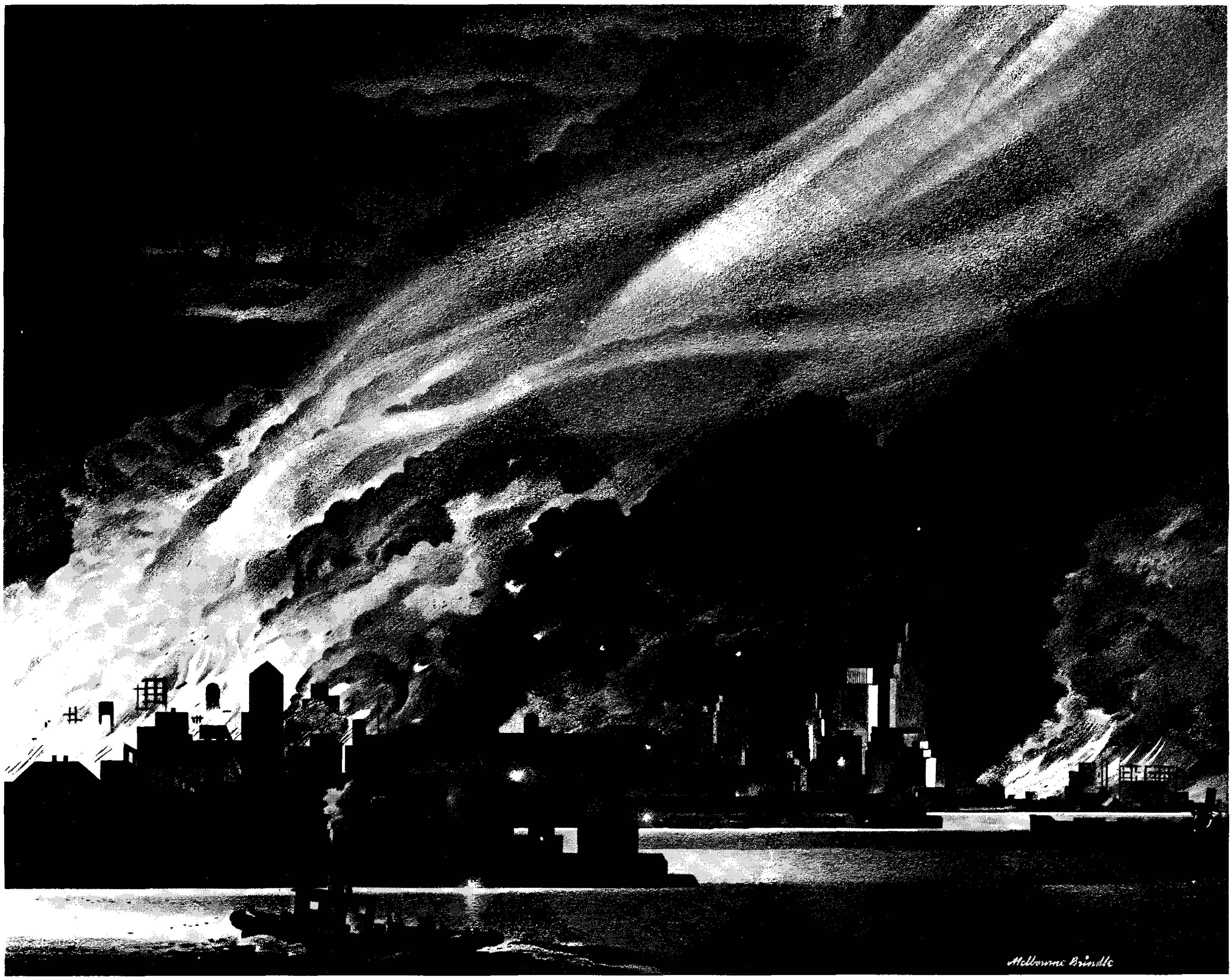

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Strong Silent Man

By Stanley Frank

Umpire Cal Hubbard makes a decision stick for the benefit of Bill Werber of the Athletics. In the more animated discussion at the right, Lou Gehrig and Bill Dickey of the Yankees are disputing a Hubbard ruling—a hopeless task

Cal Hubbard has led a life of violence. Twenty years of bruising football plus a brief but murderous boxing career have convinced him that he'd rather live to a ripe old age as a baseball umpire

THERE were exactly one minute and five seconds remaining in the last game of the 1936 season for the professional football Giants when Cal Hubbard, for the first time in twenty years dedicated to violent activity, suddenly realized he was not immortal or immune to physical injury. He was covered with mud, large lumps and futility. The Giants were thoroughly licked by the Boston Redskins, 14-0, they had no chance to win the game, which was of profound unimportance, anyway, and then there was that sound.

That sound had reverberated like the crack of doom through the Polo Grounds on the previous play and one and all thought the stands had collapsed or something. Les Corzine, Giant halfback, carrying the ball through the line, was hit from all sides by sinister, muscular Redskins and as he was smacked down into the sloppy goo that was the gridiron that sound was heard. It was Corzine's leg being broken in three places.

Suppose, Hubbard supposed to himself, that was me? I'm thirty-six, I'm getting my brains knocked out and for what? To get *my* leg broken in three places so I won't be able to play football and have to walk with a limp for the rest of my life and never umpire another baseball game again?

He wasn't scared, you understand. It was simply a case of living for baseball or dying for football. He had to choose one game or the other and Hubbard, ever a forthright fellow, made his decision then and there. He has completed his eleventh season of baseball umpiring and his third in the American League, but he hasn't been seen in a football monkey suit since that afternoon.

It was so dark that the floodlights had been turned on during the last quarter, for this was the first Sunday in December. Rain and mud made it almost impossible to distinguish the players at a distance of ten paces, but everybody in the ball park recognized Hubbard when he rose and called for time out. The man weighs 250 pounds, is six feet, three inches tall and is an eye-filling spectacle any time, as you can see.

Hubbard addressed the Boston team.

"If any of you guys has a grudge against me," he said rather amiably, "get it out of your system in this next minute and five seconds. This is your last shot at me. Come and get me because I'm through after this game."

Football Loses, Baseball Gains

Nobody accepted the invitation, Hubbard left the game in the very best of health, went home to his wife and two sons and announced he was through with football for all time. Mother Hubbard hooted derisively; she had heard the same story so often it was a standing gag in the Hubbard ménage. In December Pop would solemnly swear he was getting too old to risk life, limb and 250 pounds in a silly game. Come October Pop would reckon as how he'd try contusions with the kids fresh out of college just one more season.

"This time I mean it," Hubbard insisted. "I'm through, and I'll have it notarized if you don't believe me."

Mrs. Hubbard didn't believe and Mr. Hubbard didn't make his declaration of independence before a notary. But he was through with football and the clincher came last fall when Hubbard saw only two professional games and not a single college contest. He did, however, see approximately 185 baseball games and from the best possible vantage point—while breathing on the catcher's neck or standing near a base in his official capacity as an American League umpire.

Although he has been out of football less than two years, his colleagues in the professional racket already speak of him as if he were the Paul Bunyan of the game. His size, speed and strength are legendary in a business in which extraordinary physical assets are taken for granted. Men who played with and against him declare that Hubbard could handle one side of a scrimmage line all by himself.

That's what the football players say. The major-league baseball players say Hubbard is one of the better umpires in circulation and the experts are unanimous in agreeing that Hubbard was the best first-year umpire they ever saw when he broke into the American League.

Some umpires, notably Bill Klem,

Dolly Stark and Harry Geisel, maintain authority because the players have implicit confidence in their judgment. Other umpires, such as George Magerkurth, Babe Pinelli and George Moriarty, keep the boys in hand because they can knock the ears off almost any player who is disposed to speak out of turn. Hubbard commands respect merely because he just happens to be a good umpire. He has not been around long enough to be invested with the aura of infallibility of a Klem and he does not have a tough-guy reputation because nobody yet has had the temerity to challenge him to a passage at arms.

This is not to imply, however, that Hubbard has never found it necessary to raise his dukes in self-defense or to hammer home a pertinent point. He has been involved in football and baseball brawls or, more precisely, he has fought out of baseball to bolster his prestige in baseball, and this paradoxical situation transpired at Macon, Georgia, back in 1929.

Hubbard then, as now, was a good umpire but a large portion of the populace rates any umpire high on the list among man's natural enemies. The fans in the South Atlantic League developed, for no particular reason, a fine, free-wheeling hatred for Hubbard and gave him a pretty terrific going-over, from the safety of the stands, of course. The continual heckling finally got under Hubbard's hide and he devoted every shining hour plotting ways and means of compelling the respect, if not the love, of his constituents.

Fun for the Fans

One night Hubbard went to a boxing show with Charley Morgan, an old catcher who had drifted into fight promotion in Macon. During the course of the boxing exercises, in which two obscure gents were making feeble passes at each other, Hubbard casually remarked to Morgan that he could lick both bums with one hand tied behind his back.

Always on the alert to pick up a few honest dollars, Morgan pointed his ears like a bird dog's. Morgan knew that baseball fans for miles around would be delighted to pay important money for the privilege of watching somebody commit interesting atrocities on the person of the big umpire. Quick to recognize the enchanting possibilities in a match between Hubbard and a professional fighter, Morgan promptly called Hubbard's bluff.

The temptation was too much for Hubbard. He agreed to the fight. Morgan picked Macon as the site, Labor Day as the date and Spike Webb, a promising young heavyweight who had been in about forty bouts, as the party of the second part.

Came the night of the fight and a capacity house of baseball fans with the single idea of seeing an umpire maimed. Also came large waves of apprehension over Hubbard. He had never fought with gloves, had no burning desire to do same at the moment and this Webb knew the racket.

Hubbard came out fighting, all right. He had figured the only way he could escape a methodical beating at the experienced hands of Webb was to throw a steady stream of punches in the vague, general direction of his adversary and hope for the very best.

So the bell clanged a strident call to arms and Hubbard charged across the ring like a bull elephant on the loose, swinging his large fists furiously. He confesses he hit Webb everywhere "from the ankles up." Greatly puzzled and pained by such unorthodox tactics, Webb presented an exceedingly realistic picture of a man on a bicycle riding backward, and in the vast confusion he neglected to lay a glove on Hubbard through the first round.

The second round was a repetition of the first, only more so. Hubbard continued to belabor Webb with so much vigor and abandon that the youth was absolutely punch-drunk when the bell ended that session of artistic mayhem. Hubbard, completely exhausted from pummeling his opponent, dragged his carcass to his corner and ordered his seconds to throw in the towel.

The handlers pointed out that one more poke in the puss would finish Webb. Hubbard replied he would fall flat on his face if somebody gave him a harsh look. There was nothing to do but throw in the towel and Barry, the referee, had no choice but to prop up the swooning Webb and lift his right hand—the winnah! Hubbard lost the fight, but there was no more howling from the wolves at the ball park thereafter. The fans tolerated, even admired him a little, and man can bestow no higher manifestation of regard upon an umpire.

"It's a funny thing—I invited only three couples, but they couldn't come"

JOE EASLEY

Hubbard absorbed severe punishment, however, in impromptu brawls when he was being paid to play football.

One first-class Donnybrook took place in Orange, New Jersey, in September, 1927, a few months after Hubbard had been graduated from Geneva. The New York Giants scheduled an exhibition game with a semipro team and, to make the exercises more interesting, loaned several of their own men to the opposition. Now an honest-to-George professional recognizes neither kith nor kin once the whistle blows and the action between and among the Giants on both teams was most exuberant, to say the least. Jim Kendrick, one of the Giants who was borrowed by Orange, had been kicked in the face and complained rather bitterly about such high-handed treachery. He was still sounding off when the game ended.

"For goodness sake," Hubbard exclaimed or words to that effect. "Quit your bawling. You sound like a spoiled crybaby."

Kendrick apparently was more enraged by the mortal affront to his honor than by a kick in the face. He swung at Hubbard, who merely happened to be his roommate, Hubbard swung back and in practically no time at all several thousand spectators, whose ruling passion at the moment was to crease Hubbard's noble brow, were on the field.

The Giants rushed to the rescue of their colleague, but by that time there were enough aggressive customers to engage the attention of every player. Hubbard didn't need much help, anyway. He was getting along famously, as the steadily expanding circle of prostrate victims strewn about his feet attested.

As suddenly as it started, the brawl ended. Hubbard got a trifle tired after thirty minutes of the horseplay and simply walked away. He left the wounded behind him and was leaving the field with as much dignity as he could muster when an Orange player crept up behind him and let him have a sucker punch on the shoulder, only the blow was intended for his chin. Hubbard turned with both fists flailing and caught the aggressor with a terrific sock that laid open the fellow's eye. That started the rumpus all over again and comparative peace was not restored until the police forces of three townships arrived on the bloody scene.

In sharp contrast to that rousing episode, existence was idyllic during Hubbard's early years. He began to play football at the high school in Glasgow, Missouri, in 1916, but the following year his family moved to Keatsville, where the local school had no team, which was a great break for the children of the neighborhood. His football education was resumed at Chillicothe Prep in 1919 and three years later our beamish boy traveled all the way to Louisiana to matriculate at Centenary College.

Presently slightly incredible stories coming out of the Southwest had Northerners believing that Centenary had a 250-pounder who could run 100 yards in 10:2 seconds, played end on offense, fullback on defense and was poison to any team that had the misfortune to appear on the same field with him. This wonder-worker was our man Hubbard and the stories were true in every detail, but Centenary did not have a schedule calculated to bring it national publicity, so Hubbard languished unsung and virtually unknown.

All that was corrected in 1925 when Bo McMillin, the former Centre College star who was head coach at Centenary, moved to Geneva in Western Pennsylvania and took four of his best players with him—Hubbard, Carl Anderson, Mac Fleniken and Os Maddox. It was fairly common in those days for a coach who shifted his allegiance to bring the nucleus of a strong team with him and it is to be feared that the practice is not entirely unknown today. The four transplanted youths were kept inactive by Geneva's one-year transfer rule in 1925, but they were fine little scholars in good standing the following season and really went to work building their reputations on the ruins of some of the finest teams in the East.

A Jolt for Harvard

Cornell was Geneva's first opponent and Hubbard, particularly, was a terror against a habitually strong Gil Dobie line. Cornell won the game, 6-0, but it was a victory that hardly redounded to the credit of Alma Mater high above Cayuga's waters. Geneva was penalized the tremendous total of 300 yards.

"I do believe they flimflammed us out of the game," Hubbard says gravely.

Proud Harvard was to open the season against Geneva the following week and threw a conniption fit when the news of the Cornell game was heard. The authorities at Cambridge tried to cancel the engagement on the ground that Geneva, scheduled as a sacrificial goat for the ceremonies marking the coaching debut of Arnold Horween, was loaded with "ringers." Time was too short to get another opponent and, rather than lose the gate receipts, Harvard reluctantly consented to go on with the Geneva affair. They haven't stopped regretting the decision. Geneva won, 16-7, the first and last time in Harvard's long football history that an opening game of the season was lost.

Every professional team bombarded Hubbard with offers when he was graduated from Geneva and he ultimately signed with the Giants in 1927 and promptly helped the team win the championship. In 1929 he went to Green Bay and it wasn't pure coincidence that the Packers won the title for the next three years as well as going through the '29 season undefeated, a trick without precedent in the National Professional Football League. Save for 1934, when he was line coach at Texas A. and M. under Homer Norton, Hubbard played with Green Bay until 1935, and no All-Star League team was official if it did not include him at tackle or end. In '36 Hubbard, an old gaffer, as football players go, returned to the Giants ostensibly as a coach, but he played fifty minutes of every game during the last half of the season when an epidemic of injuries sent several tackles to the side lines.

Football was good to Hubbard—with reverse English. It paid him such a meager salary that he had to shop around for another source of income and his reputation and baseball were the answers to the problem. Through McMillin, his college coach, he met Uncle Charley Moran, for whom McMillin had played football at Centre. Moran, a National League umpire, took one look at the rugged grandeur that was Hubbard and suggested that he write Judge W. G. Bramham, the minor-league baseball commissioner, for a job. Bramham had never met Hubbard, who wrote quite frankly that his umpiring experience consisted of handling some games between semipro teams in Missouri when he was a kid of nineteen. Imagine Hubbard's surprise, therefore, when Bramham answered with the offer of an umpiring job in the Piedmont League. The only reasonable explanation is that Bramham knew of Hubbard's football reputation as a conscientious worker and a good, game guy.

Where Umpires Come From

An umpire can earn a comfortable salary in time—but give him time. Before he reaches the big money of the major leagues he must go through the same apprenticeship demanded of a ballplayer. This means development in grubby minor leagues where the pay is poor and living conditions are worse; hustling and hoping that somebody will recognize his ability and give him a chance, for umpires are scouted and bought in exactly the same manner as players. The only difference is that individual clubs own the players whereas leagues hold an umpire's contract and sell it to higher leagues.

It took Hubbard eight years to reach the big time, practically a whirlwind career for an umpire. He started in the Piedmont League in '28 and worked successively in the South Atlantic and Western leagues, then got his first break when his contract was bought in 1933 by the International League, which is only one step removed from the majors. He was drafted by the American League in 1936 and, having demonstrated his worth, he now is assured of his job as long as he wants it.

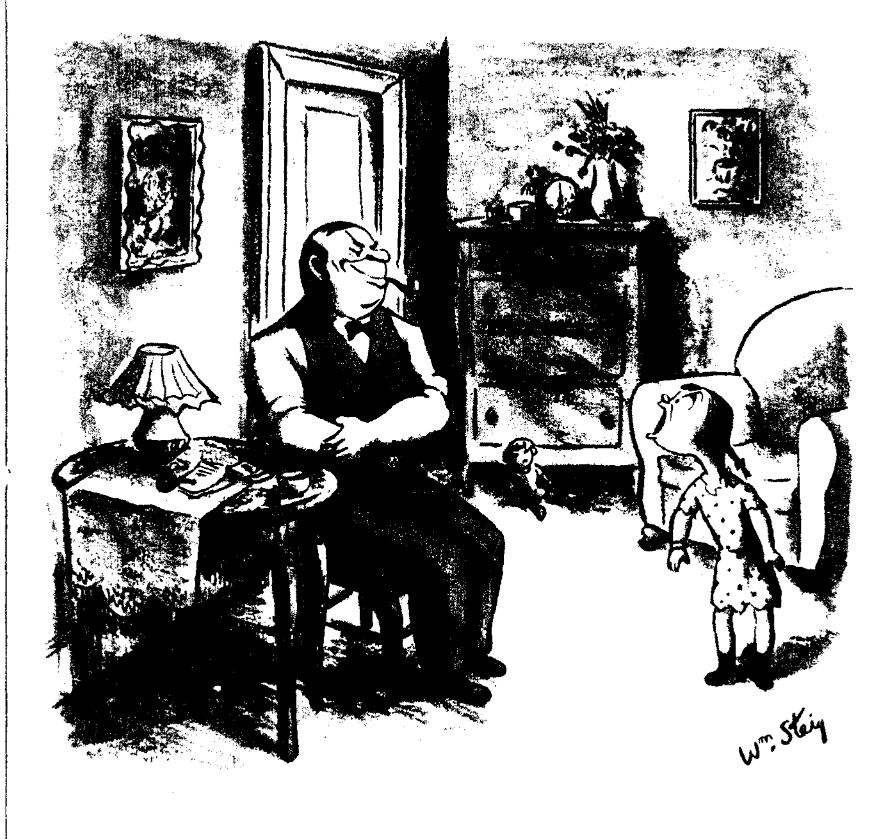
Bill Klem, the dean of all umpires, boasts that he has never made a wrong decision in thirty-four years, but our man Hubbard stands in something less than sheer admiration of his own wisdom. He says it is impossible to work a perfect game every day. You simply go out there, do the best you can and hope you've called the play correctly. If you worry about your decisions, Mr. Hubbard assures you that you will go nuts very quickly.

Many heart-jerking stories have been written about the lonely life of an umpire, but Hubbard can't see it at all. He is away from his family seven months of the year, he travels over the face of the broad land only in the company of other umpires and he is advised—although not ordered—to live in hotels that are not patronized by the ball clubs. Yet Hubbard believes he is the luckiest of men and to understand his feelings you've got to understand the psychology of an umpire.

First of all, an umpire has intense pride in his profession. Club owners and players have been accused, and found guilty, of dishonesty, but the suggestion of scandal has never touched an umpire in the sixty-two years of organized baseball. An umpire is a fanatic in believing it is his destiny to keep baseball, the national game, above and beyond all suspicion, and maybe he is right. In several of these United States it is a more serious offense to offer a bribe to a ballplayer than to a duly elected representative of the people.

An umpire will deny with every vehement breath in his body that he is a baseball fan at heart, but don't believe it. He will tell you that he seldom knows the score and is aware that the game is finished only when he sees the players running off the field. True enough, but this same umpire will go on to talk baseball far into the night with the enthusiasm of the most rabid fan. Let a pitcher come through with a low-hit performance while Hubbard is umpiring behind the bat and he will talk himself blue in the face before he is finished with a ball-by-ball description of the entire game.

And an umpire is one of the fortunate few who can live and breathe the same air with ballplayers, has free admission to ball games, can serve actively the game he loves. That's why Hubbard is quite certain he has the best of all possible jobs.



"I'm gonna get married and get outta here some day!" WM. STEIG

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MANHATTAN
COCKTAILS

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SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Please, Hammerstein

Continued from page 10

stand, now, this is one I'm not giving out. I'm saving this for my own personal information—except to you." His glance tried to convey a conspiratorial intimacy which Midge chose to ignore. "And at a price, at a price! Here." With another furtive glance around, he took her program and marked a circle around Number 8 in the sixth. "And don't let it out. Don't breathe it, understand? But I'm telling you, very private and confidential—"

Midge took the program. "Hammerstein!"

"Shhhh! Hey, shhhh!"

Midge laughed. "Listen, Herby, if Hammerstein wins this race, I will eat him on the hoof, complete with boy, bat, saddle and bridle. I will also eat his sire and dam, and the farm where he was bred."

HERBY'S feelings were hurt. He seemed to be pondering something. Finally he made up his mind. "Listen," he whispered, "to nobody else would I say this. To nobody. But the fix is in on Hammerstein. The groom was got to. Definitely, I'm telling you, the fix is in."

"Dear, dear," said Midge, to whom this was an old, old story.

"I'm telling you." Herby's eyes were narrower than ever, his voice lower. He hissed darkly. "It's Lou Armistice!"

"Hello, Midge," said a voice at the door. "Hello, Herby."

Midge said, "David!" There he was, tall and young and brown-faced, and the way he was looking at her made her feel afloat in the air.

"Hello," said Herby. He edged toward the door. "I was just going," he mumbled; and he slid past David and disappeared.

"Hello," David said again.

"Darling," Midge said.

"If I kissed you," David said. "If I just took you in my arms and kissed you."

"The very thought melts me like butter in the sun."

"Did you bring the money?"

"Yes. Here." She opened her bag and took out a sheaf of bills. "There it is, David. Two hundred. Listen, you'd better take it. I—I don't trust myself. I might—oh, you know, I might get to thinking how much, much better a honeymoon we could have on three times as much money, and go crazy the way I do sometimes, and find myself clutching mutuel tickets in place of cash, without knowing quite how it happened." She held the bills toward him, then half withdrew them. "I mean, if you think you can trust yourself. If you won't go crazy, the way you do sometimes, too."

"Oh, don't worry about me. I'm safe." He took the bills and folded them and put them in his pocket. He grinned. "Now if you could give me anything that had a possible chance against the big horse in the Yarborough, the money might be in danger."

Midge laughed. "I can give you one."

"You can?" David was suddenly serious, the Look on his face, that gambler's look, with the immobile lips and the cautious, waiting, attentive eyes.

"Certainly. Hammerstein. It's Herby's extra-supercolossal special for the day. He says he got it from Hammerstein's groom, who got it from his aunt's first cousin, who got it from a man named Jones in Siberia, who got it straight from Lou Armistice, himself, in person."

"Who's Lou Armistice?"

Midge raised her shoulders high and spread her hands. "Would I know?"

A horn sounded loudly, calling the mutuel clerks to the tote enclosure for the afternoon's work. David turned suddenly and was gone.

Outside, the crowd was thickening now. People swarmed four deep around the counter where Heinie and his coworkers dispensed food. Talk, conjecture, rumor flowed like water. The band played. Post time for the first race approached.

Midge's principal chore now, while the first was run, and the second came up and was run, and the third came up and was run, was to keep the office from being taken by assault. People, people, people, singly and in herds, stormed the door. A few had legitimate business—but most came, whatever they pretended to come for, in search of information. They wanted the inside, the feedbox dope, which they devoutly and fondly believed must be lurking around the track press office. Their eyes were avid, greedy; their faces set. They had the Look.

Free for a few minutes between the third and fourth, Midge serviced her face and hair and then turned her program to the sixth race and studied it for a moment or two. She'd make a two-dollar straight courtesy bet on Exaggeration, she decided. Then she laid the program aside, smiled all to herself, put a sheet of paper in her typewriter, and wrote:

"*Dear Mother and Dad:* By the time this reaches you, David and I will be married. I know you wanted a wedding at the house, but this is the way that seemed best to us, and—"

"Good afternoon, young lady."

The woman was very large. Not fat—large all over. She had cold eyes and perhaps not too much jaw; but enough. She was nicely dressed.

"Good afternoon," Midge said.

"I am Mrs. Harcourt Andrews. Are you the Society girl in this office?"

MIDGE smelled a complaint. A nasty complaint. And poor Helen felt so bad today, and would be so tired when she got through in the clubhouse and the box tiers, taking all the names down. "I'm in charge," Midge said.

"I see. You're in charge. Then I wonder if you'd be so good"—Midge felt her blood beginning to simmer—"as to explain why my name was omitted from the list of Governor Manning's guests at luncheon yesterday?"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Andrews," Midge said patiently, "we simply furnish the lists to the newspapers, and occasionally, through an error, a name is omitted. I'm extremely sorry. I—"

Mrs. Andrews sniffed. She was definitely inside the room now, snooping around. Her eyes found the program beside the typewriter, still opened to the sixth race. They stayed there, glued.

"I see you have Number 8 marked in the sixth," she said, her imperiousness forgotten, trying her best to be casual, and failing.

"Yes."

"Ah—Hammerstein. You don't mean—you don't mean you think Hammerstein has a chance to win the Yarborough?"

"Well, it's a good horse," said Midge, in the formula.

"But Exaggeration—I was going to bet on Exaggeration. . . . You think—you think Hammerstein has a chance to win?"

Midge spoke on impulse. "Why, yes, I do. I—well, nothing."

"Yes? Yes, my dear, yes?" Mrs. Andrews' voice was positively cloying.

And on her face the Look was as pronounced as Midge had ever seen it anywhere.

"Nothing. You see, I promised someone—"

"I won't say a word! Not to a soul!"

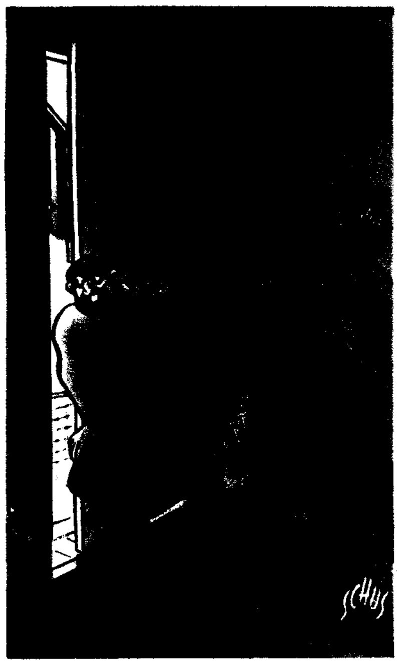
"Well, then, if you promise. Oh, it's nothing really, but"—Midge leaned toward Mrs. Andrews. She whispered, like Herby. "But the owner told me, very, very confidentially—"

"The owner! Yes, yes. I see. I see." Mrs. Andrews backed toward the door. "Yes." And she was gone, without another word.

Midge nodded grimly. That'd teach her, steaming in and making people grovel in apology for nothing!

People came in, and more people. The afternoon mail arrived. By the time Helen returned, Midge, in the rush of events and in her own happiness, had completely forgotten the very existence of Mrs. Harcourt Andrews.

"Whew!" Helen said. "Oceans of people!" She put her hat on the filing case and sat down. "Other Angel won the fourth. Did you know? Paid eleven twenty." She laughed. "Listen, I pulled a wild one. Except I've got a hunch it wasn't so wild, at that. I'm betting a hundred bucks in the big race."



"Boy, what an argument! She wants him to go down and see what the noise is, and he don't wanna!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

"You are?"

"Yes. When I was getting the names in the McClaskey box just now—you know, he's that attorney—everybody in the box was huddled together, whispering like mad. They stopped when I poked in, but I heard enough to gather that McClaskey was putting a little fortune on Hammerstein to win. Right then and there I got that feeling—you know. So I galloped over to David's window and left the hundred for him—"

"Helen! You what?"

"I left the hundred with David, for him to buy the tickets when the race comes up, in case I'm too busy to have time. He seemed interested, so I passed the information to him, too."

"But look, Helen! You—" Midge's astounded, incredulous protest was checked in midflight. But of course! Of course! She sighed with relief. So old Herby had known something, for once! And this Mr. McClaskey knew it, too. And so Helen was playing Hammerstein, as David was certain to play Hammerstein—and Hammerstein, to the great distress of the form players, would win. And Helen could bathe the baby in star rubies, if she wanted to; and Mr. and Mrs. David Frederick would have a honeymoon to end all honeymoons, a very dream of a honeymoon. And even if that stupid Mrs. Andrews won too, who cared?

She was sure David would do it because she knew how his mind was working. She knew from the way her own mind was working. One tip, alone, meant less than nothing. But—given that gambler's logic—when you had a corroborating tip, a big one, added to the first, then the two of them together, coming from totally unrelated sources—

"Helen," she said, in a voice she would have sworn wasn't her own, "Helen, read me the McClaskey guest list, will you?"

Helen fumbled through a mass of copy paper. "Here. The McClaskeys. Rear Admiral Thomas A. Frank, retired, and wife. Harold Pollard. Mrs. Harcourt Andr—"

"Andrews! Oh, Lord! I knew it! I knew it!" Midge was on her feet, her head fairly reeling. Swiftly, she looked at her watch. Still a few minutes before Off in the fifth, and say another ten before the mutuel machines, simultaneously all over the plant, would be unlocked for the big race betting.

Not much time. Enough, though. Enough to get to David's window; enough to snatch all that precious cash back from the brink of the abyss; enough to grab from disaster one layette, plain but adequate, and one honeymoon, not too showy, perhaps, but—

Helen's eyes were wide. "Midge, what on earth—"

"Listen, Helen, I haven't got time to explain, but take my word for it, the sky is falling! I'll be back . . . Helen! You look—languid!"

"I feel languid. I—" And with no further warning, Helen slumped slowly over her typewriter, and lay there, utterly limp.

FOR a minute Midge stood rooted, aghast. Then she rushed to the water cooler and filled a paper cup with water and forced a few drops past Helen's pallid lips. "Helen," she said softly. "Helen, darling."

The door opened.

"What's going on here?" Bill stopped dead. "Hey—"

"The poor child just fainted." Midge began rubbing Helen's wrists. She glanced at the watch on her own wrist. Suppose she couldn't get to David in time? If she couldn't, was there a chance, was there a chance in the wide world—

"Bill," she said, "what's going to win the Yarborough?"

"The big horse."

"Anything else got a chance?"

"Upset beat Man o' War."

"No, I mean really. How about—ah—Hammerstein?"

"Hammerstein? Well, I'll tell you. When Hammerstein finally comes under the wire, the vestigial little toe will have vanished from the human foot. That answer your question?"

"Well, but Herby said—"

"That cheap crook."

"He said Hammerstein was sure to win. Said something about the groom, and—who's Lou Armistice?"

"Lou Armistice? Has Lou Armistice been around here?"

"No. But Herby said—"

"Just exactly what did Herby say?"

Midge frowned; it seemed years ago that she'd talked to Herby. "Well, he said Hammerstein couldn't lose. He said the fix was in. He always says that. The groom had been got to, he said. He said this Lou Armistice was in on it."

"Okay, okay." Bill looked at his watch. He nodded toward Helen. "Take care of her." As he went out the door,

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Now! I feex next year's breakfast for Madame

What's become of Henri of soufflé fame, whose culinary art won decorations from three kings? And Gaston whose triumphant onion soup earned two resounding smacks on his rosy cheeks from a Prime Minister? Where are they now? And the other boys of the trade?

Where? They're very much on the job—a tremendous job. Just look inside those gleaming new buildings. You'll see them teamed up with Science to make your foods not only more delicious but healthier. The corner grocery store is stocked with their latest creations—masterpieces better than their former regal repasts, and now enjoyed by millions.

The phenomenon that lifts great chefs from damp Chateau cellars to shining laboratories is only one facet of that gem the world has learned to call "American Progress" . . . the progress that makes million-dollar recipes available for a dime . . . that took an obscure sub-tropical fruit and made it the daily habit of a hundred million people . . . that turned a few staple grains into scores of breakfast foods, all teeming with health and new food thrills . . . that stream-lined an entire nation's waistline . . . that "packaged" sunshine . . . that extended into other household commodities and made our soaps, cleansers and other grocery store products the envy of the world.

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This month the makers and processors of nationally-known grocery store products are staging a "Parade of Progress." Note the displays and banners featuring this important event. And these manufacturers can take deep pride in this celebration. How many industries have come *so far—so fast?*

More than half the people living can remember the days of the open barrels, the disarray of loose commodities, and the long hours of toil women spent making bulk products fit for the oven and for other uses. In the short space of a few decades, the processing, handling, distributing and selling of grocery products have chalked up greater advances than were made in all the thousands of years since the world began.

Today Mrs. Housewife may pause at the corner store and put her finger on labels, whose very names guarantee purity, goodness, and economy. The "Parade of Progress" honors this ritual, and is a salute to the *faith in names* which has made it all possible. Her support of these known brands is responsible for the great factories, the laboratories, the discoveries, the improvements and the livelihood of millions of men and women in the food industry.

We of the publishing industry view the close relationship between maker and buyer with a pride that is not wholly detached. Advertising is the broad avenue where Mrs. Consumer meets Mr. Manufacturer. The uniform acceptance that a good product wins from housewives in every nook and cranny of the land is continuing evidence of the helpful service of the printed advertisement.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

a horn sounded—five minutes till the fifth race. Yes, he'd just about get to the press box in time to catch it, Midge thought. She watched Helen's eyelids, which, at the end of an interminable time, began to flutter. A loud bell rang, and at the same time there was a dull, muffled roar from above. There they went. Off and running in the fifth. Sixth race coming up. The Yarborough. The works.

Helen opened her eyes. "Midge. Hello, Midge."

"Hello, darling. Feel better?"

"I feel all right."

"Listen, darling. I've got to see David. It means everything. To you, too. I'll explain later. Do you think—"

"Oh, sure." Helen blinked. "Go ahead. I feel strong as an ox." She stood on her feet. She grinned. "See? I'll be perfectly all ri—"

Midge caught her under the armpits as she collapsed.

A LONG time later, another horn sounded. The mutuel machines were unlocked for the Yarborough betting. Midge held her breath. Now the sellers were raising their windows. Now, at a ten-dollar-straight machine upstairs in the clubhouse, David was looking at the program tacked to his window frame, making very, very sure of the name, Hammerstein, and the corresponding number, 8. Now he was pushing one of a row of buttons on his machine, and the tickets, fresh-printed and cut, were coming out of the slot onto the flat polished top of the machine, piling up there. One, two, three, four—thirty of them, all alike. Now David was putting them in his coat pocket. Now—because once a mutuel ticket is recorded in the totalizator it can't be put back, it is irrevocable, somebody has to pay for it—he was taking three hundred dollars in bills from his trousers pocket and depositing it in his till.

But if she could get to him soon, some of the damage could be stopped. He could sell some of the tickets back to people who came to his window with the insane idea that ten to win on Hammerstein was a good bet. If Helen would come to in a minute—

Helen's eyes opened. "I feel better now." She smiled wanly. "If you have to see David—"

The phone rang. Midge picked it up. She listened. She put her hand over the transmitter. "Helen! Sandra Hoag at the Herald! That junk for the pink sheet! Can you possibly give it to her?"

Helen shook her head unhappily.

"Mrs. Brande is out." Midge reached over and grabbed the sheets of copy paper. "I'll give you the story." Thank heaven Helen wrote legibly. She began reading the lists of luncheon parties and box occupants into the phone.

She read on and on and on. Finally she glanced at her watch. Too late now. Even if she could leave now, it would do no good. Too late, too late. She read the names into the phone, but in the pit of her stomach she wanted to die.

Just before the five-minute horn sounded, Helen said, "I could do it now, I think." Midge shook her head.

Outside the door was the confused noise of the milling, scuffling crowd. Then the noise began to diminish: they were going into the stands to watch the race. Then there was only a little noise, and then none.

The bell rang. They were off! Midge prayed fervently, "Oh, Hammerstein! Please, Hammerstein!" She chanted three names, then put her hand over the transmitter. "Helen, can you stand a shock?"

"Yes."

Three more names. "Know where McClaskey got Hammerstein?"

"No, where?"

Three more. "From that Mrs. Andrews. And Mrs. Andrews got it from me. And I got it from Herby. It was Herby's special."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes."

"I said I could stand a shock," Helen said, "not a cosmic upheaval."

The dull roar from the stands above became louder.

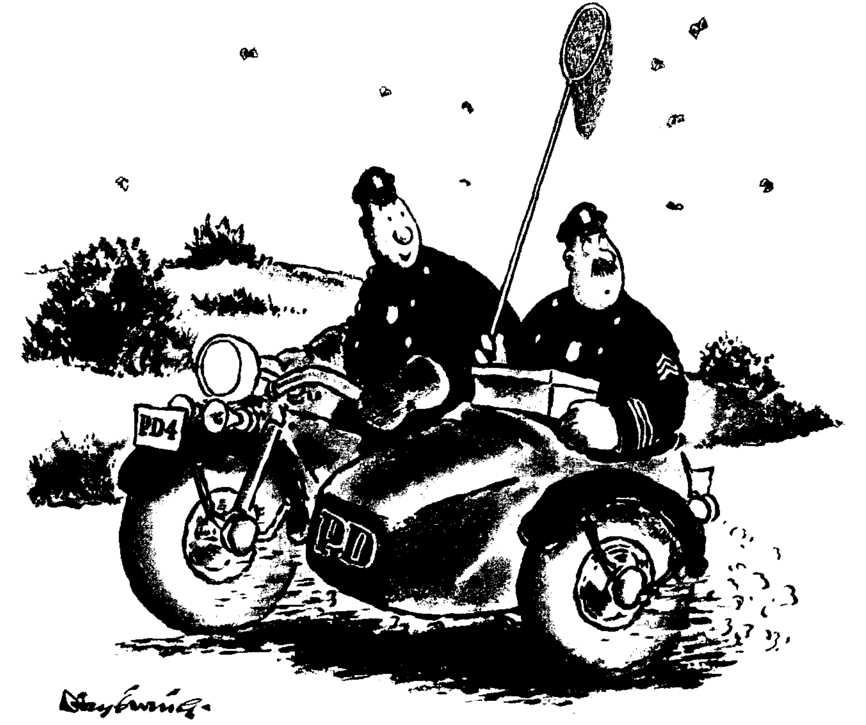
"Hammerstein!" Helen said. "I know it! I feel it! Herby! For once in his life he was right! Hammerstein!"

The roar reached crescendo. Then suddenly it was chopped off. In the dead silence that followed, Midge spoke the last two names, said, "Okay?" and received in answer, "Okay. Thanks." She slammed the phone into the cradle and went to the door and cupped her hands and called. "Heinie! Heinie! What won?"

"Camera finish!"

"Camera finish," Midge said over her shoulder.

"Exaggeration and Hammerstein," Helen whispered. "I know."



"I understand the boys over in the Fourteenth Precinct caught a Papilio Polydamas yesterday"

JAY IRVING

"Heinie! Heinie! What horses?"

"Have they separated them yet?" Helen said.

"Baby," Midge said, "it doesn't matter to you and me if they never separate them, because the two horses in that photo happen to be Exaggeration and Green Light."

Helen groaned. Midge sat down. Suddenly she felt a thousand years old. My hair, she thought irrelevantly, must look like tired old rope. Unless it's turned white. Oh, if only it could have happened, if, if—

And poor Helen. She looked at Helen. Helen looked at her. Helen's lips trembled.

THE door opened and Bill came in. He sat on the edge of a table and shoved his hat back from his forehead. "The picture gave it to Green Light. It was a great race." His eyes were shining like a boy's. "A great race." He smiled at Midge. "Oh. Oh, yes. So you never heard of Lou Armistice? . . . Well, maybe that was before your time. The Borgia of the horse parks. Caffeine, morphine, novocain—any kind of stimulant or sedative or painkiller you wanted, Lou had it. They finally hung one on him and barred him from every track in the country. But it seems he's trying a remote-control comeback."

"Bill—" Midge began.

"It's funny," Bill said musingly, "how fast a man can spill his sins when he's really startled. Maybe I'd be startled, too, if half the Pinkertons in the world suddenly leaped at me and started yelling ten million questions, the way they did at that groom." Deliberately, he lighted a cigarette. "Did you know that it was thanks to my swiftness of mind and foot that the people who were in on Hammerstein didn't get a chance to bet on him, to place or to do anything else? The mutuel sellers just had time to get told to lock the 8-key before they opened up.

"I mean, by then the groom had cracked; and that, my children, was why Hammerstein was withdrawn, by order of the stewards. Lifted. Scratched. He'd been tampered with, you know. Stimulation by strychnine, according to the groom. I don't doubt that the test will bear him out." Bill exhaled a slow stream of smoke and looked at it dreamily. "Say, it was a great race. There's—I don't know. There's just something about a couple of good horses fighting it out down that homestretch—"

Midge breathed deeply. "Yes," she said, "there's just something!"

Bill smiled. "Everything's wonderful to you today, isn't it? Thought of that wedding present yet? Something you want, now."

"Bill," Midge said, "of all the things I wanted, you've just given me the one thing I wanted most. Given it back to me, let's say." She smiled at his puzzled face. "You see, Bill . . ."

TEN minutes later she was third in the line before David's window. Then she was second. Then she was at the window.

David smiled at her. "What'll you have, miss?"

"You, if you don't mind."

David looked very austere; he was embarrassed, afraid somebody might have overheard. "Ask for the horses by number, please," he said.

"I love you, David."

"I love you . . . Listen, that Hammerstein. What happened?"

"Meet me at the clubhouse entrance after the last race."

"All right." He mumbled: "I guess it'll be all right, being married to each other."

"I guess it'll be gorgeous."

The man next in line coughed loudly, with ill-concealed impatience.

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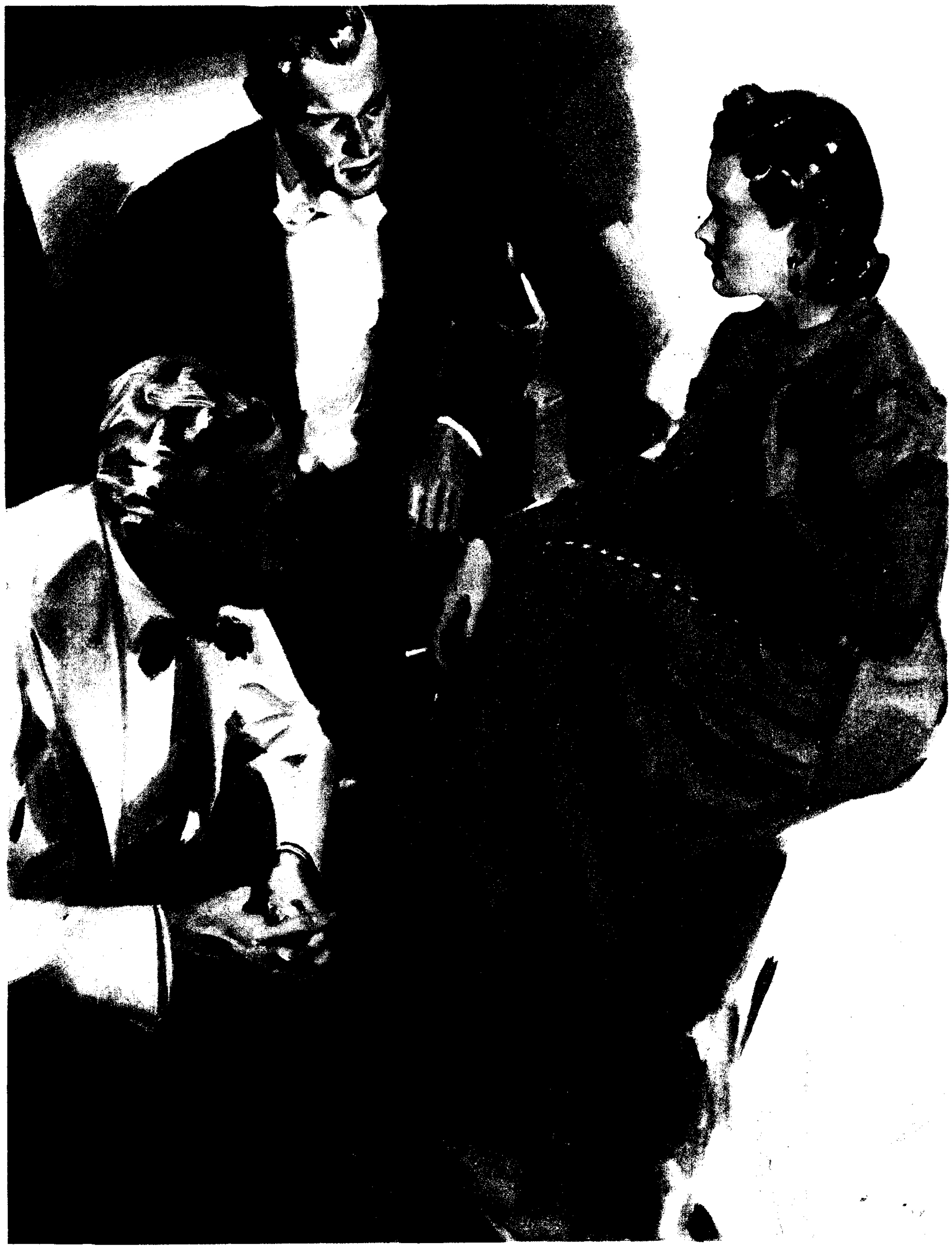

"Your mother was certain he was forcing you to marry him," Bill said. "If he could force you to do that, whatever the reason, he could also force you to alibi him"

The Story Thus Far:

PETER BARNETT, a wealthy American, dies in China. His son and heir, ten-year-old Peter, Junior, and his brother, Rodney, are with him at the time. Rodney, a conscienceless scoundrel, announces that both father and son have died. After which, he sends little Peter (under the name of Daniel Martin) to a school in Switzerland, and takes possession of his brother's estate.

His education completed, Peter tries to establish his identity. Rodney insists that he is an impostor. Then, taking the name of "William Boone," Peter becomes a successful artist. Meeting Rodney's stepdaughter, Nancy, he secures an invitation to visit his old home (now Rodney's), where, secreted in the attic, are some toys with which he once played and which, he feels sure, *still bear his fingerprints!*

He accepts the invitation, becomes Rodney's house guest—and finds the toys. But his valet, Harmon, promptly steals them and offers to sell them to Rodney for fifty thousand dollars. A few hours later, Yvonne, a maid who is in cahoots with Harmon, sees Rodney shoot Harmon to death. Taking the toys, she hides them, and informs Rodney that her silence can be bought for two hundred thousand dollars. . . .

Among those whom "Bill Boone" meets in the house are Rodney's fiancée, Suzette Aberdeen, and her mother. Rodney, it appears, "has something" on Suzette's brother; he has threatened to ruin the boy if Suzette does not marry him. Suzette has promised to become his wife. She does not love him—*she loves Bill Boone!*

Rodney has a secretary: Thelma Pond. Until Suzette's appearance on the scene, she had felt sure that, some day, she would marry Rodney. Now, at last, she realizes that she has been just another woman to her employer. But she knows about the toys; and she believes that, if she can gain possession of them, she may be able to force Rodney to drop Suzette. She makes her plans carefully. . . .

Rodney goes to Yvonne's room, enters it. Yvonne is lying on the floor. She is dead—*someone has killed her with an electric iron!* . . . Informed by Jackson, the butler, that Yvonne wishes to speak to her in the rose garden, Suzette goes into the garden—and someone shoots at her from an upstairs window. A few minutes later—while Inspector Teeple and his men are investigating—Rodney interrogates Suzette. His agitation (he seems to be terribly upset) does not seem simulated.

IX

DID you see anyone?" Rodney asked.

"No, Rodney." Suzette's voice was more controlled, but she was still very pale.

He stared at her and sighed gustily. Then he took a sharp breath, dilating his nostrils. "Where is this fellow Boone?"

"In the downstairs bar," Sergeant Dutton answered, "with Mrs. Aberdeen. At least he was five or ten minutes ago. Dan, go down and get Boone."

When the policeman had gone, Rodney took one of Suzette's hands and held it tightly. "Now," he said, "let's go over all of this once more. Where did you come into it, Nancy?"

"In the garden."

They were still going over it when the policeman returned, bringing with him William Boone. Bill came running into the study. He saw Suzette sitting beside Rodney. He hesitated a moment, then walked rapidly to her, with his eyes on hers. He was pale and he looked no less agitated than Rodney had.

"Suzette, who did it?"

"I don't know."

Bill turned to Nancy. "Have you any idea who did it?"

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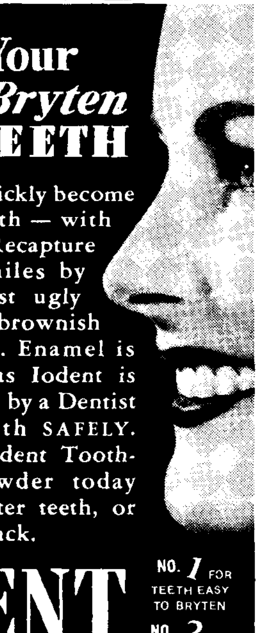

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"No, Bill."

"Didn't you look up?"

"We were too frightened."

"You mean, someone simply fired two shots at you as you were walking along that path, and nothing was said and you saw no one?"

"That's right," Nancy said.

Bill turned his head slowly and looked at Rodney. Rodney was looking up at him with slightly narrowed eyes. For perhaps five seconds the two men looked at each other and made no attempt at concealing their dislike.

"Where," Bill said, "were you?"

Rodney started to rise, but sat back and folded his arms. He was still pale. "I suppose," he said quietly, "it's quite logical to assume that I would take pot shots at the girl I'm going to marry."

Bill looked at him a moment longer, then turned back to Suzette. He said, "Look. Haven't you any suspicions at all, no matter how slight?"

She shook her head. "No."

He said gravely, "This is a bad time to try to protect anybody or spare anybody's feelings. Someone wanted to kill you and it's reasonable to suppose that whoever it was still wants to kill you. If you have even the faintest suspicion—"

THE return of one of the policemen interrupted him. The officer came into the study, pale and excited, holding a weeping chambermaid by the arm. She was stumbling and evidently so weak that she could not walk without his support.

The inspector said sharply, "What is it, Mike?"

And the policeman blurted: "She just found Miss Aberdeen's maid dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"In her room, up in the servants' wing. Somebody hit her in the head with an electric iron."

The chambermaid pulled away from the policeman, fell into a chair, covered her face with her hands and began to sob hysterically.

Suzette got up. She seized Bill's arm to steady herself. She said in horror, "Not Yvonne! It can't be Yvonne!"

The chambermaid took her hands away. Her face was red and swollen and shiny with tears. She bobbed her head vigorously. "Yes, Miss Aberdeen!" She put her hands to her face and began to sob again.

"It's impossible," Suzette said thinly. "It's absolutely impossible."

Sergeant Dutton said, "Take it easy, sister; take it easy."

She whirled on him. "Don't be ridiculous!" she cried. And to the policeman: "How long has she been dead?"

"Anyway half an hour, Miss Aberdeen. Maybe even longer."

"But it's impossible!" Suzette wailed.

The inspector touched her arm gently. "Miss Aberdeen—" he said soothingly.

She whirled on him. "Will you tell Jackson to come here? The butler."

"Of course, Miss Aberdeen. Mike, tell him we want him here at once. Sergeant, go upstairs with this girl. You'd better get to Winter. He's still in the theater. Now, Miss Aberdeen—"

Sergeant Dutton lifted the chambermaid out of the chair by her elbows and said, "Come on, now. Stop that." But she didn't stop. She burst into fresh sobbing. Holding her firmly by the elbows, he piloted her out the door.

Suzette said breathlessly, "But I'm not being hysterical, Inspector. Jackson told me it was Yvonne who wanted to see me in the rose garden! I was in the music room and he came in and said that Yvonne had asked him to find me and tell me she wanted to see me there by the sundial. And that couldn't have been ten minutes ago. Don't you see? If Yvonne has been dead more than half an hour—"

She stopped. The policeman returned with Jackson. He was pale and he looked frightened.

Suzette said to the policeman, "Are you sure Yvonne has been dead a half-hour?"

"Yes, Miss Aberdeen. Anyway a half-hour. Maybe an hour. Certainly not any less than half an hour."

THE inspector said, "Jackson, what do you know about this?"

"Not a thing, Inspector," the butler answered in a shaken voice. "The first I knew about it was when this officer just told me. I was never so shocked in my life."

"Miss Aberdeen says you came to her less than ten minutes ago and told her that Yvonne wanted to see her at the sundial in the rose garden. Did you tell Miss Aberdeen that?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Was it about ten minutes ago?"

"Yes, Inspector. Perhaps a little more. Perhaps fifteen minutes ago, but not any longer."

"How long before that did you see Yvonne?"

"I didn't see her, Inspector. I was in the service pantry counting the silver when she telephoned. It couldn't have been more than five minutes before I saw Miss Aberdeen."

"In other words, about twenty minutes ago?"

"Yes, sir. No more than that."

Suzette said, "Are you sure it was Yvonne?"

"No, Miss Aberdeen. I'm not sure. I assumed it was Yvonne, because she said it was."

"What did she say?" Bill broke in.

"She asked me to find Miss Aberdeen and to request her to meet her at once at the sundial. It was somewhat irregular, but I was under the impression that everyone was frightened or at least confused by all that's been going on here tonight, and I supposed that Yvonne had some good reason for being so furtive about it."

The inspector said: "How well did you know Yvonne's voice?"

"Very well, Inspector. She's been employed here for better than a year and I'm very accustomed to her voice."

"On the phone?"

"Yes, sir. On the phone as well. She sounded very excited. Her voice is deep and husky and she has a French accent. And this voice that called was deep and husky and it had an accent. I didn't doubt that it was Yvonne."

"Did you know that someone shot twice at Miss Aberdeen in the garden as she was walking toward the sundial?"

"I just heard about it, Inspector."

"But you don't know anything about it?"

"No, sir. I didn't even hear the shots."

"I don't suppose you have any suspicions who it might have been?"

"No, sir. None at all. But I could swear it was none of the servants. As far as I know, and I've talked to many of the servants, everyone employed here is delighted that Miss Aberdeen is to become the mistress here."

INSPECTOR TEEPLE looked at him a moment longer thoughtfully, then said, "All right, Jackson. You can go. Will you report to me at once anything you may hear?"

"Of course, sir."

When Jackson had left the room, the inspector said, "Miss Aberdeen, does any of this freshen your memory at all? My belief is that whoever killed your maid is the one who tried to kill you. Have you any idea who might have wanted to kill your maid?"

"No, Inspector."

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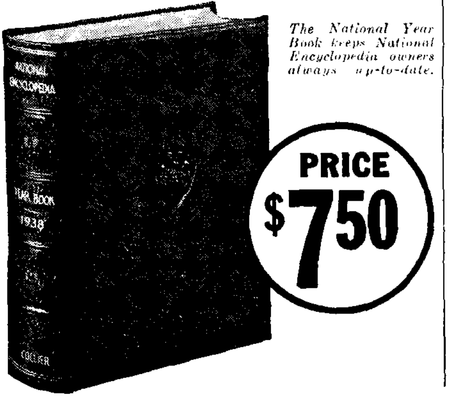

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"And you still have no suspicion who might have wanted to kill you?"

Suzette shook her head.

He was watching her with deep concern. "I don't want to upset you, Miss Aberdeen, but the person who tried to kill you may try again. I want you to be in a safe place. I want you to go to your room and stay there. Mike, I want you to stand outside her door and don't let anyone in without permission from me or Sergeant Dutton."

THE three men had an air of focusing on William Boone, as if by the very concentration, the unrelenting concentration of their attention, they could force him to admit that he was lying. It was beginning to be a third degree. There wasn't a glaring light in his face and there had as yet been no threat of physical violence, but he thought he sensed it in the air—especially in the air about Sergeant Dutton.

They were standing in a tight little part-circle facing him and he was alone on the settee and the study door was closed. His face was pale and drawn and there were the beginnings of dark areas under his eyes. He looked exhausted.

Sergeant Dutton, with a half-smoked cigar in his mouth, his blue eyes steady and hard and merciless, typified, it seemed to the muralist, all police officers in all the cities the world over. Mr. Winter stood staring at him through the thick lenses of his glasses, with his faintly puzzled, scholarly air. And Inspector Teeple, with his white hair not so smooth as it had been a few hours ago, looked tired and depressed. And there was something in his round, red face that had not been there hours ago. The geniality, the benevolence to which Bill Boone had grown accustomed had worn thin, and, in wearing thin, had begun to reveal the same trait that Bill saw so plainly in the face of the sergeant.

"You might as well come clean," Sergeant Dutton said, for perhaps the tenth time. "We've got you cold. And you might as well get it into your head that we can stick this out longer than you can."

Bill said wearily, "Yes, I know. I understand. And I still didn't murder that girl and I still don't know a damned thing about it."

"You're lying!" Sergeant Dutton said.

"Just a moment," the inspector interrupted him, and his voice was weary, too. "You honestly can't use Mrs. Aberdeen as an alibi, Mr. Boone, and the bartender doesn't remember, either."

"I told you," Bill said, "I don't remember where I was at that time. I was here talking to you. I was in the music room. I wandered about the house. I went up to my room and lay down for a few minutes. I haven't any alibi. I don't know anything about it."

"You don't know anything about anything," Sergeant Dutton jeered. "You knew enough when you were with Mrs. Aberdeen to fill her so full of Scotch that she passed out like a light. You're handy at using women to cover you up, aren't you, Boone?"

Bill sighed heavily and said, "You seem to have a point there, Sergeant."

"You got that girl to lie for you when you killed your valet," the sergeant said angrily. "You threatened her into that. We know that."

"No, we don't," the inspector said mildly. "And I'm not so much concerned with Mr. Boone's alibi."

"As with the doorknob and the flatiron and the flashlight," Mr. Winter said.

The flashlight was lying on the desk. It was Bill's flashlight. He admitted that it was his flashlight, but he denied that he had taken it up to Yvonne's room, or that he had used it at all since his last trip into the attic, or that he had gone to Yvonne's room at any time or on any errand.

"Just tell us," Sergeant Dutton said, "how that flashlight got there under her bed."

Bill shrugged again. "I've tried to tell you I haven't the faintest idea."

Inspector Teeple said gravely, "Now, Mr. Boone, we know you killed that girl. Why don't you be sensible and save yourself a lot of unnecessary discomfort and unpleasantness and—"

Someone knocked at the door. The inspector stopped. Sergeant Dutton went to the door and opened it. Miss Pond stood there, very pale and large-eyed. She said, "May I see the inspector a moment?"

"Yes," Inspector Teeple said. "Come in, Miss Pond."

She came in and Sergeant Dutton closed the door. She looked uneasily at Bill Boone, then at the inspector.

"Has he admitted it?" she asked.

"Not yet, Miss Pond."

"I think I know why he killed her," Miss Pond said in a low voice. "At least, there is something I think you should know about."

"By all means, Miss Pond. Won't you sit down?"

She shook her head. Bill lit a cigarette. He was puzzled and suspicious. He was as certain that Rodney had killed Yvonne as he had been that Rodney killed Harmon. He believed now that Rodney had sent Miss Pond here to clinch matters.

She said, "Did you know that Harmon was very much interested in Yvonne, Inspector?"

The inspector shook his head. "No, Miss Pond."

"He was," Miss Pond said. "He was having some sort of an affair with her. At least, he was seeing her every time he came out here."

"Why was he coming out here?"

"He came out here every week on his day off to make his report to me or to Mr. Barnett—"

"You mean, his report on Mr. Boone's activities?"

"Yes, Inspector. And after he'd made his report, he'd go off for a walk with Yvonne, if she were free, or he'd manage to have a talk with her, perhaps in the servants' sitting room or somewhere. I've seen them together and I am sure they were in love. All the servants knew about it and used to joke with Yvonne about it. Any of the servants will confirm what I'm saying. I've been absolutely convinced that when Mr. Boone killed Harmon, Yvonne was in the theater at the time and saw it. One of the footmen saw her in the hall upstairs talking to Harmon a half-hour before he was murdered. It was Lang. You can check up on that, too."

PUFFING at his cigarette, watching her white face and her eyes, which had a nervous flutter in them, William Boone was sure that Miss Pond was here at Rodney's prompting. He felt more hopeless than he had at any time during this long, hopeless night.

"There isn't the slightest question," Miss Pond said, "that when Harmon went up to the theater, Yvonne followed him up there. Whether or not he knew she was following him isn't important. But Mr. Boone didn't know it. She saw him kill Harmon—"

"Just a moment," Bill interrupted. "Did you or did anyone see her follow Harmon upstairs?"

Miss Pond did not look at him. For a moment she looked as if she were going to ignore his question. Looking, with her fluttering eyes, at Inspector Teeple, she said, "It wasn't necessary. All of this is absolutely logical. Inspector, I'm certain that girl saw this man kill Harmon and then tried to blackmail him and he killed her. She was a notorious little snoop, and this wouldn't have been the first time she got into trouble. You can check up on that, too. Ask Mrs. Thomas William Allan why she discharged Yvonne in 1935."

Inspector Teeple was watching her face with gravity, but his expression did not commit him to any opinion. Sergeant Dutton, however, was nodding vigorously.

"Okay, Boone," he said cheerfully. "Now talk your way out of that one. You said you didn't have any motive for killing her. Maybe you've got a statement to make now. Go right ahead and talk, Mr. Boone."

In blaming Rodney for Miss Pond's appearance at that investigation, Bill Boone was giving the devil credit that was not his due. Not only was Rodney quite innocent of prompting Thelma Pond to volunteer her testimony, which, with the flashlight, made such a damaging case against the artist, but he was not aware that she had volunteered it.

HE HAD heard from Mr. Winter about Bill Boone's flashlight, with no other fingerprints on it but Bill Boone's, being found under Yvonne's bed, and he had assumed that whoever had killed her had afterward secured the flashlight and placed it there, and he considered it a very clever afterthought.

His mind backtracked over certain incidents that preceded his discovery of Yvonne's murder. He recalled that he and Thelma Pond had been in the downstairs bar when the footman came in to tell him that Yvonne wanted him in the music room. The very things the footman had said would have aroused Thelma Pond's curiosity.

Then he recalled that, when he went into the music room and had started to close the door, Yvonne had asked him to leave it open, and throughout their interview, she had talked rather loudly. It was not only reasonable to assume that Thelma had been in the hall and had heard the entire conversation, but, knowing her as well as he did, it was almost inevitable. He knew that she was curious, and that she was clever and calculating and ruthless. There was no question in his mind that she had taken advantage of a marvelous opportunity —had followed Yvonne to her room, had killed her and taken the box of toys and had then, with admirable coolness and foresight, secured Bill Boone's flashlight and gone back to the room and placed it under the bed.

And he knew—he was very sure he knew—just what Thelma's plan was, now that she had that box of toys. He realized that she was the person who had tried to kill Suzette. If all Thelma wanted was money, she would not have tried to kill Suzette. Therefore, it required only the simplest kind of reasoning to reach the conclusion that her goal must be to become Mrs. Rodney Barnett.

He searched her room thoroughly but only as a routine matter.

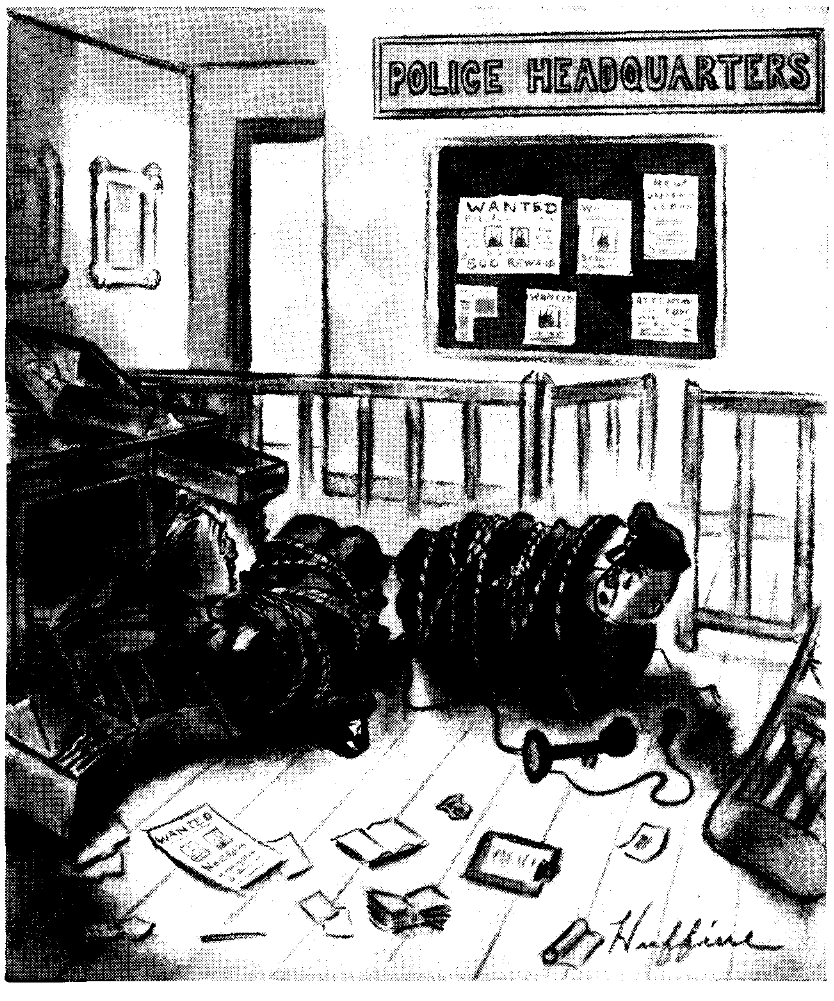
He knew that she was too clever to hide the toys in her room, but he did not know where else to look for them. It was a natural place, but, bearing Thelma's cleverness in mind, not by any means a logical place. However, he searched the room carefully. And when he went out, he had only verified what he knew when he went in—that he was now dealing with a woman who was almost as clever as he was—one with whom he must deal with the utmost care.

She was coming down the hall when he opened the door and went out. He walked rapidly to meet her. He was frowning.

"Thelma," he said, "I've been looking everywhere for you. I need your help. I'm really in one hell of a spot."

She went to the wall and put her back against it. She sighed and smiled. "Rodney, you know there isn't anything in the world I wouldn't do for you."

He took her hands, looked down into her tired blue eyes and slowly shook his head. "Poor darling! You're all in."



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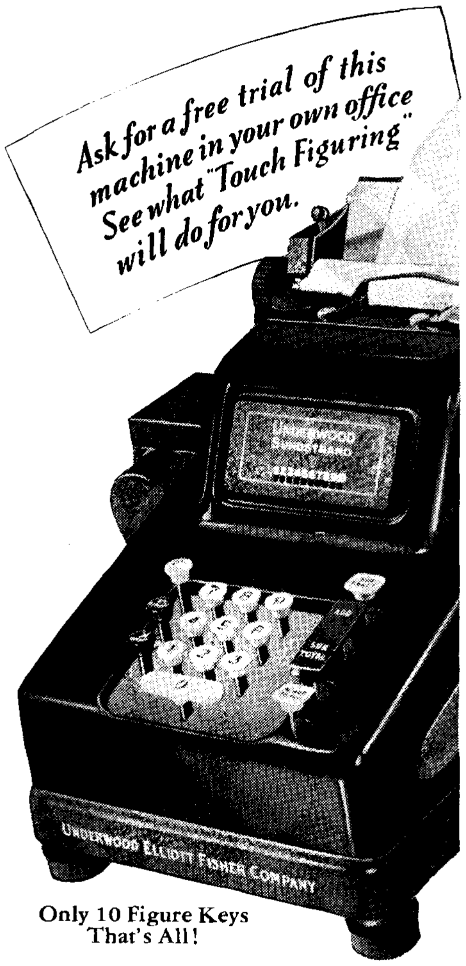
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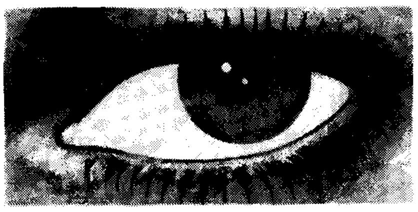

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"I'm dead," she said and sighed again. "What is it, Rodney?"

He smiled tenderly and squeezed her hands. "There have been some new angles that have been complicating things. The horrible murder of this maid is just one."

He saw the slightest flicker in the steadiness of her eyes, and he knew that all of his recent reasoning was sound. He knew that she had overheard his conversation with Yvonne, and that she had killed Yvonne and secured the toys, and that she had made that telephone call, impersonating Yvonne, because she was the only person at the time who knew that Yvonne was dead, and that she had cleverly used Yvonne to make sure that Suzette would go into the garden, for Suzette might have accidentally encountered any other person Thelma impersonated.

His expression did not change, however. He knew just how appealing to a woman in love a man's weariness and hopelessness could be. He shook his head sadly and sighed.

"Something's got to be done, Thelma. Things are piling up. I've got to have your help."

She said gently, her eyes misting, "Yes, Rodney. Of course I'll help."

He impulsively took her in his arms. He did not kiss her. He did not hold her tightly. His whole gesture was impulsive but tender, as if all he wanted was the comfort of her nearness.

He groaned and said, "Thelma, you're wonderful. I've got a horrible confession to make to you. I've been blind and a fool. I told you this afternoon that things had come to an end with us. They can't come to an end, darling."

He stepped away a little and lifted her head and kissed her tenderly on the mouth.

"Thelma, it's taken an awful beating to make me realize that I can't give you up. I love you. I think I always have and have just realized it. Something has got to be done about it. I want to talk to you—in a few minutes. I want to talk all this out. Not here. We'll go somewhere where we can talk. Where shall I meet you?"

He put his hand under her chin. The muscles about her mouth and down along her chin were quivering. Her eyes were full of tears. She reached out for him with the groping hands of a woman blinded and she clung to him and sobbed.

THE boy was frightened. With his butter-colored hair, his shiny red face and his slightly bulging, shiny, delft-blue eyes, he looked Bavarian. He was about eighteen.

"His name is Gustav Kirchin," Sergeant Dutton said. "He's the pantry boy, Chief." He spoke softly and very gently. "Don't be frightened, son," the sergeant said. "Tell the inspector exactly what you told me. Nothing's going to happen to you."

The boy did not speak for fully half a minute, then he mumbled softly, "I lose my job."

"No, you won't," Sergeant Dutton said. "You may even get a better job. Just tell the inspector what you told me. It's all right. Don't be scared."

The pantry boy did not answer. And Bill Boone realized that he was, despite his high coloring, weak with terror.

The sergeant said, "Okay, son. I'll tell it and you tell me if I don't get it straight. Gustav sneaked out of the pantry, Chief, at a little after eleven-thirty because he'd never seen a party like this, and he wanted to go out and see what it looked like. And as he was coming down this hall out here, he saw Mr. Barnett. He was afraid Mr. Barnett would recognize him, so he ducked into the music-room doorway and waited for him to go past. And he says that Mr. Barnett was alone. Is that right, son?"

The pantry boy nodded.

"He was alone," the sergeant said, stressing it. "And you'll remember that Mr. Barnett told us he was with Miss Aberdeen continuously from eleven until after twelve. He went in here and after a minute or two Harmon came down the hall and went in here, too, and one of them closed the door."

The inspector got up quickly.

"How did he know it was Harmon?"

The pantry boy stared at him dumbly.

The sergeant said softly, "Gustav says he knew Harmon pretty well. Harmon used to come down and have snacks with Yvonne when he came out here. Harmon and Mr. Barnett were in here five or ten minutes, then Harmon came out alone, and maybe a minute later Mr. Barnett came out, too."

"Where did Mr. Barnett go?" Bill asked. His voice shook and broke.

"Gustav didn't notice," the sergeant answered. "He was so scared of being caught, all he thought of was getting back to the pantry. How about it, Gustav? Have I told it just the way it was?"

Gustav Kirchin nodded.

"Okay, Gustav," Sergeant Dutton said. "You can go. But don't talk to anybody. Well, Chief, shall I go and fetch Mr. Barnett?"

"No," Bill said sharply. "I've got an idea."

INSPECTOR TEEPLE and Bill Boone stopped at the door of Suzette's room and the inspector said to the policeman who was standing there, "Has anyone been here?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Barnett was here about ten minutes ago. Sergeant Dutton said it was all right. She stayed about five minutes."

The inspector knocked on the door. Suzette presently opened it. She was wearing a taffeta house coat that was buttoned up to her chin. A row of tiny white buttons set close together ran down the front of it to the floor. The skirt flared out around.

She misconstrued Bill's faint smile and said quickly, "Is everything all right?"

"A couple of things have come up," the inspector said, "that we'd like to talk over with you. Mr. Boone thinks you can help."

Suzette walked to the bed, which was turned down, and sat on the edge of it. There were cigarettes, matches and an ash tray on the bed near her.

She lit a cigarette, but did not remove her eyes from Bill as the two men crossed the room.

"Please sit down," she said.

Bill dropped into a chair and arranged his long legs, and the inspector, looking slightly uneasy, sat on the edge of a chair. His face was red and his mouth looked tired, but his eyes were bright and alert.

"The inspector is giving me a chance to prove my theory," Bill began.

Looking at Bill, she thought that, since she had seen him last, he looked better, as if, perhaps, he had caught his second wind. She wondered what had happened. His color was better and his eyes had a clearer look and were less inclined to wander about as people's eyes do when they are distracted.

"Which is what?" Suzette said. She said it warily. She did not know why she felt the need of being wary. All she sensed was that a delicate crisis had been reached.

"That Rodney killed both those people." He bent forward with his hands clasped. He looked at her steadily for perhaps five seconds and said gravely, "Suzette, first of all, do you trust me?"

The inspector glanced up in time to see her nod. "Yes, I do. Completely."

Bill said, "I'm glad to know that. It's

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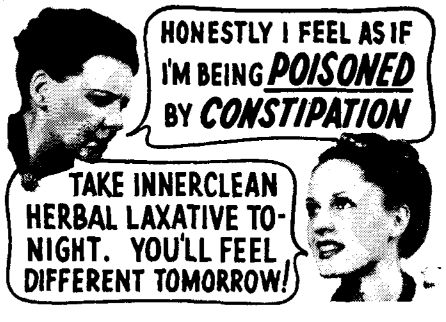
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very important. As the inspector just intimated, you're the one person who can help me. Will you tell me something honestly?"

She looked at his mouth. "I don't know, Bill. I'll try."

He bent toward her and said softly, "You were lying weren't you, when you said you were with Rodney all the time from eleven until after twelve?"

She immediately glanced away from him. The inspector looked up at her without lifting his head. She was watching the smoke curling from the cigarette in her fingers. She glanced quickly at Inspector Teeple, then at Bill. Her face was suddenly pink. "Yes," she said. "I was lying. He left me after we went to the stables. I didn't see him for about half an hour. Then we met again in the bar."

"Rodney forced you to say you were with him all that time, didn't he?"

THE inspector looked up from the white carpet again. Suzette's pinkness faded. She was again looking at her cigarette and frowning faintly.

Bill said: "Your mother told Inspector Teeple she was certain that he was forcing you to marry him. And she told me the same thing. If he could force you to do that, whatever the reason is, he might also be able to force you to alibi him."

Suzette looked at him. Her eyes were troubled. "What did Mother say?"

"That it was probably something to do with your brother. She said that Rodney and your brother Stanley played around a lot in Shanghai and that she was sure that something had happened."

Suzette was watching him thoughtfully. She glanced at the inspector, puffed at her cigarette and said: "It's something I can't talk about."

Inspector Teeple seemed surprised. His white eyebrows slid up and he said, "Oh, come now, Miss Aberdeen. You should know by this time that you can trust me. Whatever this thing is, it certainly has nothing directly to do with these killings. You can trust me as much as you trust Mr. Boone. You have my word that, no matter what comes up, I won't use it or mention it."

Suzette gazed at him a moment, as if she were speculating, then said rapidly, "It's a check for five thousand dollars that my brother gave him to cover poker losses. The check is no good. My brother is in the consular service. If the truth about that check became known to the State Department, Stanley's career would be ruined."

The inspector said, "Thank you, Miss Aberdeen. I'm glad you've told us this. And you can be sure this information will be held in strict confidence. Now, the important thing is that Mr. Barnett no longer has an alibi. In addition to that, you are almost certain that you saw him put that revolver in his pocket when you were leaving the pistol range. And there has been another development. Sergeant Dutton has found a pantry boy who saw Harmon going into Mr. Barnett's study some time between eleven-thirty and midnight. All these things cast a reasonable doubt on Mr. Barnett's accounting of himself. That's why we're here."

"You see, Suzette," Bill said, "because of these things, the inspector is going to let me try an experiment. It's my only chance to prove that I'm not a murderer."

Suzette suddenly realized why Bill was so excited and why he was making such a bad job of concealing it. She was suddenly excited herself. She said quickly, "What are you going to do?"

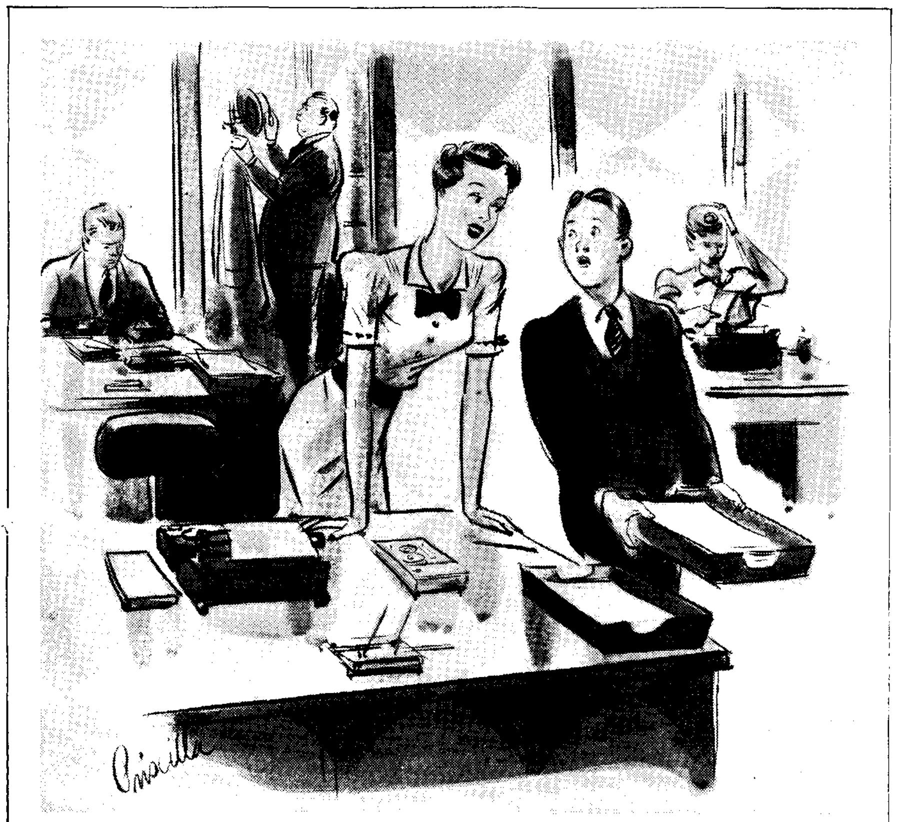
"You won't like it," he said. "You won't like it at all, but it's the only way out. You see, there was something important that I forgot about during all this excitement. It's the green angel in the theater."

She stared at him. "Did you say a green angel?"

"Yes. It's a prop left over from some play that was put on there at some time—a huge figure made of papier-mâché with wings of feathers—a bigger than man-size replica of an angel. It's painted green. I noticed it when I went up there the first time this evening, and when I went up the time I found Harmon, I noticed it again, just before I found he had been murdered. It was swaying."

Suzette's eyes were open wide. She looked as if she were holding her breath. "Swaying!" she echoed.

"Swaying ever so slightly. I noticed it and the next instant I saw Harmon lying there and I completely forgot the green angel until a few minutes ago. Then I suddenly recalled that it had



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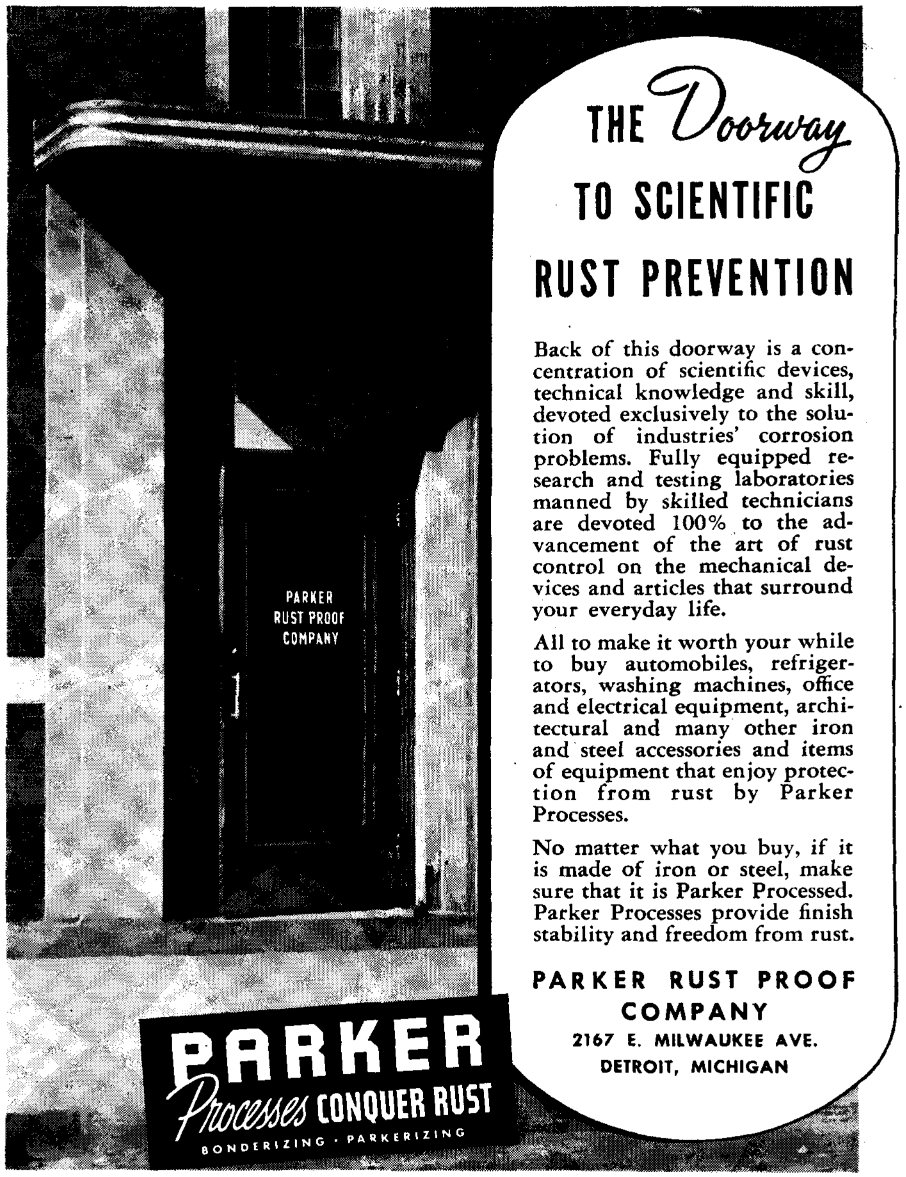

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been swaying, and I wondered why. And I suggested to the inspector that we go up there and do some investigating. We did. What I'd suspected proved to be true. The rope from which the green angel is suspended goes to a pulley in the ceiling and then down to a big cleat in the wall. To lower the angel, all you have to do is throw the rope off that cleat and pay out the rope and you can lower the angel any distance you wish. Is that clear so far?"

"Quite clear."

"The important thing we discovered is that the rope, when it leaves the pulley in the ceiling, passes over a platform, which also hangs by ropes from the ceiling. If anyone were to give that platform a sudden jerk, it would move the rope that holds up the green angel, and the green angel would swing. Now, here's another important point. Up one side of the wall runs a ladder. This ladder goes up past one end of that platform.

"If anyone were to climb that ladder and grab at the end of that platform, it would give the rope holding up the green angel a push, and the angel would swing. My hunch is that when Rodney killed Harmon I came upon the scene before he had a chance to get away. I think he was standing close to that ladder when he heard me coming. At all events, he climbed up that ladder and he stayed there all the time the inspector and I were there. We know that because we found smudges in the dust on the rungs and we found smudges in the dust on the platform where he had hung on until we left."

The inspector interrupted: "But we don't know it, Mr. Boone. All we're going on is those smudges in the dust and your statement that you saw the green angel swinging. In spite of your enthusiasm, I can't accept it as proof that Mr. Barnett was up that ladder tonight or any other time."

"Fingerprints!" Suzette exclaimed.

Bill slowly shook his head. "No such luck. But wait. I climbed the ladder and demonstrated to the inspector and Dutton and Winter how a man, holding to it, could cause the green angel to swing. And it swung—just as it had been swinging when I came in and found Harmon dead!"

Suzette cried softly, "But if there aren't any fingerprints—"

"That," Bill said gravely, "is where you come in. Winter went over the rungs and the smudges on the platform, and there are no fingerprints—nothing but those smudges in the dust. As Winter explained it, the dust itself prevented the murderer from leaving fingerprints. So all that we definitely know is that the murderer was up there when Inspector Teeple came into the theater and found me bending over Harmon."

SUZETTE'S heart was beating rapidly. She took a deep breath.

"What can I do?" she asked.

"All you have to do is tell Rodney a simple little lie. All you have to tell him is that you've just learned that I am now in the theater checking my theory that Harmon's murderer was up that ladder when I went on the stage and found Harmon dead, and that I'm up there looking for signs of fingerprints on the ladder and that if I find any, I will report it to the inspector."

She said quickly, "But he'd know you couldn't possibly be. There's a policeman stationed at the attic door and he wouldn't let anyone up in the attic."

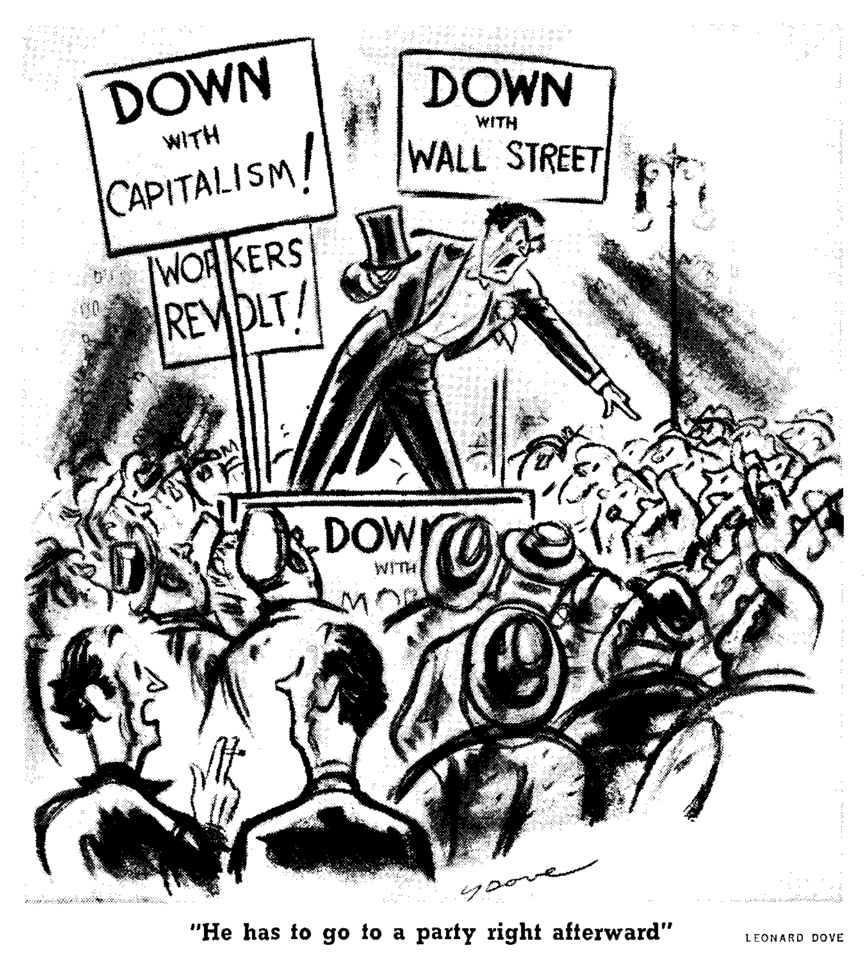
"But the policeman isn't there any more—hasn't been for an hour at least. You see, the police photographer took all the necessary photographs long ago, and Winter finished looking for fingerprints. The body was removed and anyone who wishes can come or go."

Suzette said, "Bill, he wouldn't believe it. He's too clever."

"If it were properly presented to him," Bill said, "he'd have to believe it. You can mention that I saw the green angel swinging and got my hunch from that. And you can tell him that the reason I'm up there alone is that I want to have all the credit for catching the murderer."

Suzette got up from the bed. She looked troubled and doubtful. "But don't you realize that if I tell him that, and he believes it, he'll go up there and kill you?"

(To be concluded next week)



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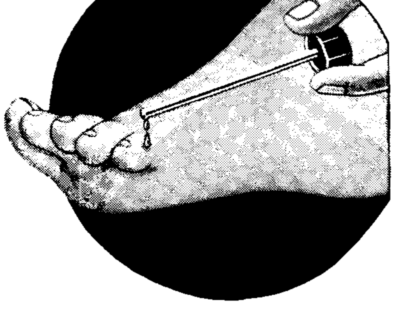

Just drop Freezone on any tender, touchy corn. Quickly it stops aching. Then in a few days you can lift that old, bothersome corn right off with your fingers. A bottle of Freezone costs a few cents at any drug store and is sufficient to remove most hard corns, soft corns, and calluses. Try it.

FREEZONE

How to Get Eighty Billion Dollars

Continued from page 13

So men have not been living in the future. They have been living only for the day, and in fear rather than faith. This is an outstanding difference between 1919 and 1939.

The business which the young men started was a corporation and so it was compelled by law to hold directors' meetings and keep minutes. Actually, the meetings were routine and lasted only a few minutes. The company lawyer, who received a very modest retainer, prepared the minutes, had them typewritten and properly filed in the record book. The three young men were busy thinking how their clients could sell more goods and so employ more people and pay more wages. Their bookkeeping was done by a man and a couple of girls. Accountants and lawyers played a very minor part in their operations.

Purely a Defensive Struggle

Today those men and their associates hold a monthly directors' meeting which lasts a couple of hours. It lasts that long because one hour at least is occupied by their lawyers and their chief accountant. New taxes have to be explained and discussed. (The company files 97 different tax returns.) Government questionnaires have to be filled out. (Last year the United States government mailed 135,000,000 questionnaires to American businessmen.) There is always at least one new law that affects the operations of the business in one or all of the six states where branch offices are maintained. The second hour's discussion has usually to do with expenses. Perhaps twenty minutes of the two hours goes to talk about new business and the possibilities of expanding employment. The rest is purely defensive—a business struggling to maintain itself in the face of constant annoyance and increased tax burdens from its government.

So much for this specific example by which I have tried to make clear what the businessman means when he uses such worn phrases as "overtaxation," "government interference," "lack of confidence." To the man in the street these have become merely a monotonous squawk uttered by folks whom he still tends to view with some distrust; but to management, seeking more sales and more employment, they are sand in the gear box. Not that any intelligent manager wants to "go back" to the *laissez faire* that ended in debacle. Government supervision is here to stay. It can be vastly simplified and exercised in a spirit of co-operation.

Business has not a perfect record by any means, but the record of bureaucracy is even less impressive. Our oldest bit of bureaucracy is the Interstate Commerce Commission, which, after a half century of control of the railroads, has let them reach the edge of the scrap heap.

How little spirit of co-operation there is in the New Deal is evidenced by the nomination for the Commission which the President has submitted to the Senate as this is being written. Mr. Amlie is a sincere and honest man, a former colleague of mine in the House. But he is a man who has stated publicly that the business system is outworn and must be discarded in favor of some form of socialism. This is the man whom the President selects to help work out one of the biggest business problems of our day.

Let us turn now from the specific to the general. Each one of the following points of controversy could be an article in itself. Space is limited; we can hit only the high spots.

Private Debt and Public Debt: The President and Mr. Eccles maintain that there is, in effect, no difference between public debt and private debt; that as long as the public debt is owed internally, and is being carried at a low rate of interest, it is nothing to worry about. Let us see: We have already observed how a private debt of $10,000, plus energy and courage, created 4,400 jobs and $35,000,000 in purchasing power. What is the effect of public debt on that enterprise? Twofold. First, public debt, resulting in high taxes, compels the management to struggle constantly to decrease expenses. Wages are the biggest cost in any business, and the only way to affect a major saving is to employ fewer people. Thus, while private debt created these jobs, public debt works steadily to limit or destroy them. Second, public debt, incurred professedly to give greater security to the "one third" at the bottom of the social scale, is wiping out the security of the middle class. The thrifty folk in this country who have accumulated a few thousand dollars in the savings bank thought they could depend upon an income of four per cent, or $40 a year, from each $1,000 of savings. They are now receiving $20 a year. By artificially depressing the interest rate in order to float its huge issues of bonds, the Administration has greatly increased the worries, and lessened the incentive, of the middle-class man and woman.

Neither the President nor Mr. Eccles has offered any proof that public debt is not a danger. They simply assert it. And all history and all common sense is on the other side.

Taxes Down; Income Up

How to Get Out of Depression: The three young men who started their business with $10,000 of private debt had hardly opened their office before they ran into the depression of 1920-21. It was sharp and severe; the national income fell from 73 to 53 billions. What did the government do to help them and the country? Spend billions in pump priming? Not a cent. On the contrary, as Senator Byrd recently pointed out, it reduced its expenditures from 5 billions in 1921 to 3 billions in 1922, with a corresponding decrease in taxation. The national income shot up 7 billion dollars in a single year. In 1923, there was another reduction in federal spending and federal taxes. The national income rose another 9 billions.

In 1933, President Roosevelt came into office with the promise of a 25 per cent reduction in governmental expenses. He proceeded vigorously to put that promise into action, with the result that there was a greater increase in national prosperity and income in the period between March, 1933, and July, 1933, than in any similar period in our history. There has been no such recovery since he abandoned his 1933 promise in favor of deficits and debt.

To sum up: We discover from history that the national income has been highest when the government was being operated economically, when taxes were being reduced and payments being made on the national debt. The only time the nation approached an income of 80 billion dollars was when these three factors were at work. If these three roads led us to Rome in the past, what proof is there that we can ever reach Rome again by traveling in precisely the opposite direction?

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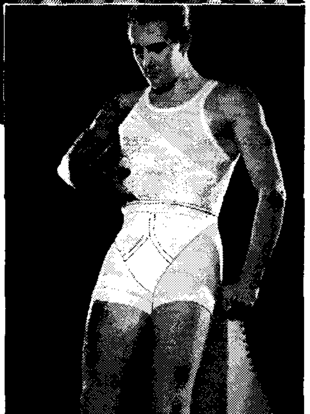

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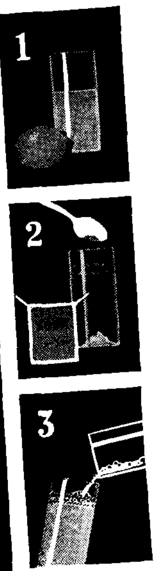

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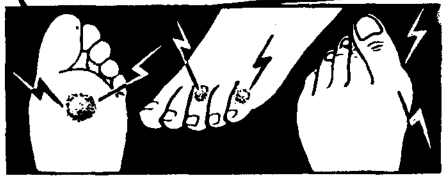

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PURCHASING POWER: The New Dealers assert that depressions occur because of the lack of consumer purchasing power—because the men and women who create the products of industry do not have money enough to buy those products. So they seek prosperity through spreading purchasing power via "pump priming" and relief. Now what are the facts? Consumer purchasing power holds up pretty well even at the bottom of a depression. Department store sales are down only a small percentage. Food sales hardly at all. The installment companies that finance automobile sales never lose more than a fraction of one per cent in bad debts, even when things are at their worst. In the capital goods industries is where the big unemployment takes place, and this is not cured by artificially creating consumer purchasing power. The man who works on the steel for a bridge does not consume the bridge; the man who works on the cement for a dam does not buy the dam. Capital goods—buildings, machinery, machine tools, railroads, etc.—are financed by long-term investment; and long-term investment takes place only when men feel confident enough of the future to believe that money invested today will be safe and return a profit five or ten years from now. This is what businessmen mean by the much abused and often misunderstood word "confidence."

The Spiritual Factor is Important

"Purchasing power," about which we hear so much New Deal talk, is not fixed or static. I have half a dozen different purchasing powers; so do you, so does every other man and woman. I have one purchasing power when the weather is bright and fair, and a different purchasing power when it is dark and depressing. I have one purchasing power when I feel well, and quite a different purchasing power when I am sick. I have one purchasing power when I am *afraid of what the government may do* to me in the form of added taxes, restrictions, or abuse, and quite a different purchasing power when I feel that the government is going to do everything possible to help me to succeed, provided I am creating employment and operating with a reasonable degree of social justice.

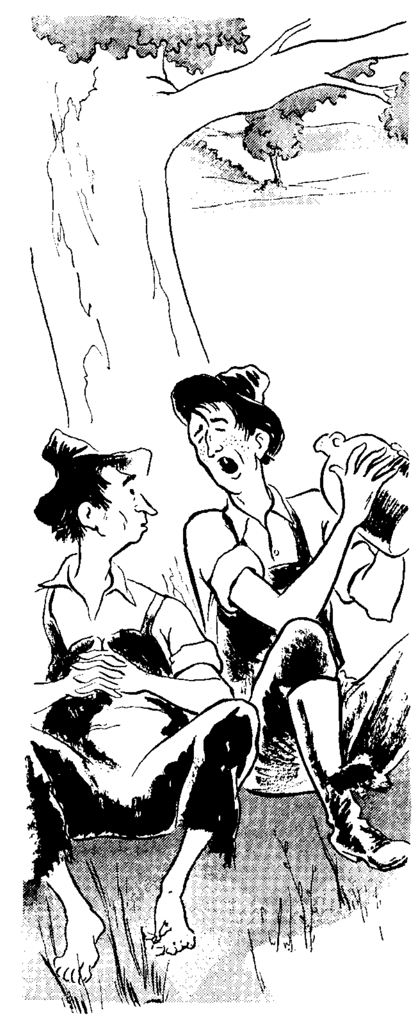
Purchasing power is fully as much psychological as it is economic. The failure to appreciate this truth constitutes one of the biggest mistakes of the New Deal.

THE PROFIT SYSTEM: I talked not long ago with a very rich man who, incidentally, is a friend of the President. The rich man is self-made; his fortune has been accumulated through the successful promotion of many varied undertakings. He said: "I am one of the unemployed." When I showed my astonishment, he explained. "I used to raise millions of dollars of capital for new businesses. I could raise ten million over the telephone; men were glad to go along with me simply because they knew I had a habit of success. But now I do nothing. If I should promote an enterprise that provided a lot of jobs and resulted in a profit, the government would let me and my heirs retain about eight cents out of every dollar. If the thing flopped I would lose 100 cents. Why should I gamble when the odds are twelve to one? I just sit by and clip my coupons—just one of the unemployed."

The New Deal professes to want to preserve the profit system. It does not recognize that there can be no profit system without profit makers. The profit maker is the spark plug in the engine. You can fill the tank with the gasoline of relief, you can give the machine a push with the emergency truck labeled "pump priming," but you never will get the engine running without the spark plug—the profit maker.

POPULATION. TECHNOLOGICAL UNEMPLOYMENT: The New Dealers say that our economy is bogged down because the population has ceased to grow. But if a growing population were the secret of prosperity then India would be the most prosperous country in the world. As a matter of fact, a diminishing population ought to make the problem of unemployment easier rather than more difficult; the job-seekers are fewer.

The New Dealers talk much of technological unemployment. It is a fact that laborsaving devices temporarily displace workers, and that changes in habit and style sometimes destroy jobs. When women stopped wearing corsets and two or three petticoats apiece, they shut corset factories and put a crimp in the textile business. The new artificial silk developed by Dupont and named Nylon may cut so deeply into the silk industry of Japan as to threaten that warring country with internal revolution. Our own government, representing all 130,000,000 of us who benefit by technological advance, must make provision for those who are displaced until they can find other jobs. They must not be left to bear the burden alone.



"About three more steps and Lem'll be in a bear trap—but it ain't none o' my business"

But in an expanding economy—such as America has had, and as we believe it can have again—technological unemployment is not a permanent menace. Nowhere has competition forced more rapid adoption of new machines and methods than in the automobile industry, yet employment in automobile factories averaged 15 per cent higher in 1937 than in 1929, although production lagged 10 per cent below 1929 levels. In 1938, employment per car increased 13 per cent over 1937. The savings made by new machinery have under the drive of competition been plowed back in the form of added features and better values, which have required more workers.

None of these economic factors mentioned above is in itself controlling. More important than any of them is the spiritual factor—the belief of people in the future of themselves and their country, their united effort to work out a better social order. This hopeful outlook and united effort the New Deal has failed to establish. They could be established in 90 days. In 90 days, barring a major war, we could be really on our way to a national income of 80 billions or 100 billions or 120 billions of dollars. I believe this with all my heart. And it is because of this belief that I am working to have a different viewpoint in Washington after 1940.

KIRK STILES

What would an administration with a different viewpoint do? Would it balance the budget immediately? Impossible. But it *would* do the following:

1. Take some immediate steps in the direction of economy. It would, for example, stop at once the politically inspired "silver policy" which has enriched Mexican, Indian, and Chinese speculators at the expense of our taxpayers. It would abolish such useless agencies as the National Emergency Council and the Guffey Coal Commission; it would radically reduce the expenses of all others.
2. Stop government competition with private industry. Let industry work and government govern.
3. Make all government expenditures, insofar as possible, through private agencies. Government must provide *relief* directly; no citizen must be hungry or cold. But *jobs* should be provided not by government money operating through government agencies, but by government money flowing through private industry. The work would be done more efficiently, and the morale of the worker would be improved.
4. Cut taxes immediately. Instead of decreasing the deficit the first year, this action might for the moment increase it. But business would leap ahead; an increase of 10 billions in the national income would be an easy achievement. The whole psychology of the American nation could be changed as quickly and as completely as President Roosevelt changed his administration.

During the first year, while industry and agriculture were picking up, there would be opportunity to revise and simplify our whole tax structure. We must lift the burden off the creator of employment and the homeowner and the farmer. In place of crushing taxes on farms and homes, we must, in my opinion, broaden the income-tax base and enact some sort of national transaction tax; distribute the burden of taxation widely, as they have in England, according to the capacity to pay. Taxes are never unbearable when income is mounting; businessmen grumble, but they are willing to pay if only they can look ahead with hope. As for the farmer, once his taxes are lowered and industry absorbs the unemployed, he will have taken a long step forward. It has been too often forgotten that the farmer's real problem is not on the farm but in the city. He is raising food for too many people who have no money to buy it. With full industrial employment, lower taxes and freight rates, we should not long have to worry about low farm prices and high surpluses.

History and Horse Sense

5. Most important of all, the new administration would sweep out of Washington the theorists and defeatists, and recreate in the hearts of the American people a faith in America's future. How rich are the materials for such a faith! I have just been reading a big report on "chemurgy," the application of chemistry to agriculture. Scores of new industries are envisioned in that one new science, all of which would consume farm products. In just the past few years thousands of new metal alloys and tens of thousands of new chemical compounds have been produced! There has not been time even to start exploring the possibilities of these new developments. Chemists and engineers have no question that they will open the door to millions of jobs.

To sum it all up, my fellow businessmen believe that the United States still has a great future. We reject absolutely the craven doctrine that there must be permanently an army of unemployed or an army of government wards who have never had the chance to hold any job except a "made" job, with a government check for wages. We believe that prosperity and full employment can be reached by the same paths which have led us toward them in the past: economical government, lowered taxes, a reduction in the national debt, scientific research, new industries and an expanding economy. We may not be such glib arguers as the New Deal economists. They have lots of charts to prove their contention that the deeper in debt you sink the higher in prosperity you rise. We stand on history and horse sense. We *know* it ain't so.

There is just one thing to be added. We must make sure that this bigger national income, when it is created, is better distributed than it was in 1929. We cannot afford another bust. Personally, I believe that business has learned the tough lesson of the past ten years. There is a much keener sense of social responsibility; a realization that success will be measured in the future by a double standard—not of money-making alone, but of contribution to human life. This more active social consciousness is one result of the New Deal; history may term it the one most *important* result.

"She clutched my arm in terror

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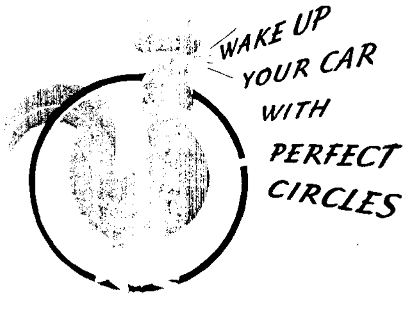

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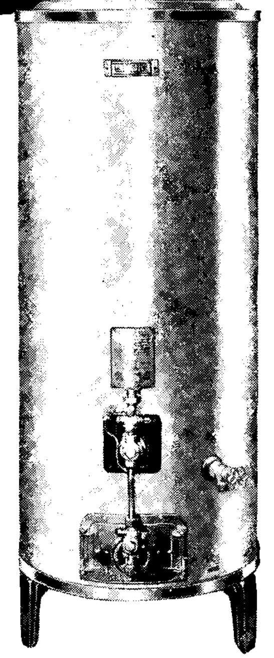

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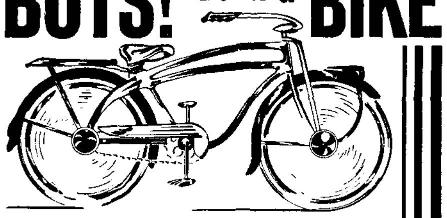

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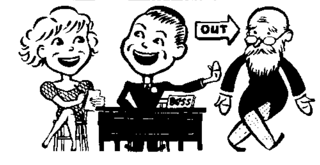

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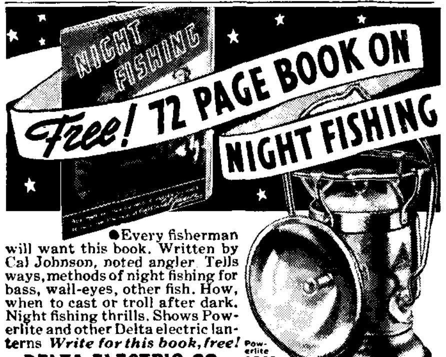
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No Part Too Tough

Continued from page 11

orange-snatching stage but a young man named Capuato from that bunch later ended up in the electric chair at Sing Sing—a little matter of robbery plus murder.

His high-school days were disturbed somewhat by his proclivity for getting heaved out on his bean. At Textile High he ran into a wave of Hooverism that did nothing but make him more insulting than usual. Hoover was running for President, and Julie was running ferociously against Hoover. He answered all classroom praises of Mr. Hoover with obscene noises and was finally asked to get out of there and stay out.

At Roosevelt High he achieved a mark for ineptitude that is likely never to be broken. In one full semester he cracked nary a book, did nary a sum, answered nary a question. His mind by this time was on dramatics and the mere mention of arithmetic was enough to get an instructor splattered in the eye with a spitball. He was finally tossed out on the rear of his neck.

Ben Franklin to the Rescue

What saved him was a session at Angelo Patri School, where the hopeless guys were shipped. He started auspiciously there by vaulting a fence into Mr. Patri's flower bed, ruthlessly trampling what pretty posies happened to be in the way. Mr. Patri took him aside and spoke to him in a kindly way.

"What if you were a little guy and some big guy jumped on you like that?" he asked. "It's no different with the flowers."

Since that was the first time anybody had talked to him in years without saying, "Hey, you bum!" it made an impression on Julie. What really fixed him up, however, was the oratorical contest put on by The New York Times. Julie entered from Angelo Patri School with a little number entitled "Franklin, the Peacemaker of the Constitution." He polished off the local competition, won the district championship and went into the national finals. By this time he was the hero of the school.

"Used to spend all my days in the park, like this," he explains, putting his hand behind his head and simulating a bit of shut-eye. Pretty soft, but he lost in the finals to a girl from Keokuk or some such place.

Patri had got him busy at dramatics and speaking and Julie started out now on a career. He heard of a play called Lost Boy, which was about a reform school and felt that it was just his meat. He got in to see the stage director and told him he wanted a job.

"How do I know you're a good actor?" asked the gentleman disdainfully.

"How do I know you're a good stage director?" replied Julie, and got the job probably because the director decided that this guy belonged both in a reform school and in a play about it.

Next he landed with Fritz Lieber, the Shakespearean actor, doing twenty parts, including carrying a spear. Then he was an apprentice with Eva Le Gallienne. He left that to land a small part with Paul Muni in Counselor-at-Law, and next popped up at the Theater Union, down on Fourteenth Street, with a small part in Peace on Earth.

That really started him on his way because Clifford Odets of the Group Theater was conducting a school in acting for the Theater Union and recommended Julie to the Group bunch. That outfit was in one of its starvation periods but they guaranteed Julie room and board during the summer months. No salary and no back talk. Odets in those days was trying to be a playwright and the Group was battling him on it all along the line. For two years they had been turning down Awake and Sing. Julie (by now he was Jules Garfield) became a pest on behalf of Odets. To all protests that the play didn't ring true, he swayed the trees in Central Park with his shouts.

"It's my own life!" he howled.

Julie was studying hard, trying to make up for his lost education, but to this day he struggles unsuccessfully with big words. One night he burst into the room of Lee Strasburg, the director. "Burst" is used advisedly, for Garfield never merely enters a room; he comes in with the window sash hanging around his neck.

"From now on," he cried ecstatically, "to me poetry is tantamount!" It seems he had been reading Keats.

When he is depressed, Garfield has been known to observe that he was the most "frustified" man in the world.

When the Group came back from vacation, Julie had a bit in Gold Eagle Guy. About this time Odets' Waiting for Lefty landed on New York like a time bomb and Garfield was in that. Then the Group decided that Awake and Sing wasn't so bad after all and Julie proceeded to prove that the play *was* his own life.

By this time he had proved even to the Group, the toughest critics in the land, that he could act. In the meantime he had married a very beautiful girl from the Bronx named "Robbie," and as these words are being written he is the proud father of a daughter, fully convinced in his own mind that nobody ever before had the honor of being the father of a child.

Education—or Else

Garfield is a dark, bushy-haired, thick-chested young man. His temper can be angelic and violent by turn. When he gets going, he can be a minor tornado. He talks a streak, is difficult to handle in an argument, and can roar in a crisis. At the top of his bent, when he is slinging polysyllables around like an over-educated insurance agent, Robbie merely looks at him caustically and says, "Oh, you . . ." This invariably stops him. He's the friendliest kid in the world and has everybody on his side after something like half an hour of acquaintance.

He is a nut about education now and will read anything. Some of it is good; some of it is bad; but that never stops Julie. If the thing has words, he reads it. More than that, he is getting ideas. The next generation of Garfields is going to get education if it means a slamming about the head every morning after breakfast. Robbie is strong for that, too. They read poetry aloud to each other; they go to concerts; they study. Garfield likes prize fights, baseball games and football games, but if they mean he's going to let down on his acting, he'll drop them all. He works at it and is serious about it, and has no intention of being a Hollywood hack. He and Robbie lived for years on less than twenty-five dollars a week and will go back to it tomorrow if things don't break right in the movies. Jules is apt to have a chip on his shoulder about the movie moguls and can't be bluffed even by the big boys.

Because of his early life it is hardly possible that Hollywood will ruin him. At one period he was on the bum, leaving home and hitting the rods toward the West. He worked on a tipple around the mines near Greensburg, Pennsylvania, and by alternately hitchhiking and hooking rides on freights managed to get as far as Grand Island, Nebraska, where he worked on a farm owned by a childless German couple named Stein. That almost altered his life because they liked him and he liked them and they wanted to adopt him.

"I almost did it," says Julie, "but that old wanderlust got me before I made up my mind."

He hit the road again and eventually wound up in Hollywood, where he didn't bother the movies but tried to enlist in the Marines and was turned down. He still doesn't know why but thinks it was probably because he got fresh with the recruiting sergeant. He hung around for two weeks and then went out to Modesto Valley, where he drove a truck and worked in the melon fields.

Right now Garfield is suffering from the complaint that affects all former actors with the Group Theater—a great desire to get back to the stage. Like Franchot Tone and all the others from that outfit who left Broadway, he never ceases yearning to get back. He worked hard on They Made Me a Criminal, another picture that deals with events out of his own life, and is highly steamed up over playing with Paul Muni in Juarez.

"A swell story about democracy," he cries, and will then back you off in a corner and give you a battle on that subject till sundown.

In the meantime he has had his first taste of big life in the movie colony, being taken to a party at Darryl Zanuck's by Mike Curtiz, the director. The Zanuck house, which seems to have been built on the assumption that places like Buckingham Palace and Versailles are outbuildings, impressed him but he was even more entranced by the fabulous Samuel Goldwyn.

"He talks the way they said he talked!" he reported ecstatically.

This may mean the beginning of the Garfield education or his end. You can't go fooling around with the Goldwyn accent without being affected.

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The following is a letter from Marriner S. Eccles, governor of the Federal Reserve Board:

BOARD OF GOVERNORS OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Mr. William L. Chenery, Editor
Collier's, The National Weekly
250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Your issue of February 11, 1939, contains an editorial which, in the interest of accuracy and fairness, needs correction.

In the first place, it completely misses the point of my statement that we owe our debts to ourselves and not to a foreign country.

In discussing the question of public debt in his Boston address, Senator Byrd of Virginia declared in effect that it was "a mortgage on the property of every citizen in the forty-eight states." Subsequently he stated that this mortgage "averages $430.00 for every man, woman and child in the country."

The point I made was that if we are to look at the debt in this light then it would be just as consistent to say that it is not only owed by every man, woman and child in the country but it is also owed to every man, woman and child in the country—for, of course, we owe this debt to ourselves and not to foreigners.

Your editorial not only dismisses this as of practically no significance but it falls into a far more serious error by attempting to refute this statement by proving that "all of us owe these debts to a few of us." In the effort to sustain this contention, you state that $19,000,000,000 of the Government debt is held by the commercial banks, as of last September, and that "nobody but these banks' few stockholders collects the interest payments on the bonds held by these banks."

Not only is your figure of $19,000,000,000 exaggerated—the correct figure is approximately $12,000,000,000—but you apparently ignore the fact that about $14,500,000,000 of time and savings deposits, belonging to millions of citizens, are held by the commercial banks and that the interest received on Government securities helps to pay interest on these savings of millions of depositors. Moreover, the commercial banks render a vital service to the public that entails heavy expenses. Interest on Government securities helps the banks meet these expenses. Accordingly, you are far from the truth when you assert that "nobody but these banks' few stockholders collects the interest payments on the bonds held by these banks."

Your editorial is equally in error in stating that "more and more money has to be taxed out of all of us to service the debt." Our income and inheritance taxes are based upon the principle of ability to pay. Surely no one familiar with the facts imagines that the impoverished share-cropper in the South is going to pay the same amount of taxes as the multimillionaire. The impression created by statements to the effect that the debt is a mortgage on every man, woman and child in the country and by your editorial is wholly misleading.

As for the remainder of the public debt, about $1,500,000,000 is held by an estimated million or more citizens who have purchased United States Savings Bonds—the so-called "baby bonds;" about $5,000,000,000 more is held in the Government's various trust accounts, including the adjusted service certificate fund, civil service retirement and disability funds, the old-age pension account, the unemployment trust fund and the Government life insurance fund; about $2,500,000,000 more is held in the Open Market Account of the Federal Reserve System. The interest paid on all of these securities likewise goes to a wide range of general public benefits. In addition, philanthropic and educational institutions, as well as many small investors, hold additional amounts of Government securities. Thus, your statement that "all of us owe these debts to a few of us" is far from the truth.

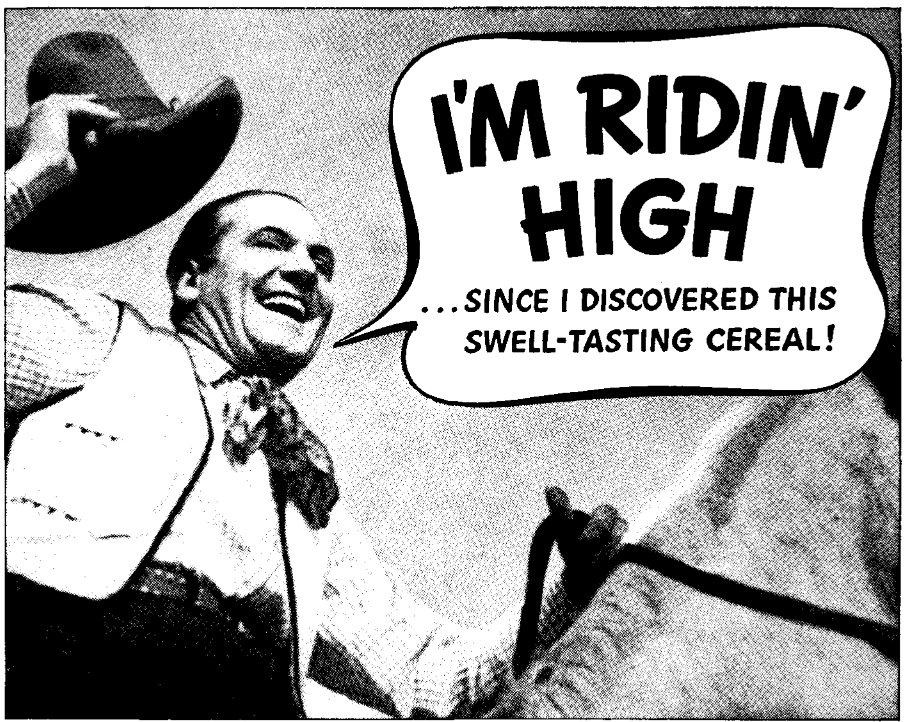
Your attempt to ascribe to me the effort "to talk Americans out of worrying about the national debt" is not worthy of your publication. It would be well if editors and others who disseminate information to the public were "to talk Americans out of" accepting half-truths or untruths about such problems. We cannot hope to solve these problems intelligently by ignorance or misrepresentation.

Sincerely yours,

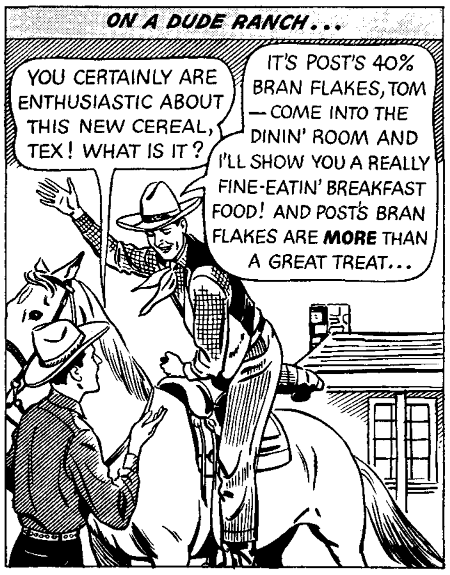
M. S. Eccles.

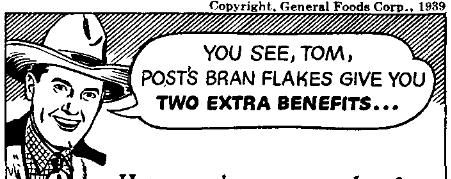
Nobody—certainly not Collier's—misunderstood Governor Eccles' position. He continues to think the fact that American citizens own most of the federal government's securities somehow makes the national debt less burdensome. Collier's continues to think that debts have to be paid whether owed Americans or foreigners. We also continue to think that debts have to be paid by taxes. Regrettable but still true!

The Editor.


I'M RIDIN' HIGH
...SINCE I DISCOVERED THIS SWELL-TASTING CEREAL!

Copyright, General Foods Corp., 1939


ON A DUDE RANCH...
YOU CERTAINLY ARE ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT THIS NEW CEREAL, TEX! WHAT IS IT?
IT'S POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES, TOM — COME INTO THE DININ' ROOM AND I'LL SHOW YOU A REALLY FINE-EATIN' BREAKFAST FOOD! AND POST'S BRAN FLAKES ARE MORE THAN A GREAT TREAT...

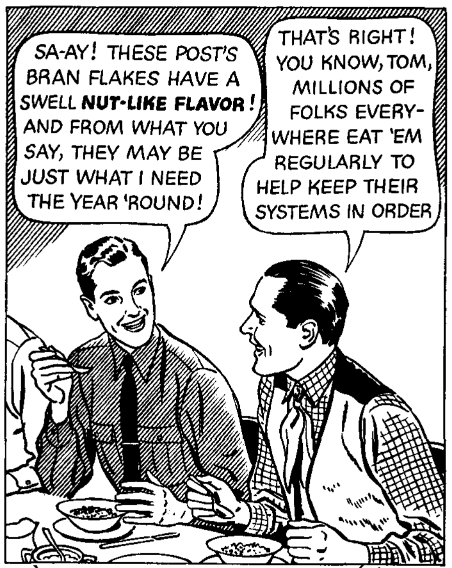

YOU SEE, TOM, POST'S BRAN FLAKES GIVE YOU TWO EXTRA BENEFITS...

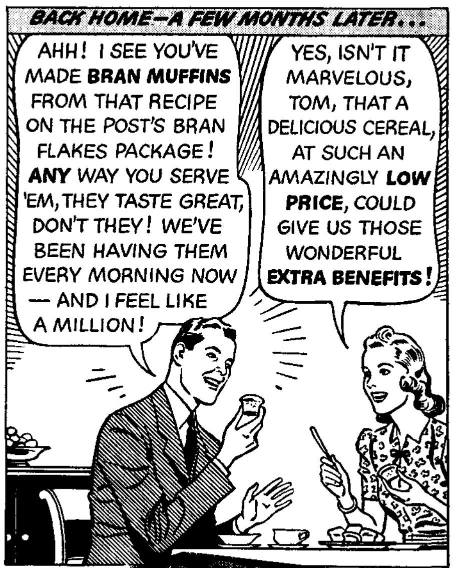
Here are the two *extra benefits* Tex is talking about:

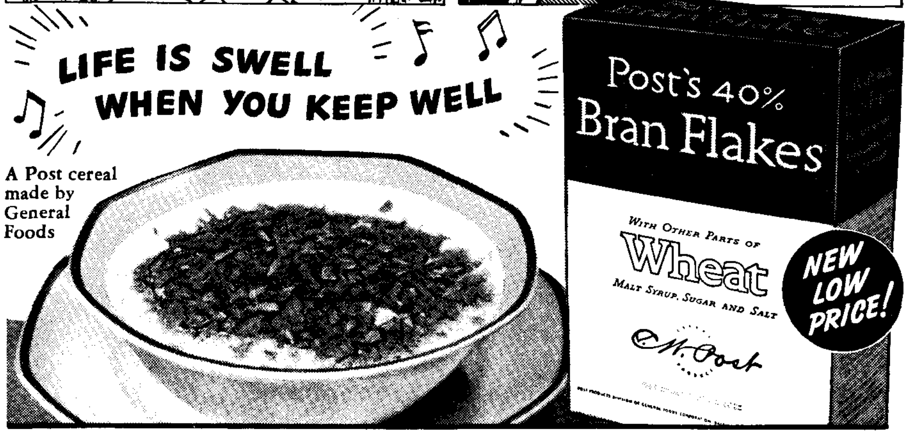
First, Post's Bran Flakes provide just enough bran, a *natural* regulator, that helps protect you against sluggishness. People whose systems are irregular, due to lack of bulk in the diet, find Post's Bran Flakes, eaten daily, a wonderful help.

Second, Post's Bran Flakes are a good cereal source of phosphorus, iron, Vitamin B_1 to help maintain good appetite, and Vitamin G to help promote growth and vigor.

All this in one grand-tasting cereal with a *double purpose:* to make breakfast a delicious treat, and to help you keep fit. And today, Post's Bran Flakes come to you at a NEW LOW PRICE!


SA-AY! THESE POST'S BRAN FLAKES HAVE A SWELL NUT-LIKE FLAVOR! AND FROM WHAT YOU SAY, THEY MAY BE JUST WHAT I NEED THE YEAR 'ROUND!
THAT'S RIGHT! YOU KNOW, TOM, MILLIONS OF FOLKS EVERYWHERE EAT 'EM REGULARLY TO HELP KEEP THEIR SYSTEMS IN ORDER

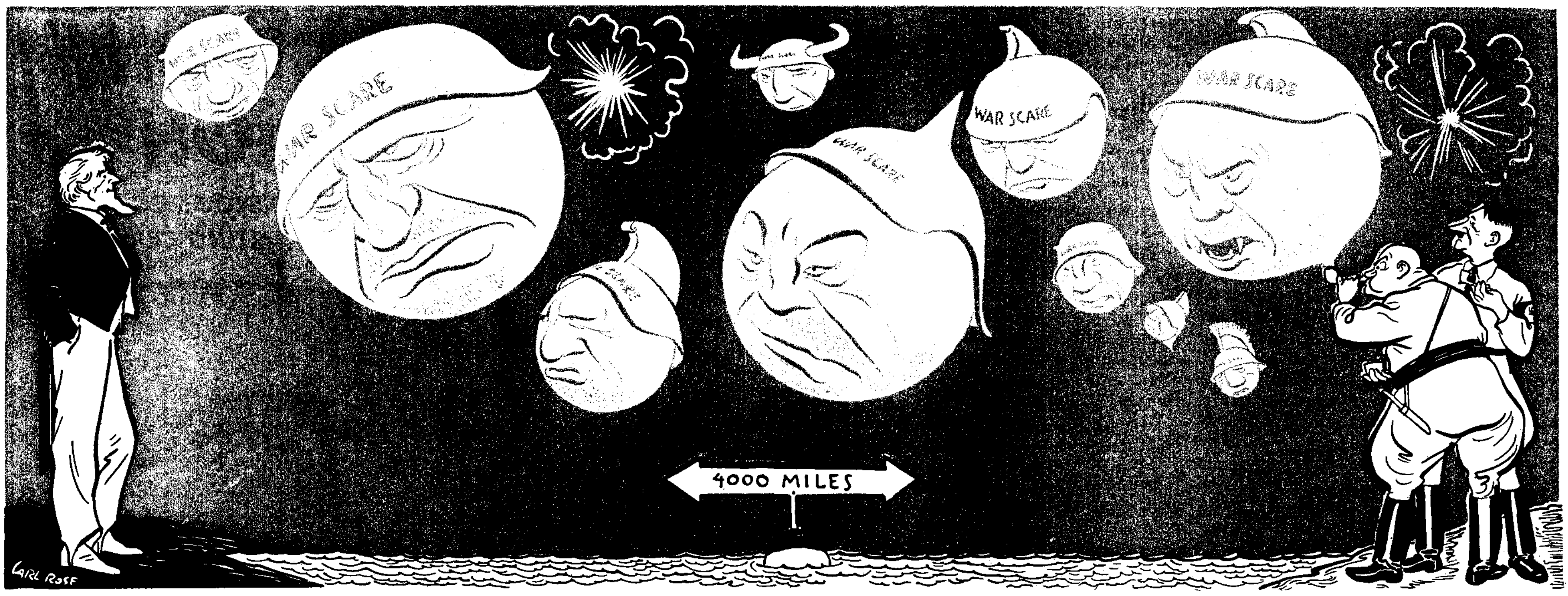

BACK HOME—A FEW MONTHS LATER...
AHH! I SEE YOU'VE MADE BRAN MUFFINS FROM THAT RECIPE ON THE POST'S BRAN FLAKES PACKAGE! ANY WAY YOU SERVE 'EM, THEY TASTE GREAT, DON'T THEY! WE'VE BEEN HAVING THEM EVERY MORNING NOW — AND I FEEL LIKE A MILLION!
YES, ISN'T IT MARVELOUS, TOM, THAT A DELICIOUS CEREAL, AT SUCH AN AMAZINGLY LOW PRICE, COULD GIVE US THOSE WONDERFUL EXTRA BENEFITS!


LIFE IS SWELL WHEN YOU KEEP WELL
Post's 40% Bran Flakes
With Other Parts of Wheat
Malt Syrup, Sugar and Salt
C. W. Post
NEW LOW PRICE!

A Post cereal made by General Foods

IMPORTANT: Post's Bran Flakes, due to their bulk, are a *regulative* cereal. Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes, eaten regularly—as a breakfast cereal or in muffins. For cases not corrected in this simple manner, a physician should be consulted.

Collier's WILLIAM L. CHENERY • Editor CHARLES COLEBAUGH • Managing Editor THOMAS H. BECK • Editorial Director



In Case of Crisis

WE LIVED through a war crisis last spring. Again last September war scares squirted through loud-speakers. Actually, we were close to catastrophe. Perhaps we shall escape the rumored war this spring. When the rumors get noisy, remember these hard-boiled facts:

1. A faked war crisis is one of a dictator's best-known devices for taking his slaves' minds off home troubles—of which the dictators' slaves have more than plenty.

2. An exaggerated foreign-war crisis, by the same token, is one of the best-known devices whereby a political party in power in a democracy can take the voters' minds off its mistakes on various home fronts, and build up for the next election a cry about not changing leaders in time of peril.

3. When the Italians and Germans suddenly learned, shortly before the Munich peace parley, that they actually faced war, there were angry antiwar demonstrations even in those secret-policed and soul-shackled countries. The presumption is still strong that Europe's masses will not want a war for a long time. Until they do, only a foolhardy European government will declare a war or start a big undeclared war.

4. Our Navy at present runs a fairly close second in strength to the British navy, the world's strongest. Odds are 100 to 1 that if war comes the British will not be lined up against us.

5. Hitler's logical next thrust is eastward, toward Russia's Ukraine. If Hitler wants to have it out with Stalin, there is no call for us to lift a finger to interfere, both Nazism and Communism being sworn enemies of Democracy.

6. Communists, Nazis, Fascists and their "fellow travelers" want to embroil us in the much-predicted European war in one way or another. The moment we go galumphing into such a mix-up we lose our democratic system for the duration, as in 1917-18. That will quite possibly enable one of these fanatic factions to wade to power through wartime or postwar chaos and end our democratic system for good.

7. European statesmen are seasoned power-politicians and international poker players. Ours are not. As a people, we think first and last of world welfare when a crisis comes. If we go to war to save civilization, we shall be the only nation that does so. The others will be fighting for (a) their own hides and (b) postwar loot.

8. Inland, we are impregnable. Our coasts have the aforesaid world's next best navy to defend them. The flocks of world-circling bombers the doom merchants squall about have not come into existence yet, not even in blueprints. Hence, we can afford to wait plenty long before joining somebody else's war.

By keeping these items firmly in mind, we ought to stand a good chance of resisting, through all war scares in the near future, the propagandists whose dearest wish is to see us act like a nation of hysterical fools every time foreign power-politicians talk about war.

Don't Snoot the Waiter

EVERY time we see a sourpuss or a sourpussette insult a hotel or restaurant waiter, we think of the legendary sign in an old Western honky-tonk: "Don't shoot the fiddler—he's doing the best he can."

So, with perhaps two exceptions, was every waiter and waitress we have ever seen at work. To us, they seem the most obliging, courteous, solicitous and warmhearted race imaginable, save possibly the Pullman porters or the bartenders.

Yet the waiters seem to be snooted and snubbed oftener than people in any other service occupation. Why? We don't know, unless it's the plain orneriness of a lot of people who get an unholy glee out of the knowledge that by going to bat with the management over nothing at all they can have the waiter fired off his job.

We don't know what we could do to improve the waiters' lot. But at least we feel better after unloading this hint that waiter-baiters are people we'd walk a mile to keep from knowing, socially or otherwise.

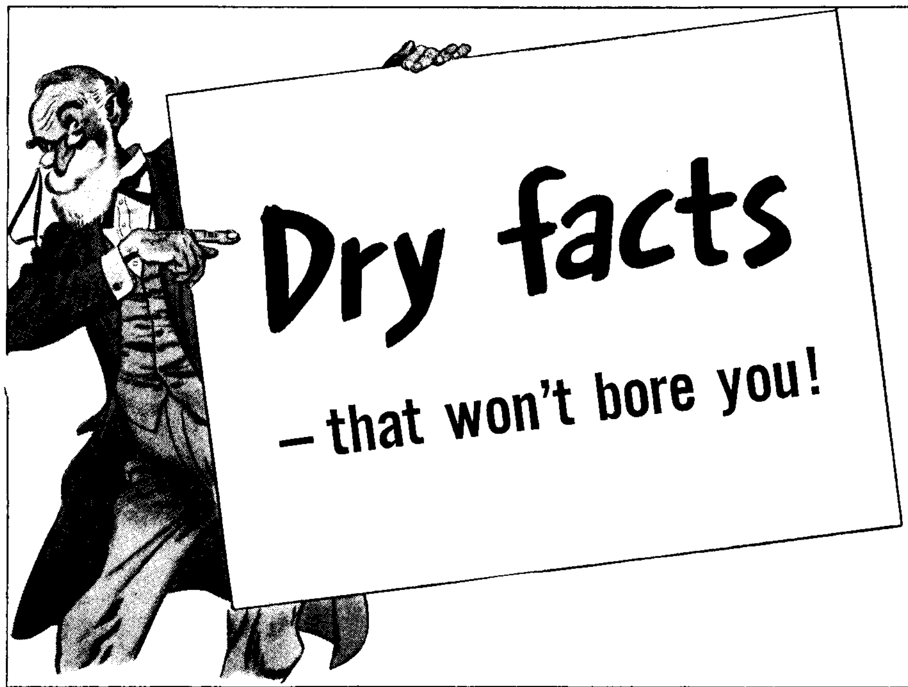
136,000,000 Pieces of Paper

IF THE New Dealers really mean that talk about henceforth helping businessmen snag an occasional profit, they might try to simplify the paper work many citizens have to do for the government.

In 1938, federal agencies asked for 4,700 different kinds of reports from citizens. Total haul: 98,000,000 reports. Government agencies' assorted questionnaires brought in 38,000,000 answers. Grand total: 136,000,000 pieces of paper for bureaucrats to chew on.

Every business concern has to make an average of 20 reports a year to the federal government. Figure out the cost of that, on the basis of at least one man-day per report—a conservative estimate, we think, considering that the reports average 65 questions apiece. And the farmers are almost as heavily burdened as the business people.

Where's it all getting us? We don't see it bringing in the millennium or Golden Age. We can picture it eventually swamping American business under a blizzard of papers *that have to be filled out and* returned to Washington—carried free, of course, by the Post Office Department. Why can't this mass of paper be telescoped into a few basic and essential forms in the next six months or so?

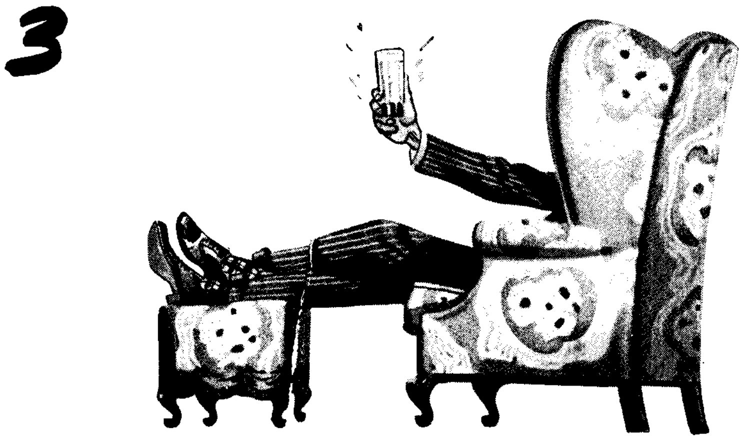


Dry facts

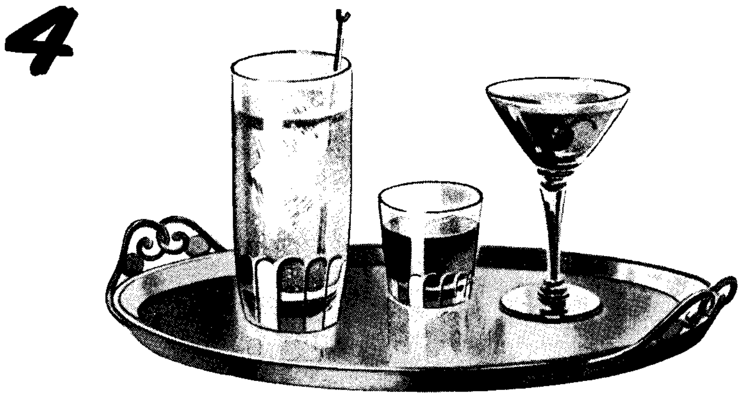
—that won't bore you!

You'll find FACT ONE in your dictionary. Just look under "D" for the definition of DRY—as pertaining to beverages. It says, *"Lacking sweetness."*

You'll have to go to Europe for FACT TWO. Quiz a Frenchman about champagne—he'll tell you *truly great champagnes are* DRY! And any Spaniard will tell you the same thing about *his* favorite drink—*great sherries are* DRY!



Ask thousands of Americans why they prefer Paul Jones whiskey. Their answers will give you FACT THREE: Paul Jones, too, is DRY. It's a mellow, full-flavored whiskey—*but without a trace of sweetness!*



We'd like to have you, yourself, discover FACT FOUR. Try Paul Jones any way you like—neat, or in a highball, or cocktail. The moment you taste that drink, you'll know FACT FOUR: that the DRYNESS of Paul Jones *makes any drink taste better.*

5
WINES & SPIRITS
AD

Put all these facts together—and we believe you'll lose no time in making Pa Jones *your* whiskey. You'll find it at your favorite bar or packa store. Ask for it—start enjoying the clean, brisk flavor of DRY ul Jones *today!*

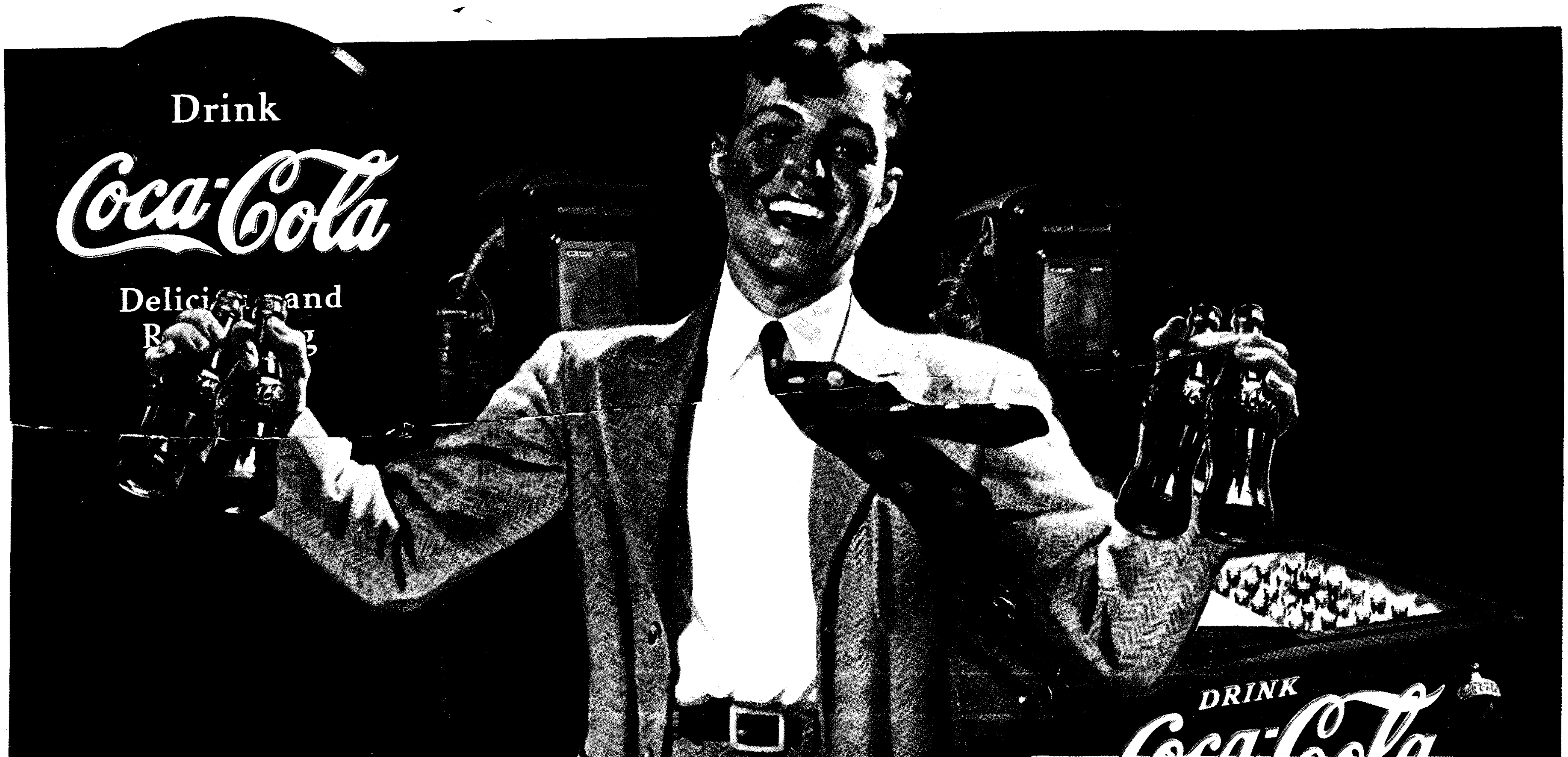
Paul Jones

IT'S DRY

DRY means *weet*

Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

Every drop is WHISKEY! *A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.*


Drink
Coca-Cola
Delici and
R
DRINK
Coca-Cola

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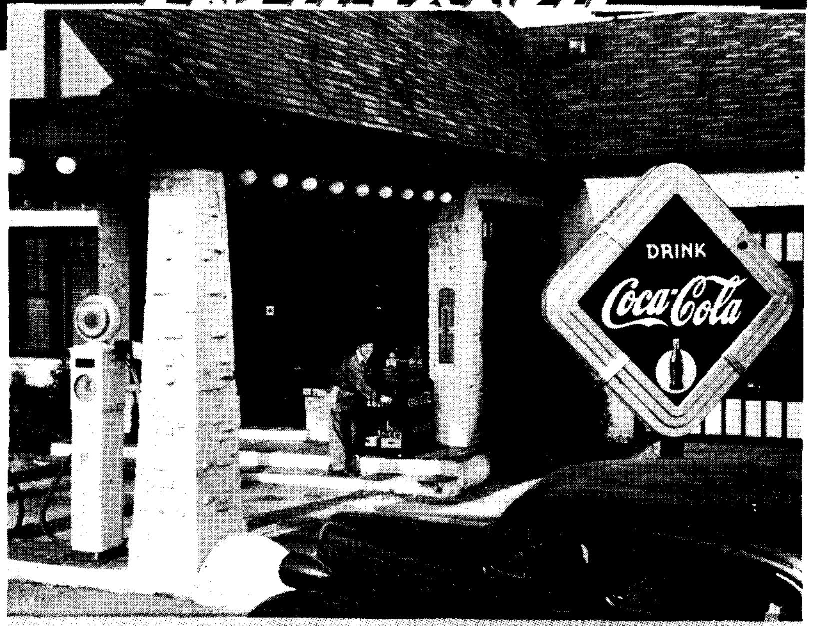
Thirst stops here

The road maps of the world are dotted with happy places to pause. And ice-cold Coca-Cola is there to make a pause *the pause that refreshes.* Familiar red coolers everywhere signal you to refresh yourself and be off to a fresh start.


DRINK
Coca-Cola

INVITING YOU TO PAUSE . : : REFRESH